AUGUST, 1946

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
Canada Fifty-five cents

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES
JOSEPH WECHSBERG
HERB GRAFFIS
STANLEY WALKER
JOSEPH E. SHANER
JOHN RICHARD YOUNG
THOMAS R. CARSKADON
RICHARD F. BAUM
DAVID G. WITTELS
JULES LEVINE
ROYCE DIENER

FICTION
JAMES FRANCIS DWYER
NEIL PATERSON
ERNEST LEHMAN
ALLAN R. BOSWORTH
ROBERT KEY
TAO KIM HAI
DAVID YELLIN
I. WILLIAM ALLEN
KERN L. PERC

POETRY
WALTER BENTON

ART
MELBOURNE BRINDLE
J. FREDERICK SMITH
ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY
LIAL M. HOPPEN
LESLIE SAALBURG
ROBERT GOODMAN

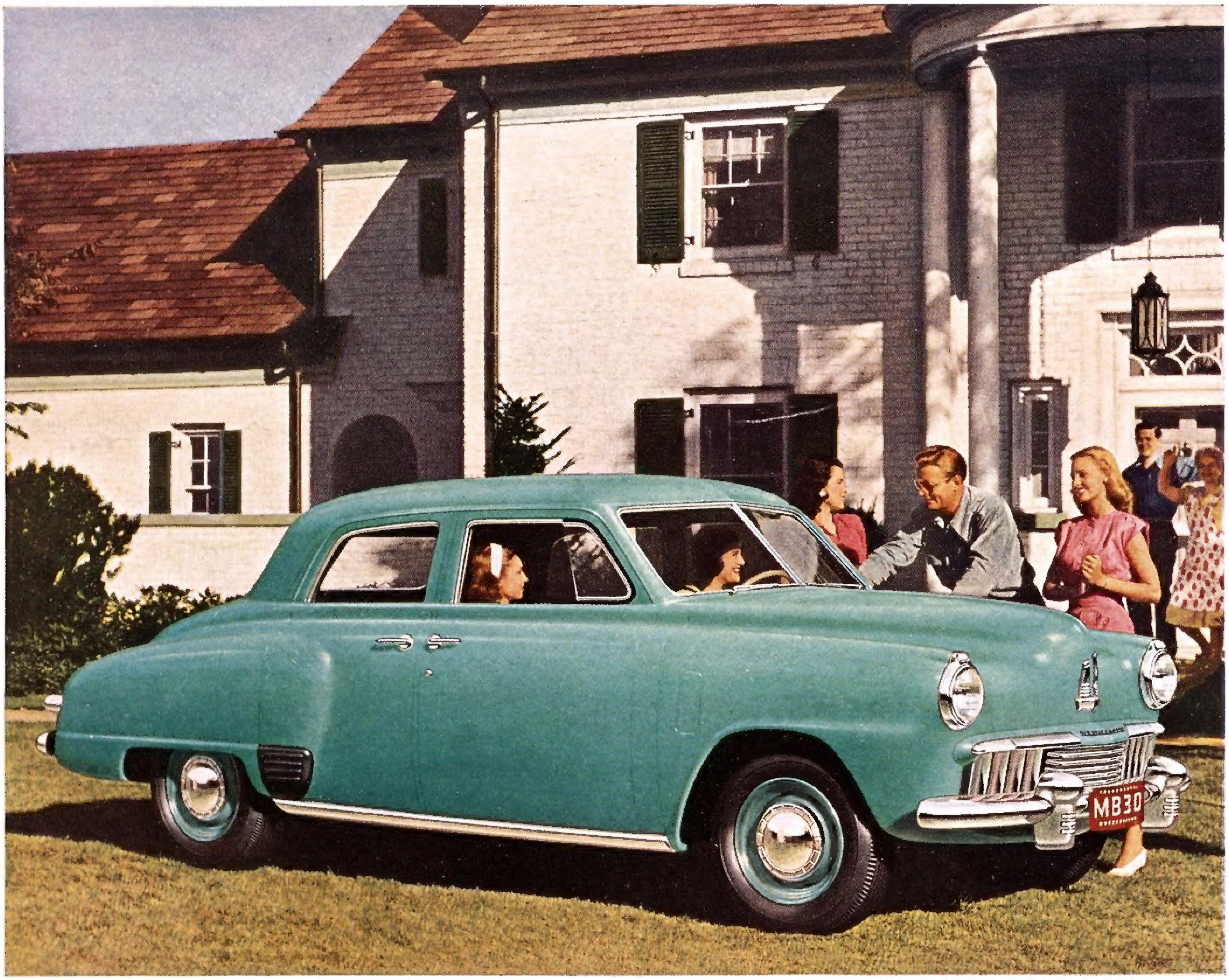
PHOTOGRAPHY
WILLIAM STONE
JON ABBOT
ED RINKER
WILFRID NEWTON
PHILIP WILCOX
M. E. BROWNING
ARNOLD GLANTZ

SPORTS
TOMMY ARMOUR
WALTER STEIGLEMAN
RENZO DEE BOWERS
JACK TOOKER
JIM CROSSETT

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
JACK MOFFITT
O. E. SCHOEFFLER

CARTOONS
HOWARD BAER
B. SHERMUND
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
ELDON DEDINI
LEON GREGORI
FRANK BEAVEN
GARRETT PRICE
MICHAEL BERRY
DENVER GILLEN

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 174



Actual color photograph of New 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 4-door Sedan

Sweet and low... a melody in metal

...the completely new 1947 Studebaker

Here's the 1947 Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe Coupe for five — Like all Studebakers, it's a standout in operating economy. Both Champion and Commander models are available in 4-door and 2-door sedans, 3-passenger and 5-passenger coupes. Alluring new 1947 convertibles are coming shortly.

THIS is it—the new 1947 car you've been hoping someone would build—a car even finer than you dreamed of.

That picture of it you see above is a color photograph of the real thing—the new 1947 Studebaker "in person."

Here's more than a car out ahead in point of time—it's unmistakably far ahead in distinctive postwar styling—completely new from every view—brand new bodies—advanced new chassis—a low, long, luxurious motor car that's a melody in metal.

Featured here is the big, roomy, new Studebaker Champion 6-passenger, 4-door sedan—and there's a full range of other thrilling body types in Commander as well as Champion models.

These cars are ready months in advance, because Studebaker had the earnest co-operation of the finest group of employees in the motor car industry in producing them.

Go to the nearest Studebaker dealer's showroom and see these beauties now. And remember, they excel by far in riding comfort and handling ease as well as in exclusive smartness.

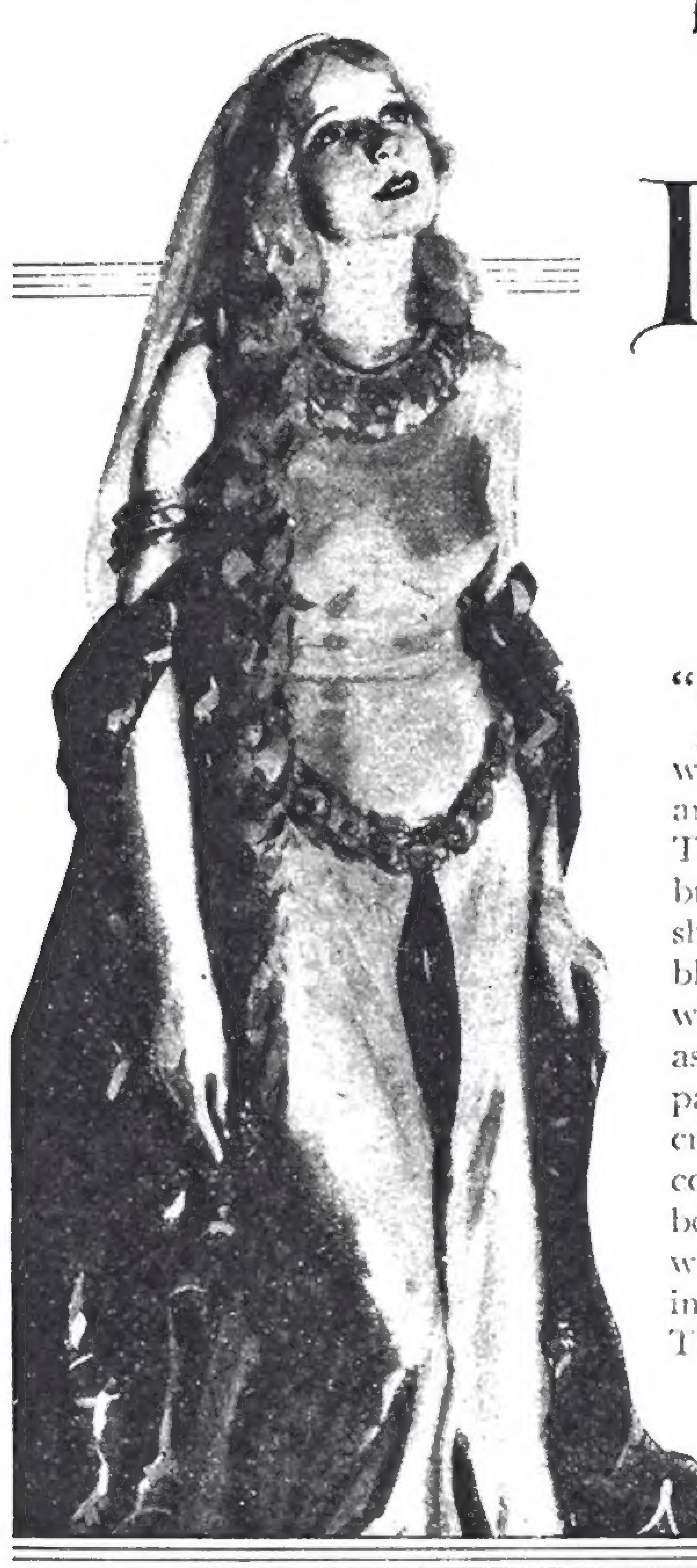
STUDEBAKER

First by far with a postwar car

©The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A

Free *to new members of the Book-of-the-Month Club*

—a great historical novel which won for its author the Nobel Prize for Literature and which seems to be the most deeply enjoyed of all the books distributed by the Club in twenty years



Kristin Lavransdatter

BY SIGRID UNDSET

In Three Volumes, Boxed • Retail Price $7.50

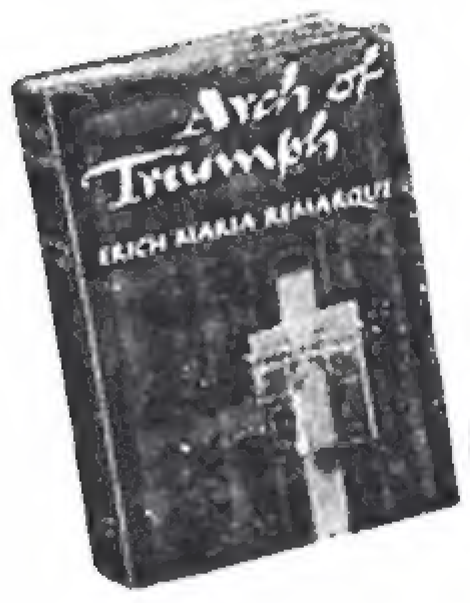
"HERE ARE THE VIKINGS in their homes as well as upon the seas—barbarians becoming Christians; and here is a winsome child amongst them, such as you might delight in and be proud of as her knightly father was of little Kristin. This is how she grew up and loved madly and sinned, and broke her father's heart, though he would not say so; and how she quarreled with and loved again her charming, irresponsible husband, and how she bore many children to him and what happened to them. The folk-ways of the time are here as background to a story as modern and as ancient as the passions of humankind. One gets a sense of the inexorable creep of Time that few novelists nowadays seem able to convey. People grow old and die in this book; little girls become harried mothers, puling infants become brawling warriors. Long years pass, and do their work. This is a book, in short, that leaves you rich in memories, as Time itself does. That, surely, is the supreme test of a work of fiction."

—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

SIGRID UNDSET
Kristin Lavrans-datter
VOLUME I
VOLUME II
VOLUME III
Knopf

THE KIND OF BOOKS CHOSEN BY THE CLUB'S FIVE JUDGES

Begin your subscription WITH ANY ONE OF THEM . . . ALL NATIONAL BEST SELLERS



ARCH OF TRIUMPH

By Erich Maria Remarque

Price to members

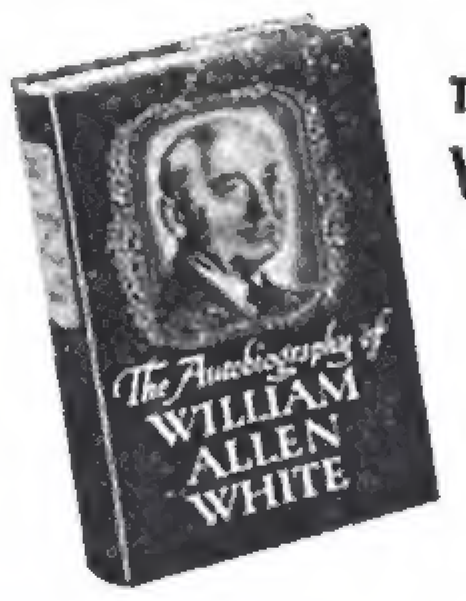
$2.75

Brideshead Revisited

BRIDESHEAD REVISITED

By Evelyn Waugh

$2.50



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Price to members

$3.00

My Three Years with Eisenhower

MY THREE YEARS WITH EISENHOWER

By Capt. Harry C. Butcher, U.S.N.R.

Price to members

$3.00

TO JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

SIGNING and mailing the coupon enrolls you. You pay no fixed sum as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and obligate yourself for no fixed term. *You pay for each book as you receive it,* no more than the publisher's retail price, and frequently much less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.)

As a member you receive a careful prepublication report about each book-of-the-month (and at the same time reports about all other important new books). If you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not, you specify some other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing."

With every two books-of-the-month you buy, you receive, free, a valuable book-dividend. Last year the retail value of books given to Club members was over $10,500,000.

Your only obligation as a member is to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period, and you can cancel your subscription any time after doing so. (*Prices are slightly higher in Canada.*)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A828
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive free the three-volume edition of KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER, boxed. For every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

Name..
Please Print Plainly

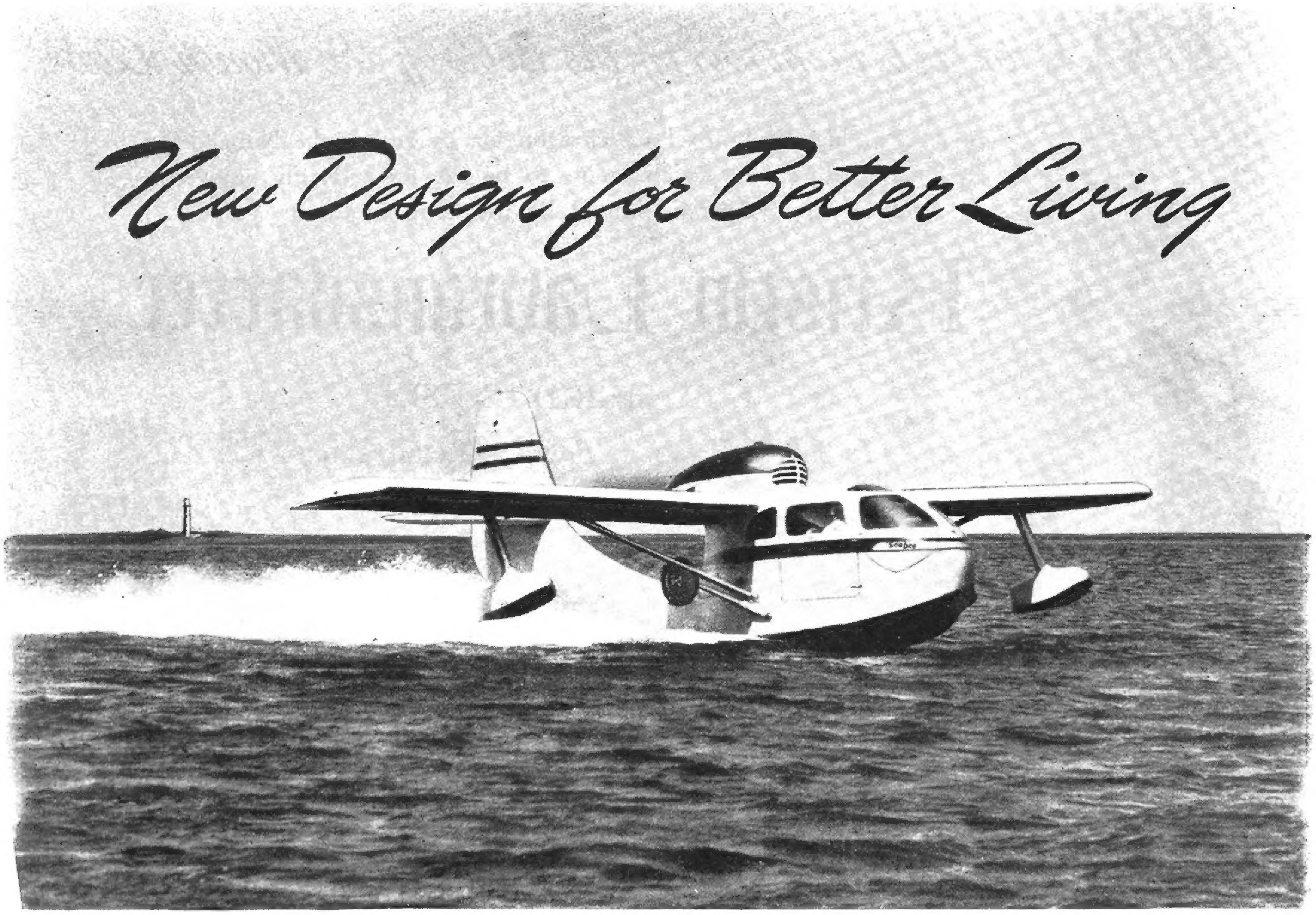
Address..

City...................... Postal Zone No. (if any) ......*State*........

Begin My Subscription With..............................
(choose one of the selections shown above)

....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.



GOING SOMEWHERE!

Now . . . you and your family can take real vacations . . . together. Vacations you've dreamed about can be yours with this sturdy four-place all-metal amphibian. ℭ Here's the ideal travel vehicle for the business man and his family. The busier you are, the more precious are the undemanding hours of sheer relaxation . . . so whether your choice of time out is a weekend with the family, a quick trip to the fishing streams or a round of golf at some distant course you've hoped to play for years, the SEABEE will take you there and back quickly . . . in comfort. ℭ Spend more time on the job, have more time for play . . . you make your own schedules when you go the SEABEE way . . . $3995. F.A.F. Farmingdale.

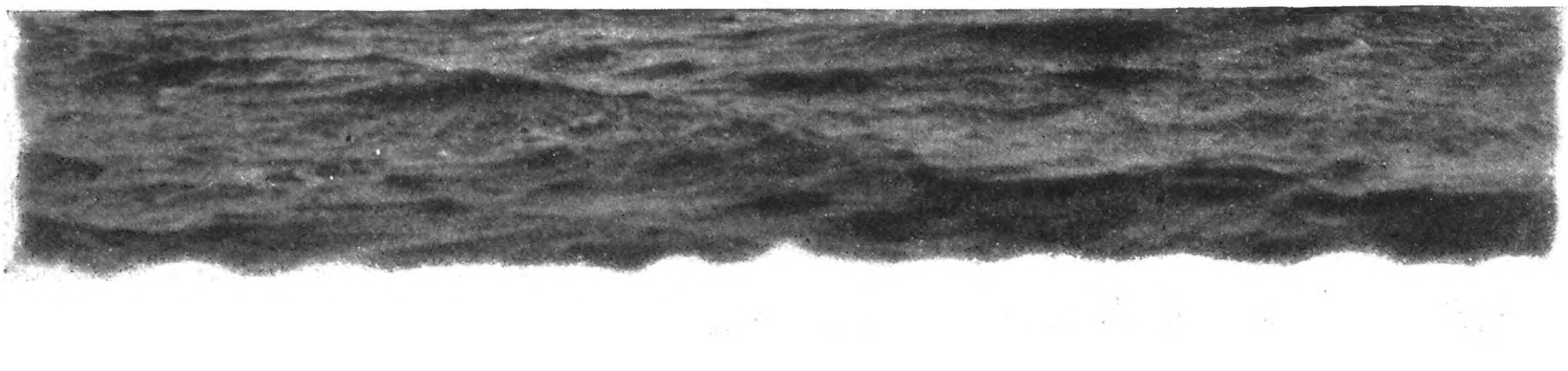
Your copy of "Landings Unlimited" sent free. It stresses modest operating cost and performance specifications. Address Blue Ribbon SEABEE Dealer nearest you, or write the Personal Plane Division, Department 17C, Republic Aviation Corporation, Farmingdale, Long Island, New York . . . . .

Landings Unlimited

Seabee

A PRODUCT OF REPUBLIC AVIATION

Makers of the Mighty Thunderbolt



ESQUIRE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Talent "With Identity"

The editors of this magazine have always taken especial pride in encouraging the work of promising young writers. The number of those who have seen their first published words in Esquire is a sizable and talented group. Frequently our fostering of new talent is rewarded by such glad news as the fact that Robert J. Kuhn has written a novel which includes his first story to appear in this or any other publication: *The Atavism of Ralph Piscatore.* Readers who shared our enjoyment of this memorable fantasy in Esquire will want to watch for the first edition of Robert J. Kuhn's forthcoming book, to be published by D. Appleton Century. We welcome Robert Kuhn to Esquire's own Academy of Letters, which includes such brilliantly renowned novelists as Louis Paul, Pietro Di Donato, and Louis Zara, as well as radio's foremost writer, Norman Corwin—each in his early time a Discovery of the Month. And now, if you would join us in the incomparable pleasure of discerning another richly endowed new writer, turn to page 28 and read *Without Identity* by a hitherto unpublished author whom you may be seeing around in the best anthologies. We give you Robert Key.

contents for August, 1946

Vol. XXVI. No. 2 Whole No. 153

articles

PAGE
SAILING IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY 30
THE JUICE OF LIFE . . . Thomas R. Carskadon 44
THERE WAS A MAN . . . Richard F. Baum 56
HAPPINESS IS A HAT . . . Herb Graffis 62
WEARY GRAY WOLF . . . Stanley Walker 64
MARYLAND MELODY . . . Joseph E. Shaner 70
HAIR-TRIGGERS AND HOT HEADS . . . John Richard Young 78
HOW'S YOUR FASHION QUOTIENT? . . . O. E. Schoeffler 86
THE STURGEON KING . . . Jules Levine 93
YO YO HO AND A CUP OF COFFEE . . . David G. Wittels 94
LOVE IN THE LAST ROW . . . Herman Styler 102

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY 6
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE 16
Movies: STRATFORD ON ARKANSAS . . . Jack Moffitt 43
The Lively Arts: MUSICIAN, SPARE THAT TUNE! . . . Gilbert Seldes 83
Theatre: FIRST NIGHTS & PASSING JUDGMENTS . . . George Jean Nathan 84
Potables: WHAT'S YOUR POTABLES I. Q? . . . Lewin W. Wickes, Jr. 118
Wearables: VACATION PACKING . . . O. E. Schoeffler 125

fiction

WITHOUT IDENTITY . . . Robert Key 28
HAPPY HANGOVER . . . Ernest Lehman 49
SOME TALK OF VIRTUE . . . James Francis Dwyer 50
AND NOW DELILAH . . . Neil Paterson 61
THE FLYING HEAD . . . Tao Kim Hai 68
HELLO, SAROYAN BILL . . . David Yellin 73
A GUN FOR ATLUK . . . Allan R. Bosworth 89
SATURDAY NIGHT . . . Robert Switzer 114

semi-fiction

THE EMPEROR'S SMILE . . . Joseph Wechsberg 27

serial

WIN, PLACE AND SHOW . . . Walter Steigleman 37

personalities

THE DILIGENT DUKE OF ELLINGTON . . . Harry Hess 90

pictorial features

COVER ILLUSTRATION . . . Painting by D. McKay
SAILING IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY . . . Painting by Melbourne Brindle 31
NOTES FOR A LETTER . . . Pictorial Interpretations by J. Frederick Smith 33
ETHEL SMITH: SPEED QUEEN OF THE KEYBOARD . . Color photograph by Edward Rinker 38
CHAMPION JANSEN OF BRAE TARN . . . Painting by Lial 39
AMERICAN BEAUTY: ARLENE DAHL . . . Color photograph by Jon Abbot 47
COMIC WITH FEET: RAY BOLGER . . . Color photograph by Wm. Stone 48
HANDS OF A PIONEER . . . Color photographs by M. E. Browning 56
HOME ON THE RANGE—OR IN THE AIR . . . 57
MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, NO. 3 . . . Designs by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 58
CLEOPATRA: VIVIEN LEIGH . . . Color photograph by Wilfrid Newton 65
BROADWAY LUMINARY: WALTER HUSTON . . . Color photograph by Edward Rinker 66
OVER THE WAVES IN A LUDERS L-16 . . . Color photograph by Sydney Ravitz 68
COOK'S TOUR: NESTOR . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 69
A GIMLET IS A BORE—NOT SO THE GIMLET . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 84
THE-EGG-AND-I-AT-MIDNIGHT . . . Color photograph by Philip Wilcox 85
PARIS IN THE SUMMER . . . Drawing by Leslie Saalburg 87
POOLING OF ASSETS . . . Drawing by Robert Goodman 88

sports

HUNTERS, INC. . . . Jack Tooker 52
BEWARE THAT BASEBALL! . . . Renzo Dee Bowers 67
SINGLE SHOTS AND CONSEQUENCES . . . Tommy Armour 74
THE ESQUIRE POLL ON SPECTATOR SPORTS . . . Jim Crossett 76
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN . . . Louis Sidran 101
BOXER'S TRAGEDY . . . Edward Francis Woods 120

briefs

A PARTING SHOT . . . Royce Diener 46
THE TATTLER'S TEARS . . . Kern L. Pere 55
A LESSON IN MATH . . . I. William Allen 80
TWENTY WAYS TO KEEP COOL . . . 96
THE ROOSTER BET . . . Edward Jerome Vogeler 113

credits

Illustrations on pages 37, 44, 46, 52, 61, 62 and 73 . . . courtesy Associated American Artists

trends in dress

CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES by Runnette, Fenton, Fellows and Murley, beginning on . . . 98

DAVID A. SMART
Editor and Publisher

ALFRED SMART
Co-Publisher

FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM . . . . *Managing Editor*
OSCAR E. SCHOEFFLER . . . . *Fashion Editor*
TONY PALAZZO . . . . *Art Director*
GUS BERKES . . . . *Production Director*
FRITZ BAMBERGER . . . . *Research Director*
A. L. BLINDER . . . . *Circulation Director*
JOHN SMART . . . . *Business Manager*

Editorial Associates:
G. PFLEEGER . . . . G. WISWELL . . . . L. SIDRAN . . . . N. GAGE
H. RICHARDS . . . C. MCBRIDE . . . K. MARTIN . . . W. BROWN

European Editor: ARNOLD GINGRICH
Address: Le Pâquis, St. Saphorin,
Lavaux, Vaud, Switzerland

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1946 by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-Pres. in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $8.50. In changing subscription addresses both *old* and *new* addresses *must* be given 30 days before change is to take effect.

The Sound and the Fury

tribute from a gallant lady

I am a girl who always buys and reads your magazine, a truly remarkable publication for fiction and articles.

In the June issue, *Remembering the Lost Yesterdays*, by Chester Morrison is, in my opinion, the outstanding article of the year. My husband was killed in February, 1944, when his B-24 was attacked over Brunswick, Germany, and I believe that Mr. Morrison's article brought me to my senses—more so than anything, individually or collectively, that has passed my way since that time. It certainly should be a compulsory reading for about 99% of the American people, who, it seems, are tended, in an unbalanced sort of way, to always think of themselves and their tribulations in the present tense—never thinking of the fact that "they have wasted all of yesterday and today."

Many bouquets to Mr. Morrison.

Judy F. Kiser

Abilene, Texas

where men are testy

Not since I went to bat years ago for Erskine Caldwell's portrayal of the South has anything in your pages aroused me to wild verbal swinging. But when I read that story on going into the hinterlands without a guide, it made me so sick at my stomach that I turned back to see if there was a biographical sketch of the author, and there certainly was. This second blow to my sensibilities was too much, hence this blast.

I will not even pay the author the dubious compliment of repeating his name, but I hasten to assure him that thousands of ex-soldiers will read his autobiography and end up wishing they could lay violent hands upon his shrinking person.

The gentleman says that he served in World War I, and won a Purple Heart when "they were not given for frostbite." It so happened that in the various hospitals through which I was passed on my back to the States from Pelelieu were many of the heroes of the 7th Division, the outfit that suffered the tortures that this character passes off as "frostbite." I saw them again here in the States, scores of lads that would be crippled for life.

Those that suffered gunshot or mortar wounds on Attu were the lucky ones, and I am sure that they will be among the first to back me up. Let this brave writer who fought in the first and more festive World War walk through one of the wards wherein are the victims of trench foot. Let him see the faces twisted with pain, and smell the nauseous odor of gangrenous flesh. Attu was a hell-on-earth, and for my money, every man who fought there deserves every honor his country can bestow upon him. And I am *not* of the 7th Division, either.

As for this writer's story—he speaks of going into the woods without a guide to nursemaid him along as if it were one of the longer voyages of Magellan. I am well aware of the fertile fields that guides tend in the effete East, where the characters hire a guide for a picnic in Van Courtlandt park, but out here in the West, the citizenry is more rugged. The guides must find their income among the schoolmarms and successful candidates for the office of county supervisor. Out here when a real woodsman goes into the back country, he just ups and goes into the back country, with no fuss nor feathers. And with about thirty pounds less gear than the guy mentions. The stuff he takes into the woods for a two weeks' stay would last me and partner all summer, and that is a literal statement of fact. All in all, I think that this author, whom I still refuse to name, is a Vassar student, who sneaked into Esquire under an assumed sex. And you may assure him that, as a woodsman of many years experience, I shall be happy indeed to send him my revised list of all the gear needed for an entire summer's sojourn in the wilds.

A sixteen-gauge shotgun! Good God!

Earl Ehrhardt

Los Angeles, Calif.

calling all puzzleheads

If you will be so kind and if it isn't too much trouble, you may avert a calamity in the business life of my husband, a recently returned veteran.

My husband is salesman for an office and engineering supply company here in Fort Worth. In a weak moment he very foolishly gave one of his customers a puzzle to work. The catch is that he doesn't know the solution and his customer has flatly refused to give him another order until he produces the finished puzzle. Orders mean a lot to us these days of readjustment and the loss of a big account is really serious.

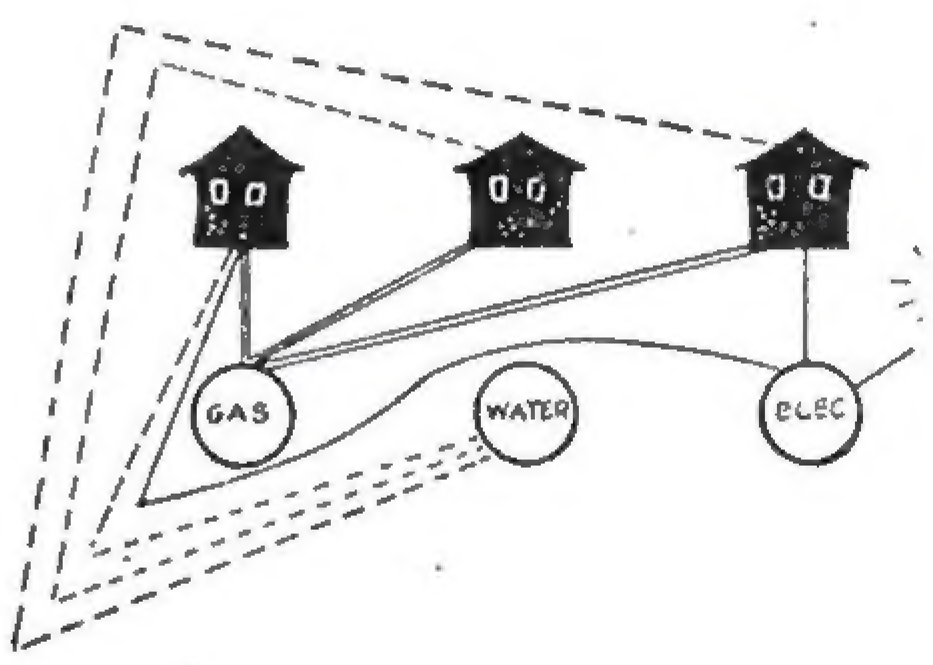
The puzzle is one that was published in Esquire several years ago.

If you can send us the answer to the pesky thing, we will be more than grateful.

Mrs. W. H. Ogden

Fort Worth, Texas

Puzzle:



Three houses must be supplied with three utilities, but none of the lines may cross. Use any route necessary. (How?)

Editor's Note: Solution to this brain-twister, which, so far as we remember, has not been previously published in Esquire, will be gratefully received.

romance, romance

I want to commend you for publishing in the June issue of Esquire that story which ran only a little longer than its title: *I Love the Girl in the Goldfish Bowl.* In these deadly serious days when most fiction is top-heavy with social consciousness it is refreshing to read a story that brings no message and points no moral—a pure piece of art.

I got my first look at your June issue while riding a Fifth Avenue bus, and the lady in the adjacent seat, reading over my shoulder, snickered audibly at the Howard Baer cartoon featuring Lady Godiva. But when I turned to my companion, a sorrel-top cutie, and inquired: "Shall we turn the page now?" she averted her eyes hastily to the toothpaste ads—and our friendship had ended as quickly as it had begun.

Anyhow, thanks for *The Girl in the Goldfish Bowl.*

Sinclair Gauche
(Obviously not my right name)

New York, N. Y.

but is it sporting?

I liked the idea of the *Apartment House Ticktacktoe* article by John Langton Welsh, but the visualization process he recommends—oh, my aching head! I had a rubber stamp made up, same as the *top* plane ("Apartment 3" of Figure 2 on page 114). Any rubber stamp man can do it for you if you'll hand him page 114, or the attached diagram. Then I used the rubber stamp three times, making a picture same as the attached. It was perfectly simple to play the game on this diagram with x's and o's, but without that clashing of gears in the brain box. Of course if you're pressed for time, a rubber stamp with all three planes on it will lessen the load, but will cost more.

Gustav Freund

Chicago, Illinois

el real McCoy

Now is a good time to retell a story, and stop the repetition of a crazy explanation of the origin of a common phrase.

I mean "The Real McCoy," as used in your April number, in a story by Art Cohn.

This expression goes back far before the birth of Norman Selby; who, in probability, adopted his ring name of "Kid McCoy" from the original expression.

About the year 1850 an Irishman named McCoy who was in Cuba for reasons that only an Irishman could think up, married a Cuban girl, and was accepted as one of the family. The Spanish government that ruled Cuba at that time had often given tracts of lands to deserving settlers in "Spanish America," which tracts were commonly called "Reals," meaning "gifts from the King."

Such tracts are still commonly so called. One of the largest American-owned mines in Mexico is still called "Real del Monte." The word, in Spanish, is called Re-al.

When McCoy's son asked for such a grant of land, it was given him, and thereafter called "El Real McCoy." He produced a brand of rum back in the seventies that was looked on as standard by sailors of ships sailing the Caribbean. They soon corrupted it to "The real McCoy."

The expression soon became common, to mean something of the highest grade, not only in rum, but in other fields.

Federico McCoy

Berkeley, Calif.

who is Cynthia, what is she?

Emancipation indeed! Look fellows, if you must emancipate pray be sensible about it. I have just finished reading the article *Let Him Be Lord and Master*, and all I can say is Great Guns, this is serious. Don't you fellows know that a lot of men as well as women read your magazine? Suppose they believe such tripe as that, take it to heart, and follow the advice therein. Merciful Heaven! The divorce courts are doing a rushing business these days and I'm awful fearful they are headed for a landslide. Just because one dizzy female hasn't the brains to know when she is in heaven, please, I beg of you, don't advocate that the rest of the boys follow her advice. I for one would like to wring her neck. After sixteen years of trying to train one male into the sort of a guy she was lucky enough to draw from the start, I'm scared silly that when he reads said article, all my work will go for naught.

The gal is nuts or she has been seeing too many movies. Something is wrong for no red-blooded female hankers to be made a punching bag in a knock-down-and-drag-out twice a month. I won't deny that a real honest-to-goodness squabble on occasion isn't fun. It does keep life from getting stale and Oh!! the fun in making up. *But* let's keep it verbal, after all some of you lads don't know your own strength and instead of a cowed and disheveled wife pleading for forgiveness, there is likely to be a frightened husband pacing up and down the hospital corridor, being aided very gently but firmly by a guy in blue with brass buttons.

Are you sure it was a lady who wrote that article? Sounds terribly masculine to me. No coffee in bed, no chocolates, no help with the kids, no housework. Hmmm! mighty peculiar, mighty peculiar.

Proceeding on the assumption that the writer really is a female, and what she says is on the level it is a wonder to me she hasn't had her arm in a cast on more than one occasion. Even the most mild-mannered boy just won't play catcher all the time.

Let the boys have an occasional glimpse of the world through a woman's eyes if you must, but for Pete's sake make sure those eyes aren't crossed, will you?

Lucile Kaats

Dunkirk, New York

further confessions from Cynthia

Thank you for forwarding the letters concerning my article in the May issue of Esquire. I must admit that I thoroughly enjoyed them and though they could not be called fan mail they were certainly amusing enough. It's a shame I can find no one to agree with the sentiments I expressed and even my friends at home think I was joking and say so. An honest woman is taken no more seriously than another kind, for so seldom is a woman attributed with the backbone to be honest. Frankly, the whole thing seems rather silly when trying to argue with the kind of people who wrote me letters.

I was somewhat put out to discover that some other woman had beat me to first place in Esquire but can not say that I admire her subversive activities in using a man's name. I actually did not know when I sent the article that it was unusual for you to accept them from women, though I had read each issue of the magazine for years.

All the attention has been gratifying and I would like to thank Esquire for giving me such a nice send off in my writing career.

Cynthia Harris

Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina

quest for a brave new bachelor's roost

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed Alexis de Sakhnoffsky's design for a trailer in your June issue. I wondered if during the series he would include a garage apartment for a bachelor. Since the housing shortage these have become very popular but most of them around here are something along the line of a rustic cabin.

I hope Sakhnoffsky can do this but if not it is a pleasure to see his work in Esquire.

Louis C. de Stwolinski

Coffeyville, Kansas

Continued on page 10

ACCEPT—AS OUR GIFT

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD BOOK CLUB

Your Choice of These Best Sellers!

WHICH one of these six sensational smash-hits shall we send you *free?* We want to send you *your choice* of these great novels to demonstrate the kind of reading enjoyment your Literary Guild membership will bring to you. (Membership is *free,* there are no dues or fees, as you will see below.) And—as an added privilege—if you so desire, you may have any of the *other* titles for only $2.00 each — a big saving over the regular price of the publisher's edition. Furthermore, any selection you purchase now will count towards one of the FREE BONUS BOOKS which the Guild distributes to its Members! Make your choice of one of these six best-sellers, then mail the coupon.

Free

Choose One from This List

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE — *By Taylor Caldwell*
WAKE OF THE RED WITCH — *By Garland Roark*
BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN — *By Elizabeth M. Howard*
THE KING'S GENERAL — *By Daphne du Maurier*
THE FOXES OF HARROW — *By Frank Yerby*
THE RIVER ROAD — *By Frances Parkinson Keyes*

SAVE UP TO 50% ON OUTSTANDING NEW BOOKS

Literary Guild membership is free — there are no dues or fees. Each month you will receive your copy of "Wings," the Guild's illustrated book-review Brochure, which contains articles about the Literary Guild selection *to be published the following month.* From these articles you decide whether or not you care to receive the Guild book described. If not, you simply return the form supplied and *no book will be sent to you that month.* If, however, the Guild selection is one *you don't want to miss,* it will be sent to you on publication date.

Literary Guild books are selected by our Editorial Staff from proofs submitted by leading publishers long in advance of their publication. Because the Literary Guild is the largest book club in the world, *a huge special edition is printed at a tremendous saving in cost.* This saving is passed on to members. The Literary Guild edition is manufactured at the same time as the publisher's edition, yet Guild members pay a flat price of only $2.00 for each Guild book accepted, instead of the higher price charged for the same book sold at retail in the publisher's edition.

"Collector's Library" Bonus Books Free

In addition, Guild members receive a beautifully printed, handsomely bound copy of one of the "Collector's Library" volumes — on sale at retail for $5.00 per copy — as a *bonus* for every four Guild books purchased! To be a "member in good standing" requires merely that you accept a minimum of only four Guild books a year out of the 12 or more new and important fiction and non-fiction Guild books to be published. It is *not* necessary to accept a Guild book every month — only four during an entire year!

Send No Money — Mail Coupon NOW

The convenience, the enjoyment, and the saving of about 50% of your book money will, we hope, prompt you to become a member of the Literary Guild at once. As a special inducement for joining now instead of "later" you will be sent — FREE — a copy of your choice of any book shown on this page; and as a new member you may, if you wish, order any other book shown, at the Guild price of $2.00 instead of the higher price of the publisher's edition.

Because of production limitations, the number of new members the Guild can service is restricted. By joining now, your new membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any price increase on Guild selections for a year. MAIL COUPON NOW.

Mail This Coupon

FREE..

(Write in the Book of Your Choice Above)

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 8EM, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Literary Guild Book Club subscriber and send me absolutely FREE, as a gift, the book I have indicated above. Also send me as my first selection for $2.00 the book, other than the one written in above, which I have checked below:

☐ **Wake of the Red Witch**
☐ **The King's General**
☐ **The River Road**
☐ **The Foxes of Harrow**
☐ **Before the Sun Goes Down**
☐ **This Side of Innocence**

With these books will come my first issue of the Brochure "Wings," telling about the forthcoming Literary Guild selection which will be offered for $2.00 to members only, regardless of the higher retail price of the publisher's edition. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to purchase any Guild selection. The purchase of Guild selections is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month — only four during the year — to fulfill my membership requirement. I am to receive a bonus book for every four Guild selections I purchase.

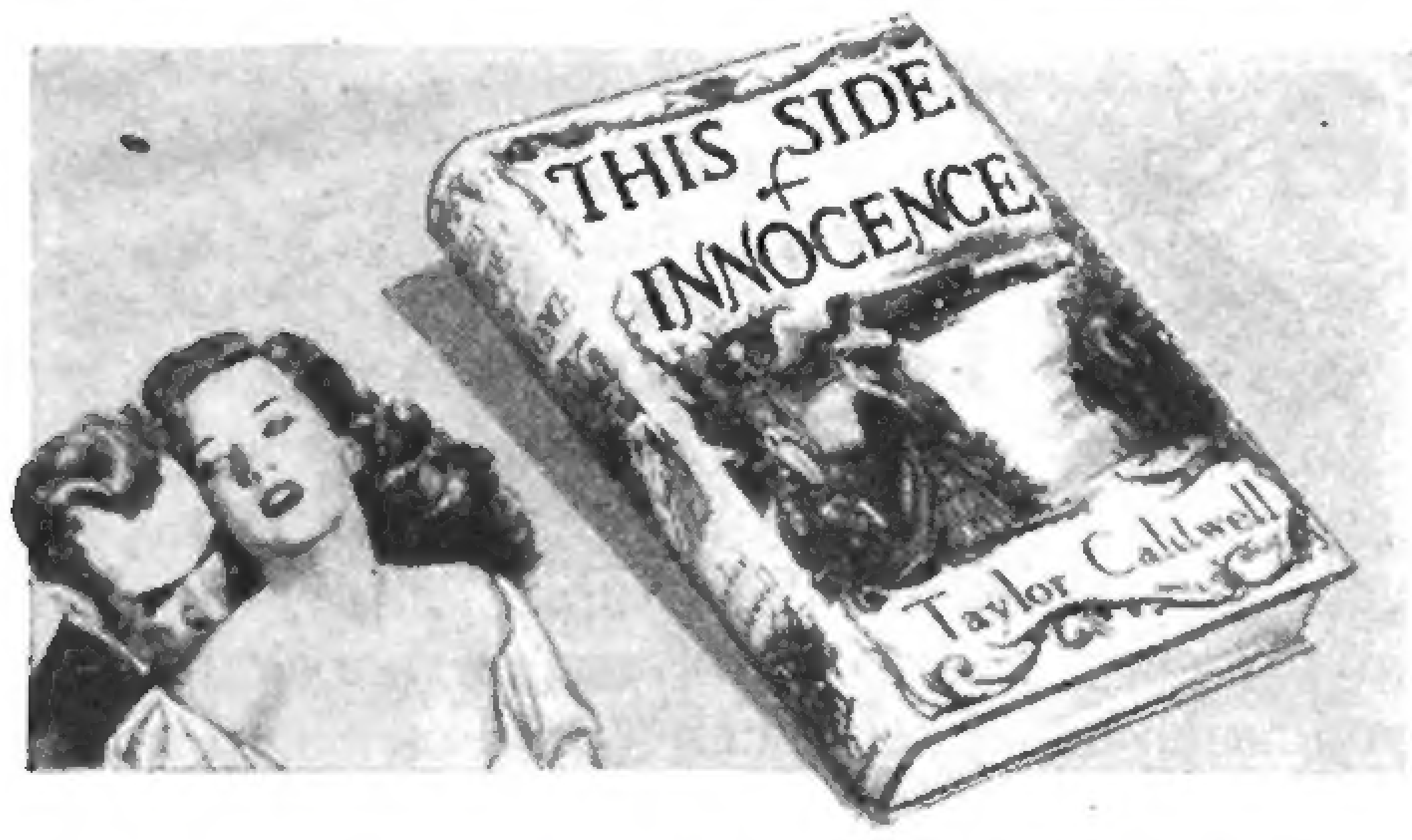
Mr.
Mrs...
Miss *(Please Print)*

Street and No...

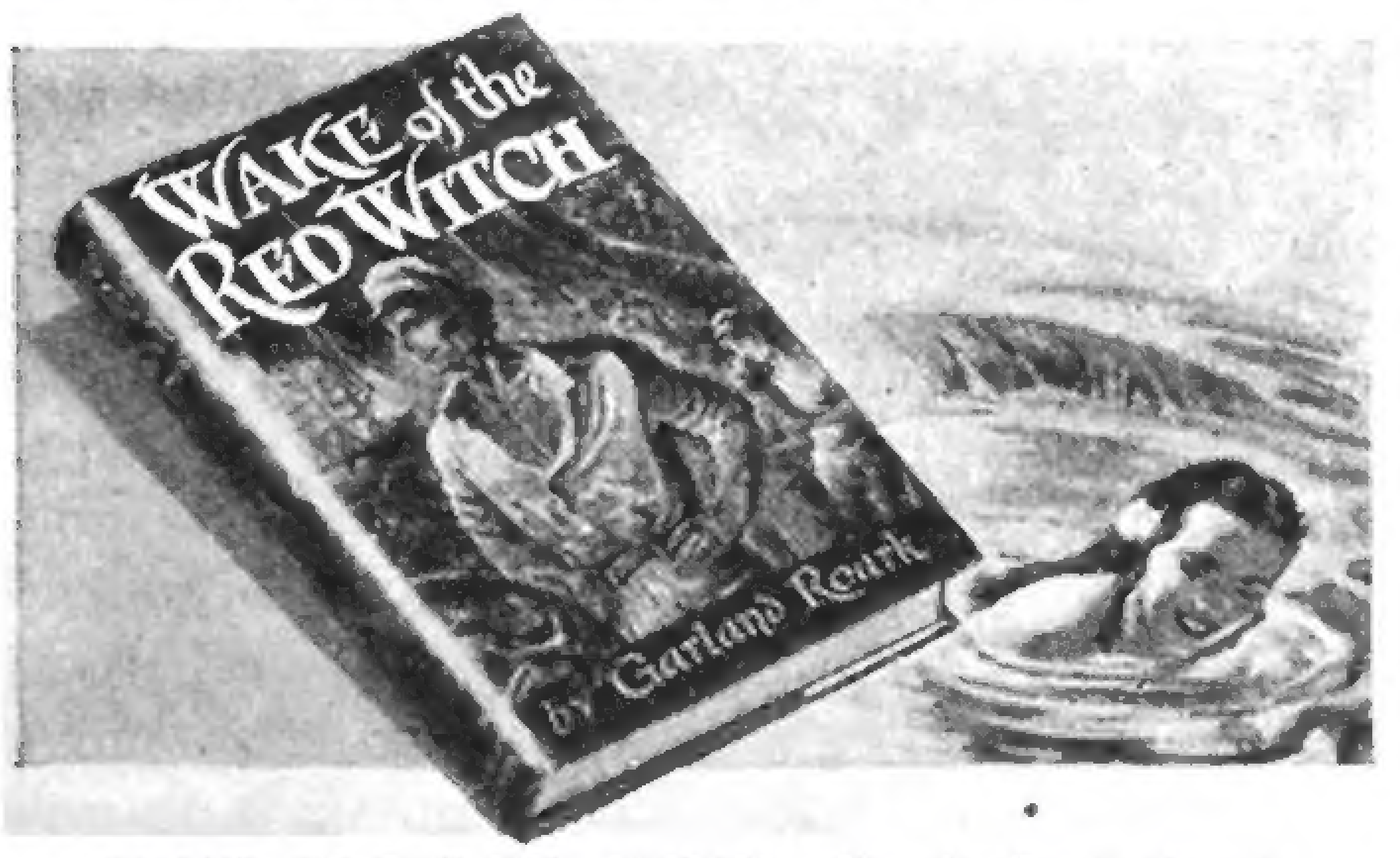
Zone No.
City.......................... *(if any)* ...**State**........

Occupation.....................**Age, if Under 21**.....

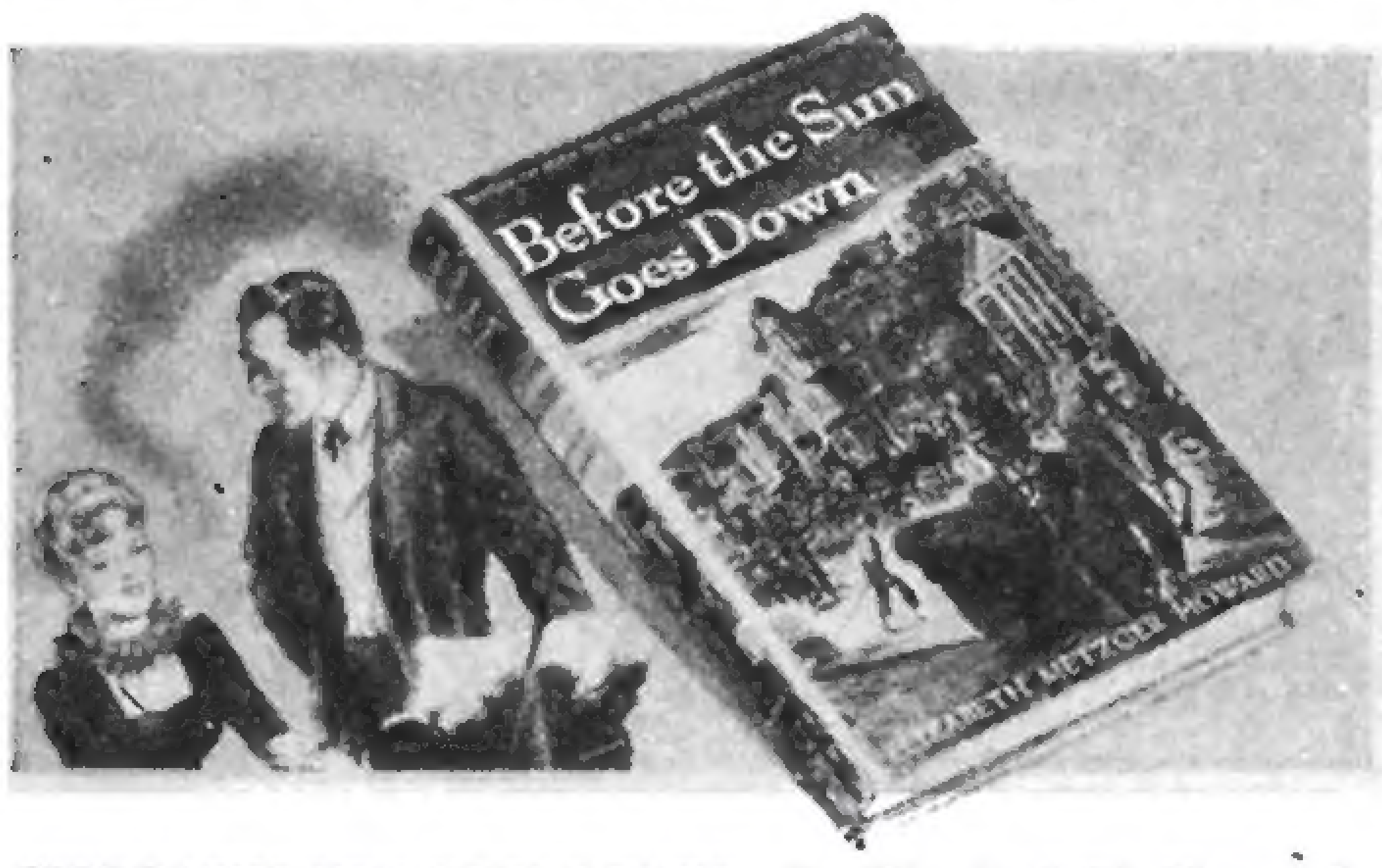
Price in Canada, $2.20; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada



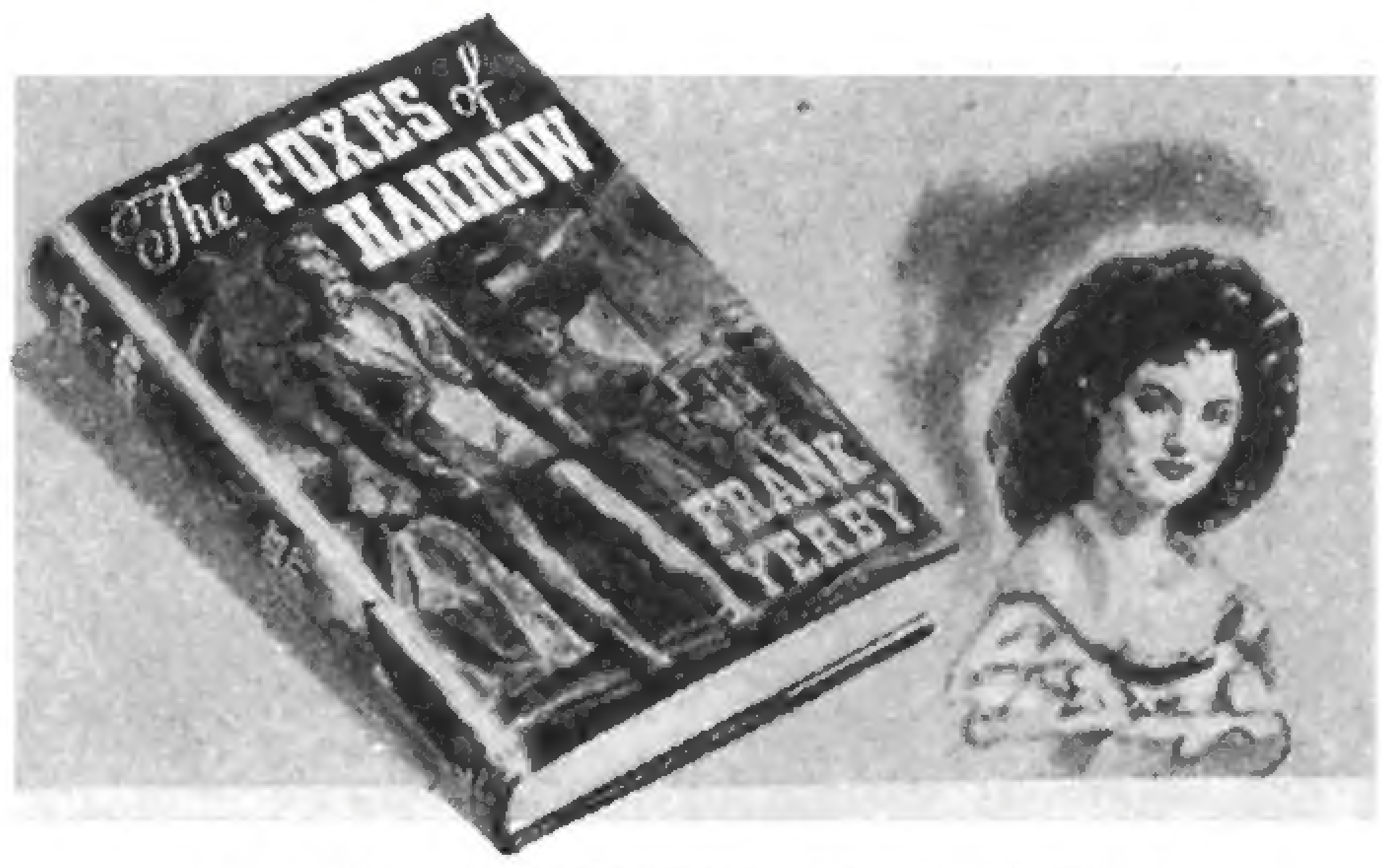
THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE — *By Taylor Caldwell*
Which is worse — marriage without love, or love without marriage? Beautiful Amalie braved them both, and alternately lived in ecstasy and despair. The story which became a best-seller within a month — and which is to be made into a $2,000,000 movie! Publisher's price, $3.00.


WAKE of the RED WITCH
by Garland Roark

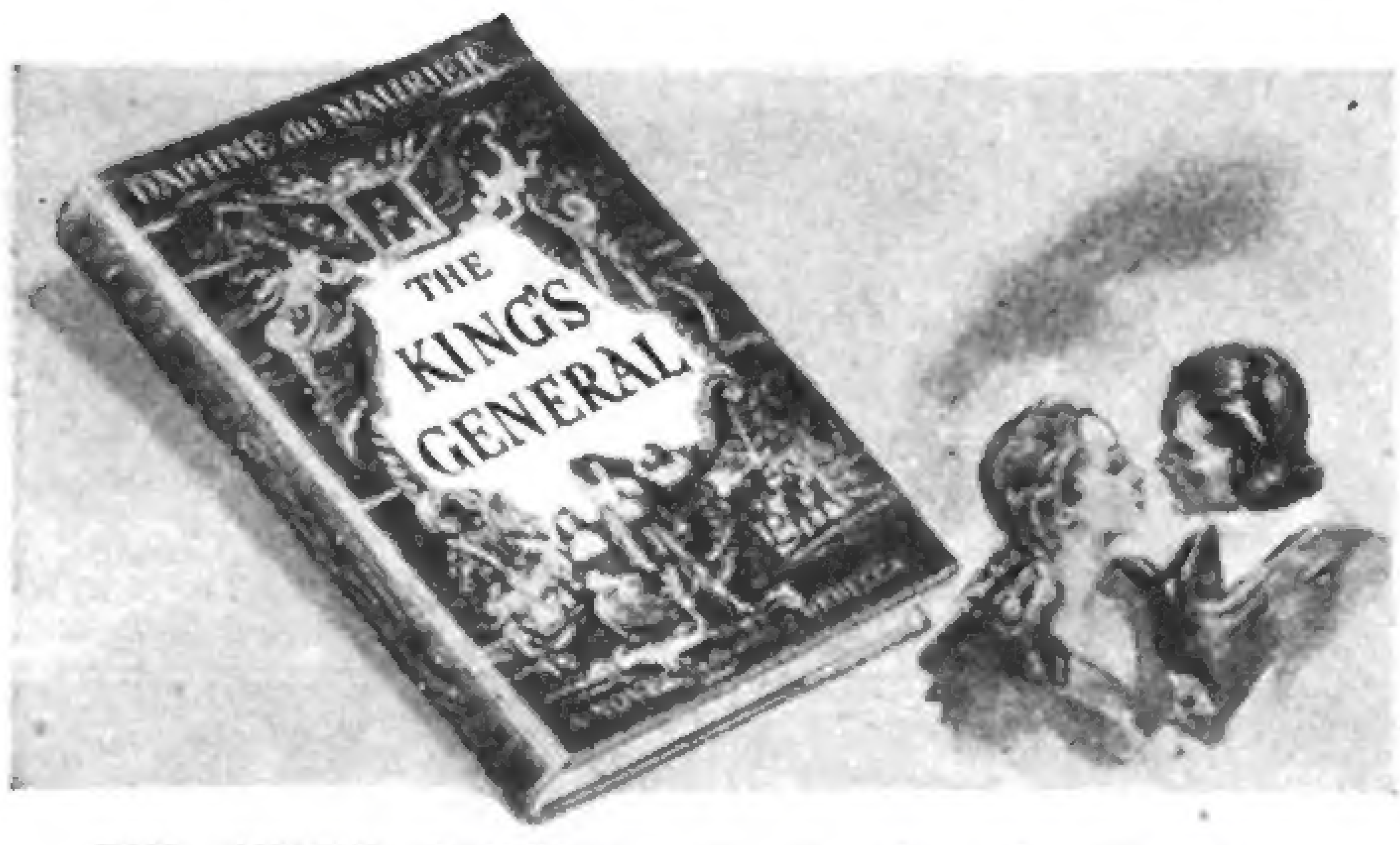
WAKE OF THE RED WITCH — *By Garland Roark*
A modern young pirate—a vengeful old man—a bewitchingly beautiful island girl; love, danger, and sunken treasure in the enchanting South Seas! ". . . calculated to stir the blood."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Publisher's price, $2.75.



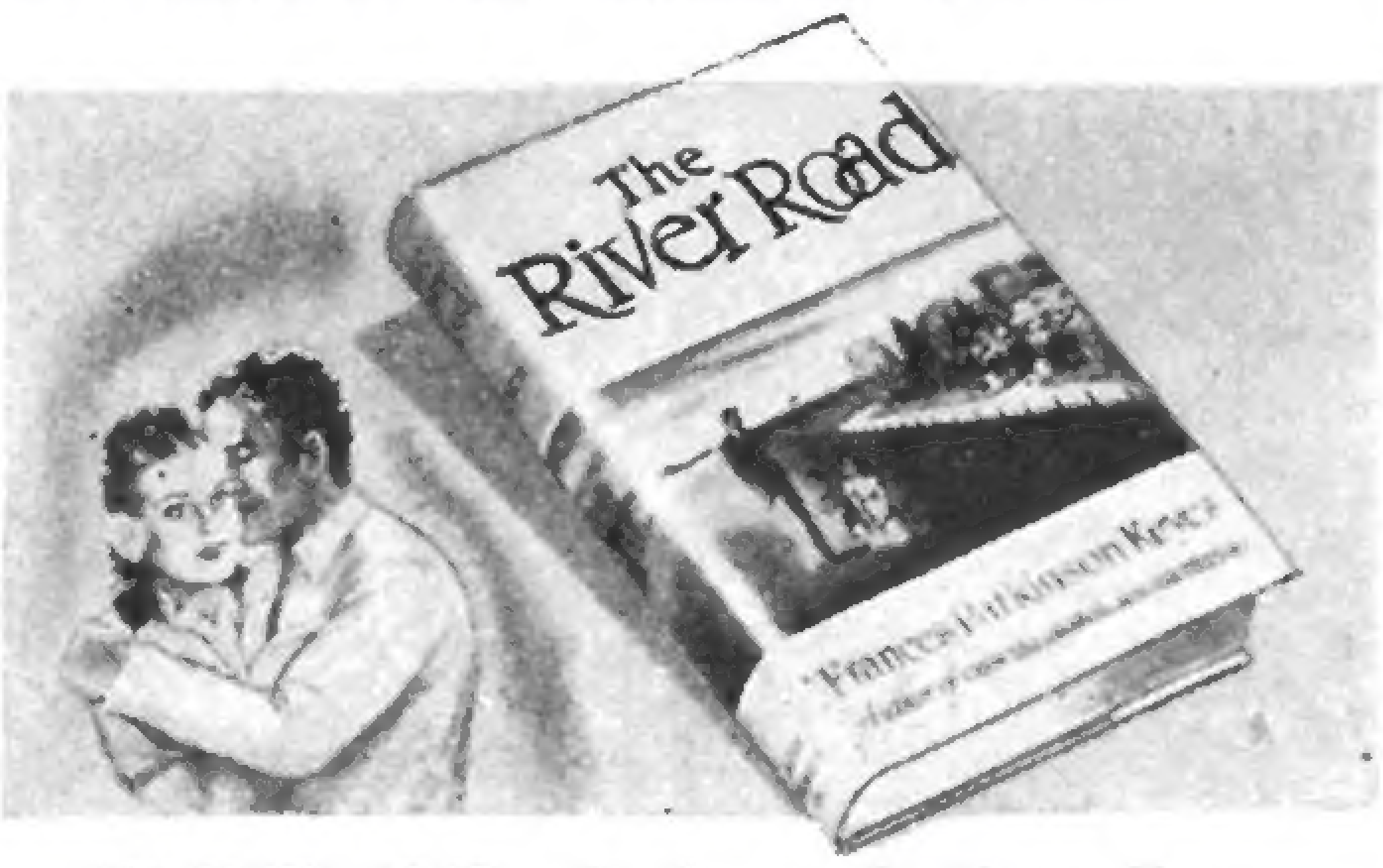
BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN — *By Elizabeth M. Howard*
He knew, as only a small town doctor can, everybody and every secret in the community—yet hid a burning secret of his own! A story of nice, and not-so-nice people. Winner of $145,000 in prizes. Publisher's price, $2.75.



THE FOXES OF HARROW — *By Frank Yerby*
Devil-may-care Stephen Fox stormed into New Orleans, and lost his heart to aristocratic Odalie. After years, he finally possessed her—only to discover beautiful Desiree, and a strange new life. Publisher's price, $3.00.



THE KING'S GENERAL — *By Daphne du Maurier*
He was a bold, charming, auburn-haired scoundrel—she a slip of a girl who did not know what love meant. This is the magnificent love story which has already become a classic. By the author of "Frenchman's Creek," "Rebecca," and other best-sellers. "Stirring reading . . ."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Publisher's price, $2.75.

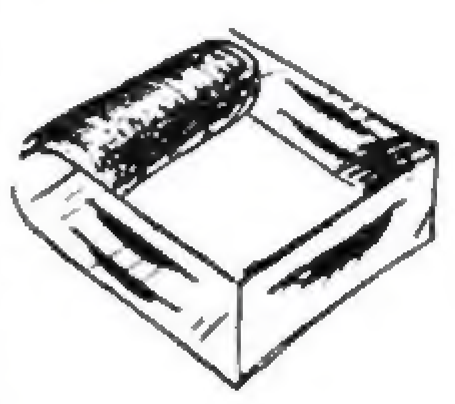


THE RIVER ROAD — *By Frances Parkinson Keyes*
He returned from the war a hero—to a girl he did not, and could not love. Must he wed her because of family pride, when it was Merry Randall he truly loved? A great novel about people who live under the mysterious spell of the mighty Mississippi . . . their loves and hates, tragedies and triumphs. Publisher's price, $3.00.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Talking Shop

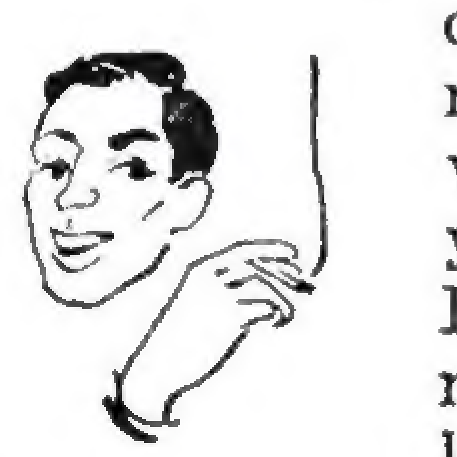
STRICTLY *NON*-G.I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



FOR AGGRESSIVE BEARDS. If you belong to the blue beard club (and we mean whiskers, not the guy who killed his wives) then a new vest pocket razor should be standard carrying equipment. Actually fits in your pocket with room to spare. Requires no electricity, water, soap or mirror! This pygmy does a man-sized job. Equipped with a revolving cylinder, perforated to allow a keen, wedge-honed blade to get at the beard, it shouldn't scrape or nick, for the blade never touches the face. The razor is operated by rolling it back and forth over the beard.

OFF-WHITE. If you've been hunting around for virgin white underthings in vain, you might do well to settle for an off-white shade called bamboo tan. Comes in a spun and woven post-war fabric that looks like silk, yet is as washable and durable as cotton. It's been tested for laundering, pressing, perspiration, shrinkage and fading and comes out O.K. Made up into shirts, sports shirts, pajamas and shorts, it will be the answer to those frustrating shopping jaunts.

TOOTH TABLETS. Latest invention to amaze us is a dentifrice that is not a liquid, paste or powder . . . but a tablet! All you do is crush this small white pill between your teeth, then brush teeth, gums and tongue with a *dry* toothbrush. No, you don't gag. The tablet effervesces into a terrific foam with a clean, pleasantly scented odor. Keep a tablet in your pocket, and use as a mouthwash before a date. Works fine on tobacco smoke, garlic, etc. A dentist thought up this one and it's sure to go over in a great big way. Why not try it for yourself? You're bound to like it.



NICOTINED FINGERS don't look pretty at a dinner party. Executive of woman's toiletry concern comes out with a new liquid which works wonders on yellowed digits. Her nicotine remover is an odorless fluid which is applied to ocher spots with a bit of cotton. Also does a job on removing ink and other stains. Why not keep a bottle in your desk at the office? Especially recommended for chain or heavy smokers who can detect the presence of a tobacco stain on their fingers.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

LANGUAGE IS POWER

. . . Forge ahead, win special assignments, promotion, better job in global peace time opportunities through ability to speak a foreign language.

Speak SPANISH RUSSIAN PORTUGUESE GERMAN FRENCH ITALIAN

or any of 23 other languages by the

LINGUAPHONE METHOD

The World's Most Approved Language Course

It's all talk; natural every-day conversation. *In your own home you can learn* to speak any of 29 languages by the world-famous Linguaphone Ear-Eye Conversational Method. It is amazingly simple and practical. You HEAR voices of native teachers . . . they speak to you as often as you want them, never tiring . . . you REPEAT what they say, answer their questions . . . before you are actually aware, you are conversing in the language of your choice.

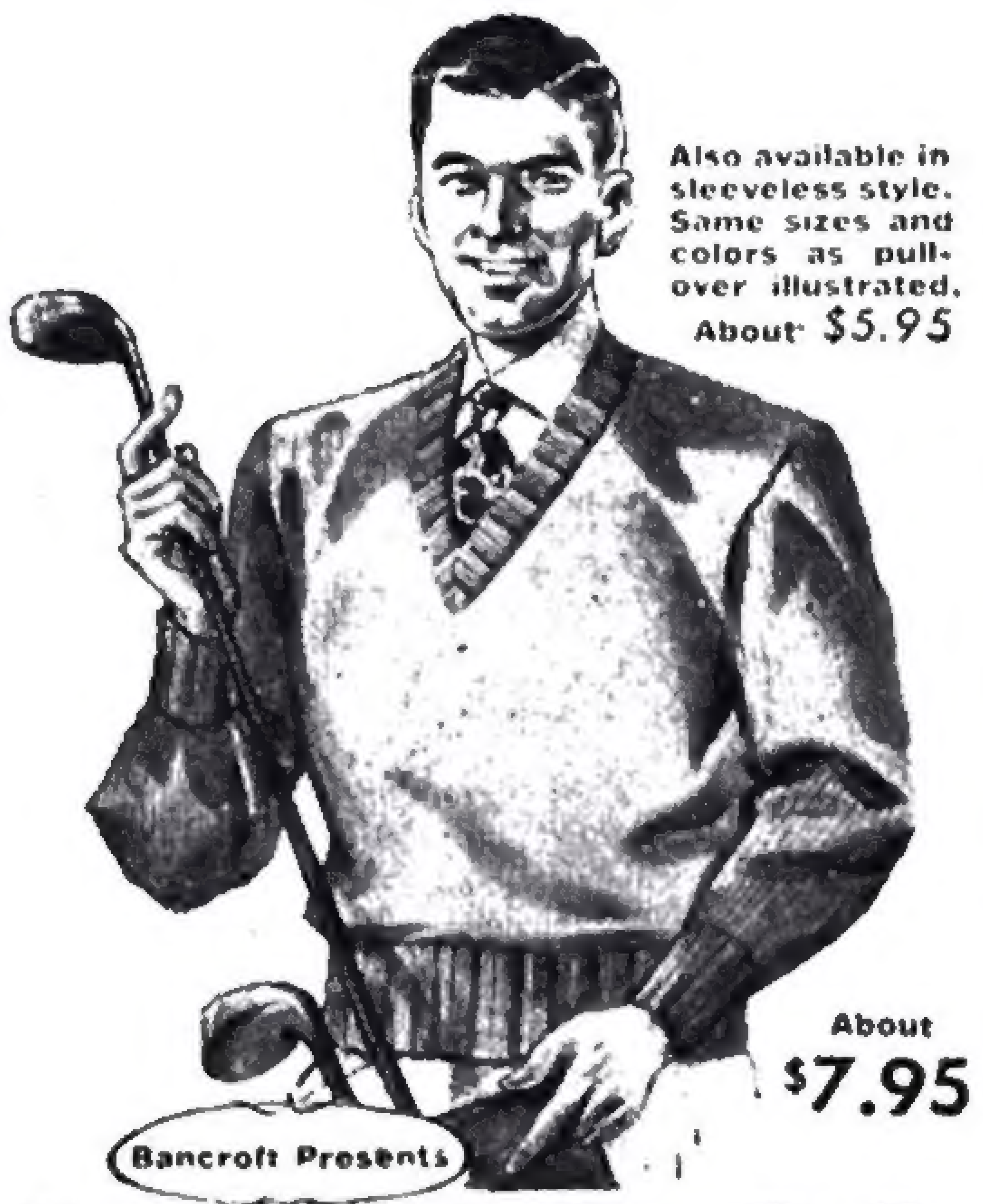
Save time, work and money, learn the Linguaphone Way which has helped thousands in the Army, Navy, Flying and Signal Corps and other services, as well as more than 1 million home-study students.

FREE—Get the facts about this time and money saving way to learn languages—send for the FREE illustrated Linguaphone Book.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.

Name ....
Address ....
City.................... State.........
Language Interested ....



Also available in sleeveless style. Same sizes and colors as pull-over illustrated. About $5.95

About $7.95

Bancroft Presents

VOPACA "Tested"

36% LIGHTER

68% WARMER

29% FINER HAND (SOFTER)

SWEATERS—100% VIRGIN WOOL

Impartial laboratory tests prove this alpaca blend far better to even higher priced sweaters in every important knitwear feature. Colors—Tan, Natural, Blue, Luggage. Sizes—Small, Medium, Large. Sold at finest men's and dep't stores . . . WRITE FOR FREE FASCINATING BOOKLET ON SCIENTIFIC SWEATER RESEARCH.

Bancroft SWEATERS

Vogue Knit of Phila., Inc.
KNITWEAR SPECIALISTS • 401 N. BROAD ST., PHILA. 8, PA.

DOXA
Since 1889
Preferred by Millions

Those who can afford the better things in life, recognize DOXA as one of the world's most distinguished timepieces.

AT BETTER JEWELERS

Doxa Watch Agency, Inc., 580—5 Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

FOR SOFT OR HARD DRINKS

Here's a whopping pitcher that holds 2½ quarts, comes with a hand-cut 3-letter monogram.

Heavy sham bottom highball glasses to match as illustrated, monogrammed.

10 oz. . . $8.50 dozen
12 oz. . . 9.00 dozen
14 oz. . . $10.00 dozen
Pilsner Beer Glasses
12 oz. $13.50 dozen
All shipping charges collect
No. C.O.D.'s

EUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. E-86
541 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Billiard

MADE FROM *Imported* BRIAR

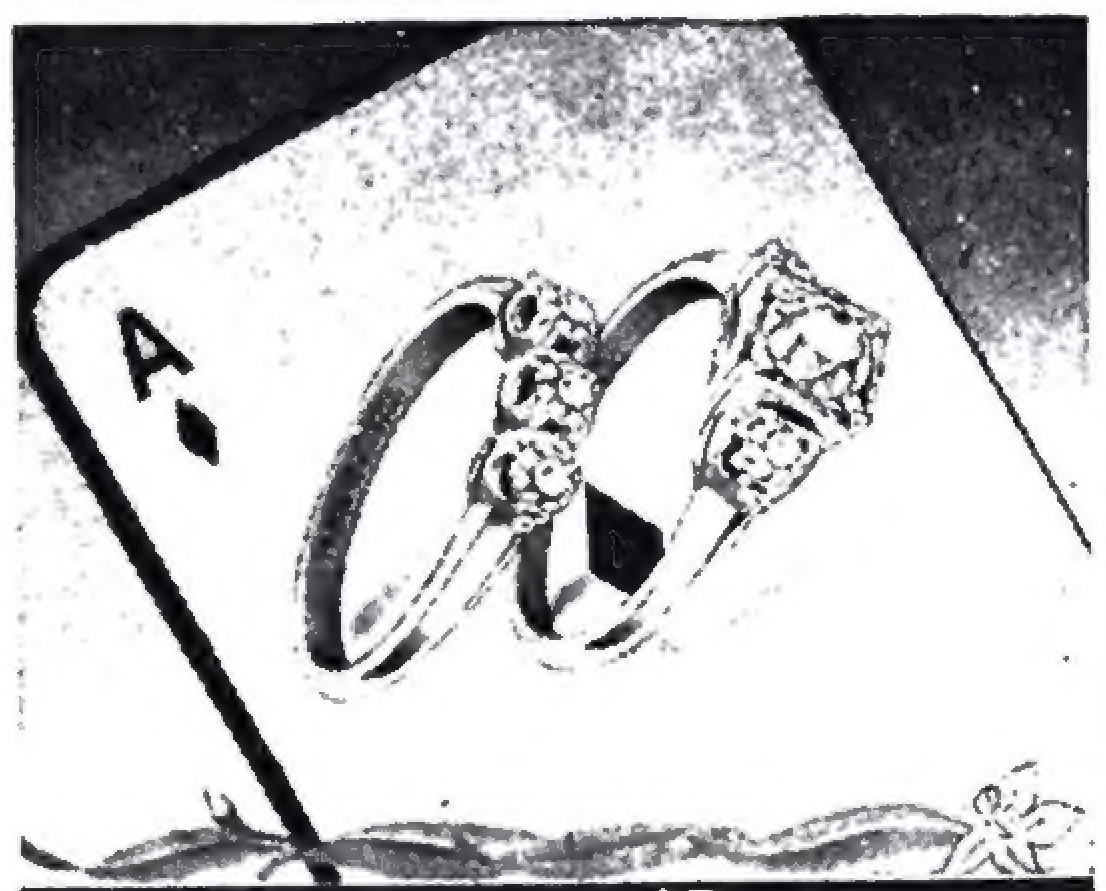
- Sweet Smoking
- Superior Grains
- Modern Designs
- From $3.50 to $10

$5 GOLDEN WALNUT

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET "Facts About Imported Briar Pipes."

SMOKE Weber NONE BETTER

C. B. WEBER & CO. 140 Cator Ave. Jersey City 5, N. J.



GENUINE *Orange Blossom*

ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS BY TRAUB

Write for Illustrated Folder

Traub Mfg. Co., 1936 McGraw, Detroit 8, Michigan

CASH'S HUGH NEEDHAM
Style 97
CASH'S Hugh Needham
53
CASH'S HUGH NEEDHAM
59

12 DOZ. $3.00
9 DOZ. $2.50
6 DOZ. $2.00
3 DOZ. $1.50

You can attach Cash's Names to anything with Cash's NO-SO Cement—25c a tube

YOU PREFERRED THEM IN THE SERVICE!

In civilian life, too, the preferred method of marking clothes and other belongings is with

CASH'S WOVEN Names

Economical, permanent, *positive identification* and protection for all your things. Insist on *Cash's* at your Dept. Store, or write us.

CASH'S 496 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., 6235 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles 44, Cal. or 166 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.

KRASHÉ

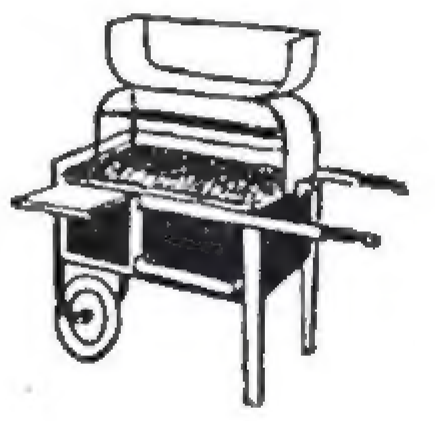
SHAVING AID & SKIN SMOOTHER

Softens beard, smoothes the skin and produces a cleaner, closer shave whether done with brush or brushless cream. Protects face against sun and wind. $1.20 including tax. At leading drug, dept. and clothing stores or write direct.

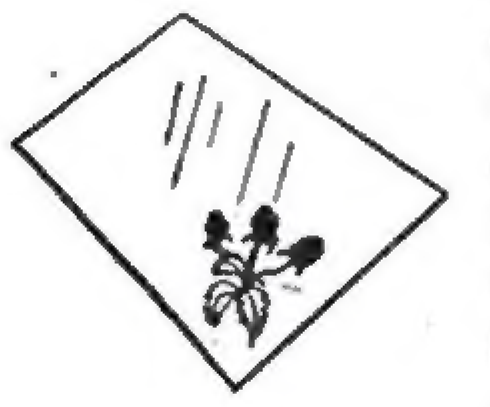
GRELVA, INC., 22-26 W. 48th St., N. Y. 19

with Esquire

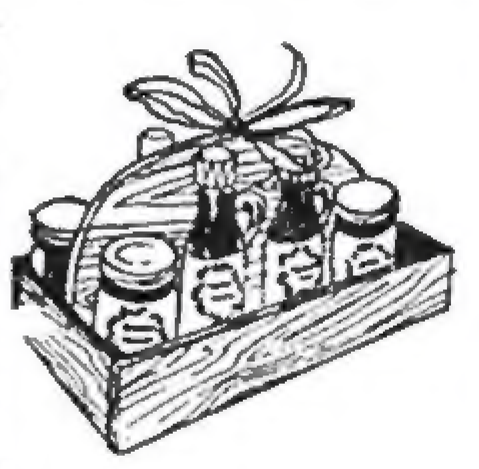
BARBECUE BEAUTY. We've seen many a portable barbecue, but it took Texas to produce one of the handsomest, convenient rolling ranges we've seen to date. This little honey (40″ x 40″ x 23″) can be packed into the car, trunk or station wagon for country jaunts; can be wheeled up and down steps with ease on its large rubber-tired wheel. There's an adjustable firebox of sheet steel, which gives full heat control at all times. Wooden handles make it easy to adjust desired height . . . *up* to sear meat, *down* for slow cooking. Double steel grills are removable for using griddle or spit, also for easy fire-tending without disturbing cooking. Included in the price are such refinements as a piano-hinged hood, wood condiment tray, carving tray, rake and spit, rope towel and tool hanger.



CLEANOFF TABLE MATS. Laundry becomes no problem with the new plastic table mats. Most plastic table items leave us cold, but these have a texture like hand-woven linen, blocked in squares. Color combinations are swell for a bachelor's lair. Tan with wide brown borders (huge block initials if desired), dark brown with turquoise, white with red, etc. Mats are stain-proof, alky resistant, impervious to dirt. If an exuberant guest spills his soup, mats resume pristine freshness by a quick once over with a damp cloth. You can even get plastic mats that are dead ringers for the old fashioned crochet mats grandma ran up.



HERB TRAY. Nice gift to give barbecue fiends is a neat wooden culinary tray, size 9″ x 5″, with convenient carrying handle. Tray comes loaded with four jars of various type herbs, four bottles of fine English malt vinegars. Another practical gift . . . a box of assorted opaque glass balls filled with magic fluid. Freeze them in your ice box, then drop in highball glasses instead of ice. They look decorative and chill the drinks without diluting. Then there's that convenient little ice pick which will crush ice to a fare-thee-well right in individual glasses.

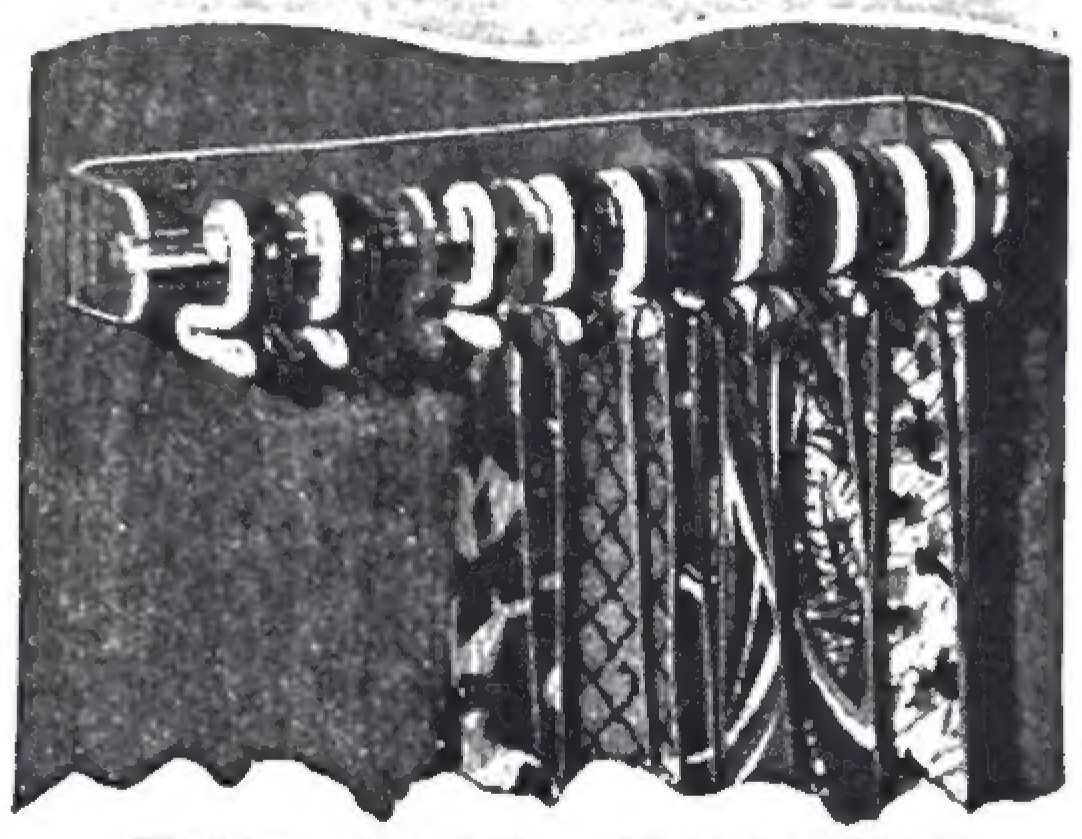


SECRETARY IN YOUR POCKET. If you haven't any Miss Jones to do your filing for you, you can do your own filing via a nifty little pack of white ABC cards which fit into a neat leather case. Overall size, 3″ x 1½″. If your sewing kit is looking a bit ragged by now, get one of the new postwar numbers in pigskin with zipper fastening. Holds the usual equipment and is mighty practical.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

A TIE'S
BEST FRIEND



THE NEW MODERN
TI-D-TIE
Rack

Of Sparkling Clear Lucite . . .
with smooth, sure-grip plastic holders assorted in red, green, ivory and blue colors.

Ties Can't Wrinkle, Fall Off
Ingenious design keeps all a man's ties orderly—and looking like new!—each tie visible—easy to select.

A Deluxe Gift Any Man Will Welcome!
Attractively boxed. Money refunded promptly if not delighted. No C. O. D. orders, please.

LUCITE Rack 18¼″ long with 48 holders, $5.00 postpaid
LUCITE Rack 10¼″ long (shown) with 24 holders, $3.00 postpaid

FRED H. STREIT CO.
43 E. Ohio St. CHICAGO 11, ILL.

Gantner
WIKIES

America's deluxe swimtrunk . . . smartly knit Alpine rib! Finest wool. With deluxe built-in supporter. At top stores everywhere!

Made by GANTNER & MATTERN CO., S.F., N.Y.C.

FREE! PIPE MAGAZINE

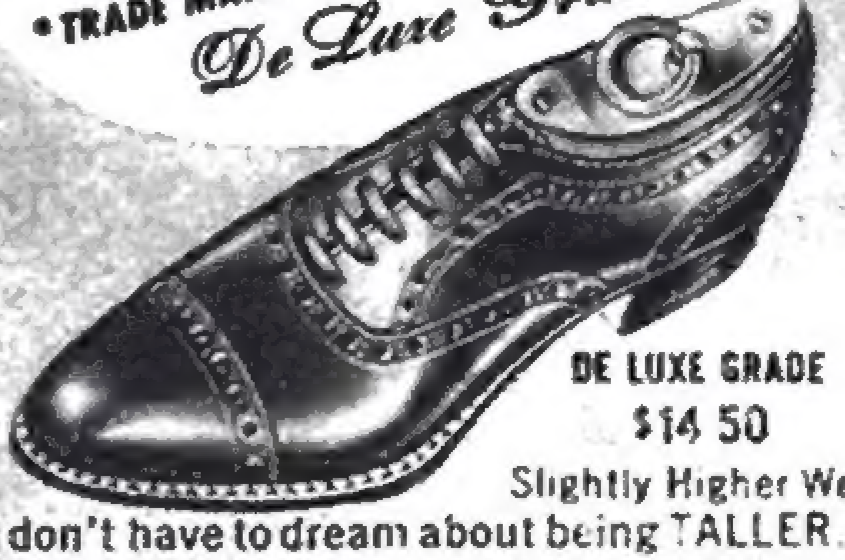
Just write for your *FREE* Annual subscription to SMOKE SIGNALS, a periodic Handbook for Every Smoker. No Obligation! Hundreds of Pictures of Pipes, Tobaccos and Gadgets. Helpful articles on Smoking Enjoyment. Exclusive with

FREE TO ALL PIPE SMOKERS

GEORGE YALE Dept.E 1083 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. C. 18

NOT A PIPE DREAM

You can be *instantly*
TALLER
in
ELEVATORS*
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
*TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.
De Luxe Grade



DE LUXE GRADE
$14 50
Slightly Higher West

You don't have to dream about being TALLER. Just step into a pair of "ELEVATORS" . . . and you actually become more than 1½ inches TALLER, instantly and "secretly".

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE "ELEVATORS".

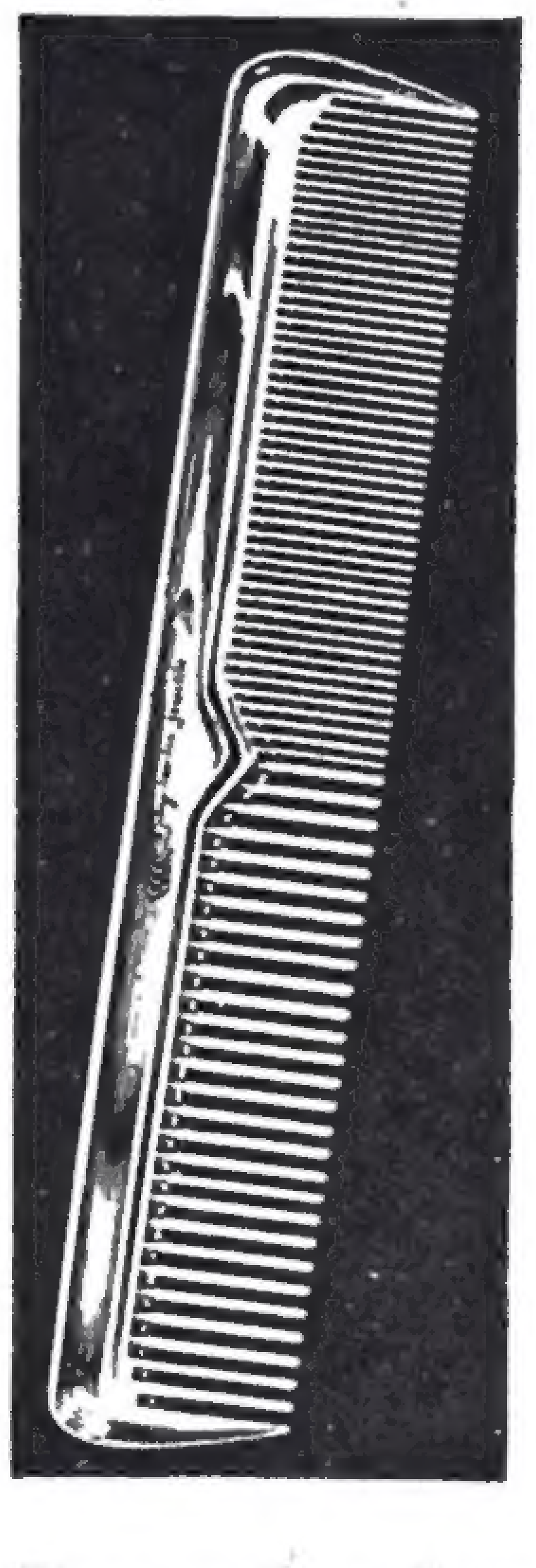
STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc. Dept. 8E-46
Brockton 68, Mass.

Please send me Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Name________________
(Please Print)
Address________________
City____________State______

5 advantages
to look for
in your COMB

(*you get them all in* Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs)



1
Smart styling, sparkling new colors.

2
Rounded teeth to avoid scalp injury.

3
Wide range of styles for men and women.

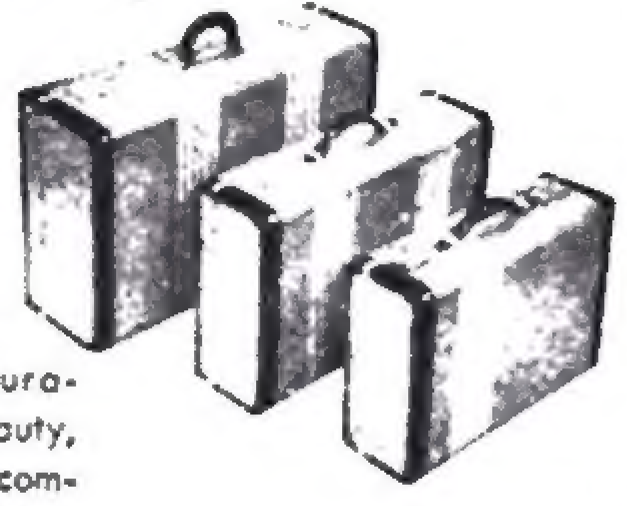
4
Micrometrically spaced teeth for perfect combing.

5
Open design for easy washing.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs
in POST-WAR PLASTIC

There is only one
MT. EVEREST

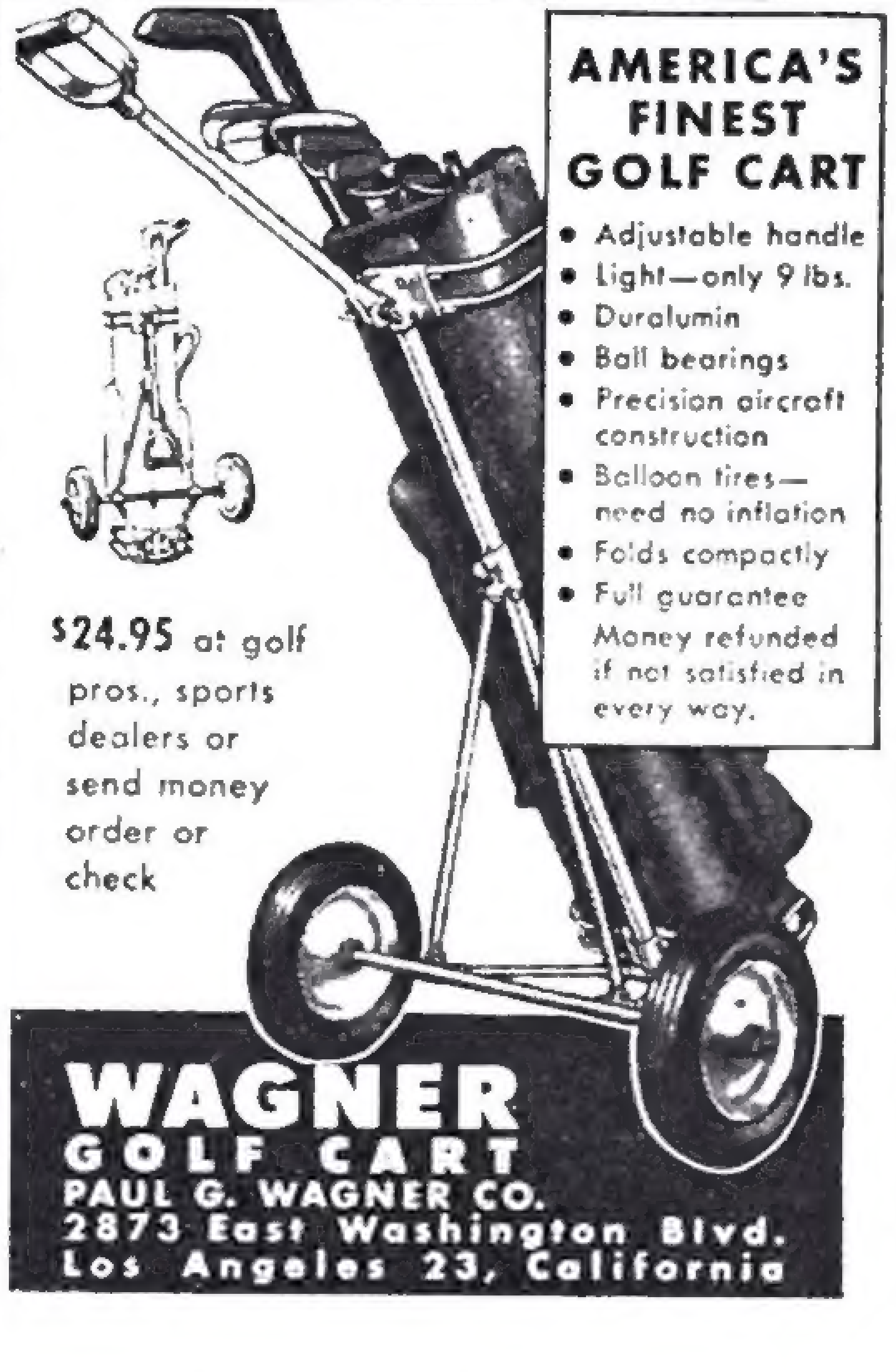
There is only one
RUGGED
LUGGAGE



For ruggedness, durability and majestic beauty, RUGGED LUGGAGE is comparable to Mt. Everest. Both have the fortitude to withstand the assaults of time, wear and the elements.

MATCHED LUGGAGE ENSEMBLES
On sale at better stores everywhere

RUGGED LUGGAGE & TRUNK CO., INC.
109 BRUCE STREET · NEWARK 3, NEW JERSEY



AMERICA'S FINEST GOLF CART

- Adjustable handle
- Light—only 9 lbs.
- Duralumin
- Ball bearings
- Precision aircraft construction
- Balloon tires—need no inflation
- Folds compactly
- Full guarantee
Money refunded if not satisfied in every way.

$24.95 at golf pros., sports dealers or send money order or check

WAGNER
GOLF CART
PAUL G. WAGNER CO.
2873 East Washington Blvd.
Los Angeles 23, California

The Sound and the Fury

amendments from George Schuster

May we compliment you on the detailed accuracy of Peter Helck's picture of the Thomas Flyer that won the race from New York to Paris, February 12 to July 30, 1908?

The article by John Leathers is also well and accurately written, with only these few corrections in order:

Six cars started the race, Moto Block (French) is not named as a starter.

Montague Roberts was driver and captain of the Thomas from New York to Cheyenne, Wyoming, only. There Lynn Mathewson of Denver took over to Ogden, Utah, replaced by Harold Brinker, of Denver, to San Francisco. George Schuster, who had been on the car from its start as mechanic, became driver at San Francisco and took the car to Alaska and across Japan and Siberia to Paris, with George Miller as mechanic.

Protos, under Captain Koeppen, was the only other starter left in the race after leaving Vladivostoc, and led halfway across Siberia when Thomas caught up and took the lead. Protos overtook the American car again shortly before reaching Kasan, Russia, where a broken driving pinion gear delayed the Thomas for five days.

The last mishap to the Thomas, at Hanover, Germany, was the failure of the motor clutch shaft. Its squared corners had worn away and the motor clutch turned freely without moving the shaft. The Thomas was a chain-driven car and had no drive shaft.

You may be assured that these corrections are absolutely authentic as they are dictated by my father, George Schuster, driver of the Thomas Flyer, who remembers every detail of the race vividly. Your article and picture were a pleasant surprise to him and he enjoyed them immensely.

Helen S. Vail
Clearwater, Florida

crazy over criminology

I was entirely unsuspecting and carefree when I started to read my copy of June Esquire. After looking at something like a dozen jail-and-jailbird cartoons, I felt guilty and haunted about a series of small thefts perpetrated when I was three.

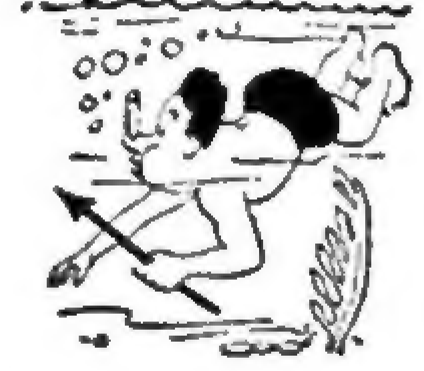
Statistical curiosity forced me to track down this information for your For What It May Be Worth·To Someone file: cartoonists Dedini, Ali, McKay, Beaven and Shafer seem to be crazy about prisons, while Gallivan, Price and Angelo prefer crooks who haven't rated capture.

Please, Esky, give me a break. Those are stripes before my eyes.

Louise Snow
Pittsburgh, Pa.

on tackling tarpon

Being an ardent lover of sports, especially those connected with water, I certainly was thrilled to read Keith Monroe's article *Slaughter Under Water* in your April issue.



For some time I have been practicing underwater spear fishing in the balmy waters of the Gulf and have found it a really fascinating sport once you get the knack of it. Unfortunately lacking an effective fish spear I have lost many a good opportunity to catch big fish like tarpons and barracudas, thus, upon reading that "the equipment of which these hunters are proudest is their special spring-driven shaft, which drives a three-inch slip-joint spearhead clear through a 200-pound fish. A hair trigger is set off by the impact of spearhead against fish, ramming the point through the toughest scales." Why! That is just what I need.

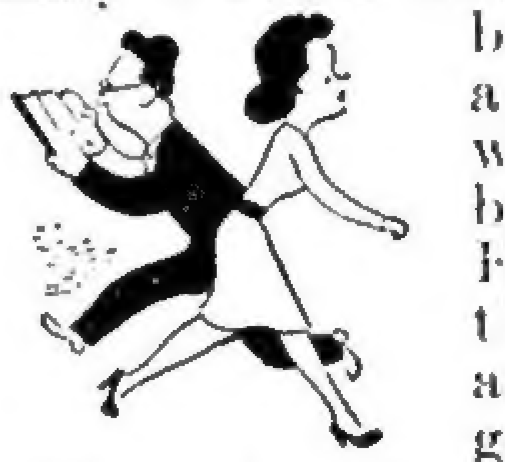
I would appreciate it very much if you inform me of the address of any of the members of the "Bottom Scratchers" in order to inquire where or how I can get one of those ingenious devices.

Fabio Zorrilla
La Habana, Cuba

Editor's Note: Readers who wish further information about the equipment and techniques employed by the "Bottom Scratchers" are referred to Keith Monroe, the author of *Slaughter Under Water*. Letters addressed to him in care of this magazine will be promptly forwarded.

bookworm turns

Esquire seems to be heading the way of all fleshly publications, anti-cultureward, all out for pure entertainment. Gentlemen, don't underestimate us. There's no denying that we like a pretty gal, but that ain't all we like. There's many a night when we like nothing better than to relax and/or stimulate with a damned good book. But as far as Esquire is concerned these days, there aren't any books—good or bad.



We enjoyed Mr. Sinclair Lewis' short sojourn in the world of literature—but we suspected it might be all too good to last. He's the most literate book reviewer you ever had. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lewis was far better at reviewing books than he is at writing them.

We can understand why you'd have plenty of difficulty trying to get someone to replace him—for, after all, he did fall into that rare class worthy of the label "inimitable." We don't think you've been trying very hard, though; and in the meantime, month after month goes by and not a word is printed in our favorite magazine about our favorite interest. To ignore the field of books is to leave a huge and disturbing gap in your cultural coverage. It's a woeful mistake to leave us so grossly uninformed.

R. Peterson
Appleton, Wisconsin

of wars and playing fields

I am not an habitual "writer-to-the editor." However, the letter from Admiral Nimitz and accompanying editorial in the June issue impressed me to the point of offering praise.

He is so damned right. Training and interest in active sports—the ability to play the game to the best of his skill—and to be able to shake hands and leave animosity behind when it's over—give us a great advantage over our adversaries.

My own youthful years were spent in West Philadelphia, near the University of Pennsylvania. We played sand-lot baseball, football, roller-skate hockey and bicycle polo. We fixed up a running track and jumping pit.

Jim Thorpe, Rube Waddell, Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Christy Mathewson, Larry Lajoie were our idols.

I am happy that I have two sons who have the same active interest in sports. The older one—out of the Air Corps last fall, ran me ragged taking in football games from Boston to Miami and I am looking forward to the same pleasure with the other son who will soon be out of the Navy.

It would be a very good thing if we could conduct a tour of the United States, Britain and Canada for would-be dictators so they could appreciate futility of efforts to extend domination.

G. M. Harris
Boston, Mass.

busy day

I have just finished reading the short-short story entitled *Little Man*, which hid its bright light under a bushel of ads in the back of your current (June) issue. The story forced me to nod vigorously to myself several times and exclaim "How true!" because I am at least as impressionable as the little guy described therein. Just to give you an idea, after seeing Ingrid Bergman in the movie *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, I rushed right over to the beauty parlor for a three-inch haircut. After admiring Mrs. Humphrey Bogart nee Lauren Bacall in *To Have and Have Not*, I contrived to pitch my lyric soprana voice an octave lower . . . I have never seen Mae West.

But there is one element in the story, *Little Man*, which seems to argue that truth is stranger than fiction, after all. How can you expect your man-about-town readers to believe that the narrator, sitting uncomfortably on a stool at a café counter, could possibly have lingered two hours over his blue-plate special?

Ruth Gentry
Palo Alto, California

stars fell on Harper Goff

In your May issue on page 49 the painting *When The Aeroplane First Saluted Liberty*, by Harper Goff, has an error which should have been corrected.

If you look closely you will discover that the United States flag hanging from the torch to the head of the Statue of Liberty, has 48 stars. Wilbur Wright's flight around the statue was on Sept. 29, 1909, and in 1909 there were only 46 states in the Union. (New Mexico and Arizona were not admitted to the Union until 1912.)

Ted Gilbreath
Pasadena, Calif.

to a man of good will

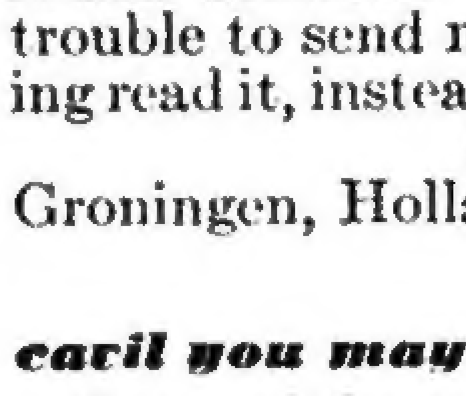
From allied soldiers staying in our country I often got a copy of Esquire, which I always read with the greatest interest and which I considered to be one of the best magazines I've ever seen in my life. For us people who have not had a decent magazine for years, it was really a treat to look at an issue like that. I certainly would have taken a subscription to Esquire for myself but it was impossible since our government does not allow us to pay for something in a foreign country.

Now I'm asking: could there be found someone who would take the trouble to send me his copy after having read it, instead of throwing it away?

Harry M. Werkema
Groningen, Holland

cavil you may

Some of the sport fans are becoming increasingly irritated and perplexed by the illustrations attending the sporting articles appearing in your magazine. Example: The horrible handling of Mr. Hugh Fullerton, Sr's, article *Inside Baseball*, appearing in the May issue. Esquire probably paid money for Mr. Fullerton's article and therefore thought it was worth reading by those interested in baseball. The baseball fans interested in this article would be interested in some good baseball photos instead of the stuff shown.



Can you conceive of an article about one of our Hollywood lovelies accompanied by pictures (and in color) of Byron Nelson sinking a twenty-foot putt, and on the opposite page a shot of Jack Dempsey knocking Firpo through the ropes in a certain fight that we remember? Or how would the ladies who read *Harper's Bazaar* go for a two-page spread on the latest in furs surrounded by photos of plays of the last World Series?

Esquire might defend itself by saying that the photos printed with Mr. Fullerton's article depict action. If so, let's put this kind of action in some other part of the magazine, and print some good live-blooded sport photos with the sport articles.

Frank E. Bergeron
Glendale, Calif.

postscript to a story

The story of *General Saito's Last Order* has an appealing interest to me. As Commanding General of the Fifth Amphibious Corps it was my good fortune to have command of the troops who defeated and annihilated General Saito's command.

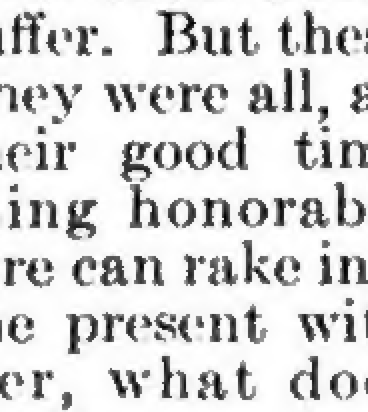
I have known the author of this story for a number of years and served with him in the Caribbean and in the Pacific. He was present at Saipan and witnessed the complete defeat of General Saito. I feel that his story is an excellent one. General Saito was a tough old soldier and fought a good fight. It may be interesting to know that General Saito's body was recovered and given a military funeral on Saipan.

H. M. Smith
Lieutenant General
U. S. Marine Corps
San Diego, Calif.

arguing for blanket hatred

The article *General Saito's Last Order* in June is a despicable insult to all who served, sacrificed, and died in the war against the aggressors. If the enemy were such noble characters, then the War against them should never have been fought. Then all the agony was really quite for nothing. *There's* a happy thought for the bereaved, and the veterans without their limbs or eyes!

The principles and integrity of the international gangsters were really quite comparable with our own, yes? Both sides were good, weren't they, and there were no more fundamental issues involved than in a football game!



After World War I also, there were vicious little sentimental articles like yours. They represented Hindenburg as a patriot quite worthy of honor by Americans, and the Kaiser as an essentially respectable old duffer. But these and their brood—and they were all, all honorable men—in their good time contributed to initiating honorable World War II. If Esquire can rake in a few extra dollars in the present with such articles, however, what does Esquire care if it paves the way for a World War III some time in the future!

Burrill Freedman
Chicago, Ill.

cast of caricatures

I enjoyed the new feature in the May issue titled *People We Can't Read Enough About*. If I may suggest there are many people we read too much about—such as Bilbo, Rankin and Gerald L. K. Smith.

I'd like to see artist Jedla do some of his swell caricaturing on these so-called Americans.

Norman Shurmaster
Dorchester, Mass.

Continued on page 152

Springboard to coolness

Some people say they experience a feeling of coolness just by *thinking* of a tall Four-Roses-and-soda with plenty of ice tinkling in the glass.

But a much better idea is to enjoy one of those cooling, glorious and delectable drinks at first hand.

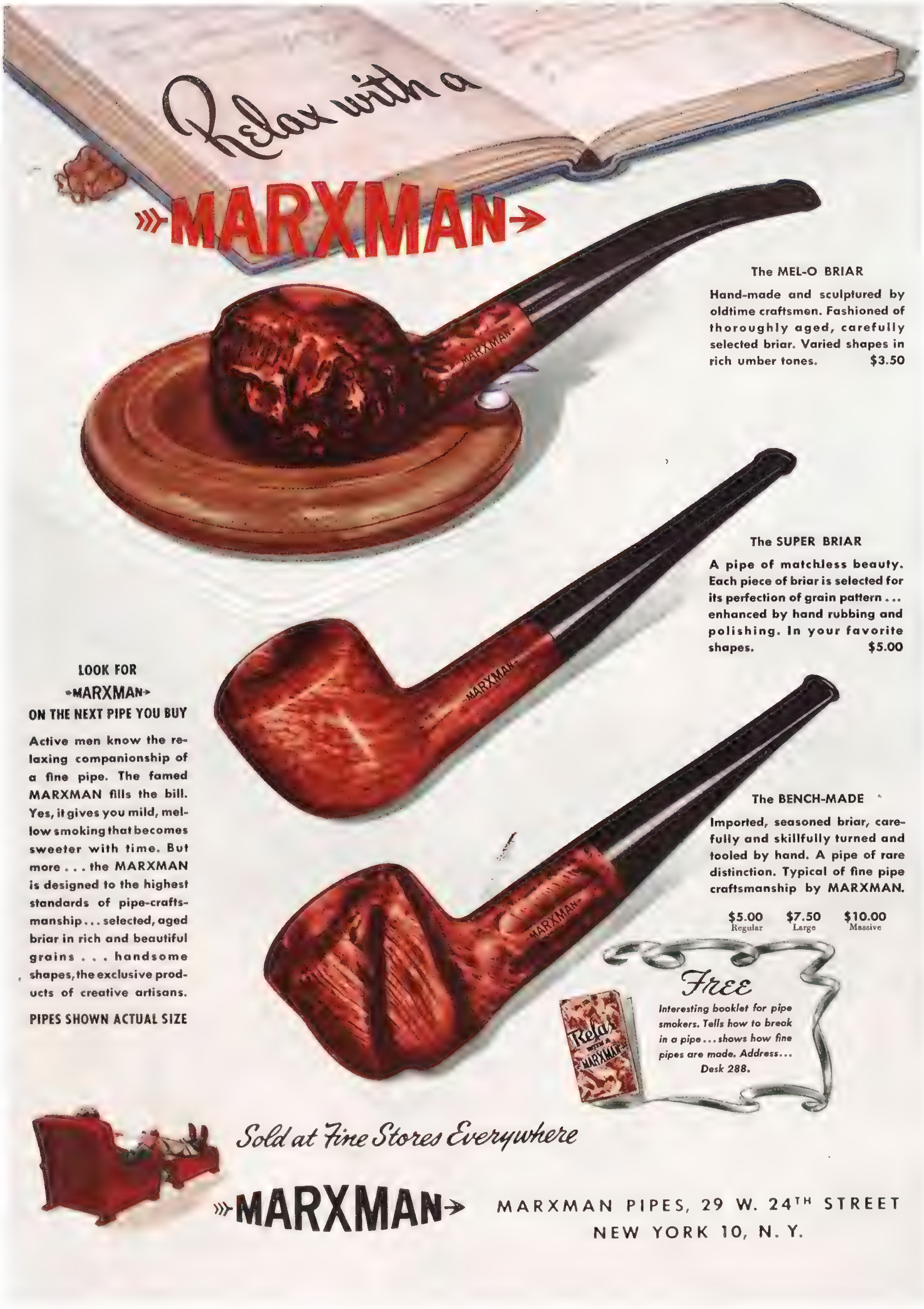
Four Roses, you'll find, makes a really superb highball. It has an incomparable flavor—different and distinctive in its own special way. That's because Four Roses is made with specially selected whiskies, distilled the slow, old-fashioned way.

Try Four Roses today.... There's no other whiskey like it.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.



Relax with a

»MARXMAN→

The MEL-O BRIAR

Hand-made and sculptured by oldtime craftsmen. Fashioned of thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar. Varied shapes in rich umber tones. $3.50

The SUPER BRIAR

A pipe of matchless beauty. Each piece of briar is selected for its perfection of grain pattern . . . enhanced by hand rubbing and polishing. In your favorite shapes. $5.00

LOOK FOR
»MARXMAN→
ON THE NEXT PIPE YOU BUY

Active men know the relaxing companionship of a fine pipe. The famed MARXMAN fills the bill. Yes, it gives you mild, mellow smoking that becomes sweeter with time. But more . . . the MARXMAN is designed to the highest standards of pipe-craftsmanship . . . selected, aged briar in rich and beautiful grains . . . handsome shapes, the exclusive products of creative artisans.

PIPES SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

The BENCH-MADE

Imported, seasoned briar, carefully and skillfully turned and tooled by hand. A pipe of rare distinction. Typical of fine pipe craftsmanship by MARXMAN.

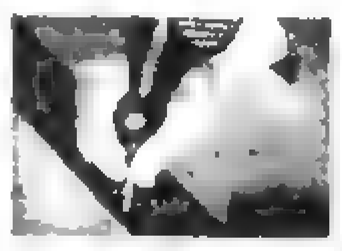
$5.00	$7.50	$10.00
Regular	Large	Massive

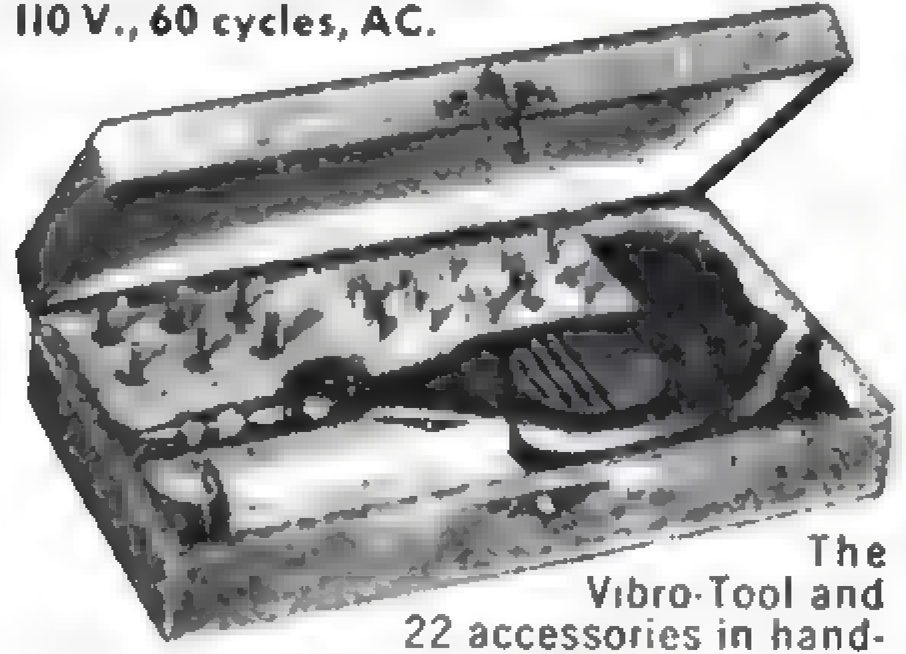
Free

Interesting booklet for pipe smokers. Tells how to break in a pipe . . . shows how fine pipes are made. Address . . . Desk 288.

Sold at Fine Stores Everywhere

»MARXMAN→ MARXMAN PIPES, 29 W. 24TH STREET
NEW YORK 10, N. Y.





EUREKA! HOORAY!
MAN-O-MAN
This Is It!

I'VE FOUND THE TOOL I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR

BURGESS vibro-tool
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Engraves names, insignia or designs permanently on sports equipment, jewelry, gold and silver, steel, stone, wood, plastics. Decorates glass and glass objects, tools leather, cuts out linoleum blocks: cuts patterns, designs, letters from rubber, cloth and cardboard. Anyone can use immediately, effectively. Loads of fun, practical . . . valuable addition to any shop.

Operates by vibration; 110 V., 60 cycles, AC.

Writes on metals

Tools leather of all kinds

The Vibro-Tool and 22 accessories in handsome hinged hardwood, natural finish box; Complete $16.50
Tool with engraving needle, $7.50
See your dealer or, orders filled direct.

HANDICRAFT DIVISION
BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
182 N. Wabash Ave. • Chicago 1, Illinois

REX
The superlative in men's good grooming
PRINCE GEORGE, LTD.
642 FIFTH AVE. - NEW YORK

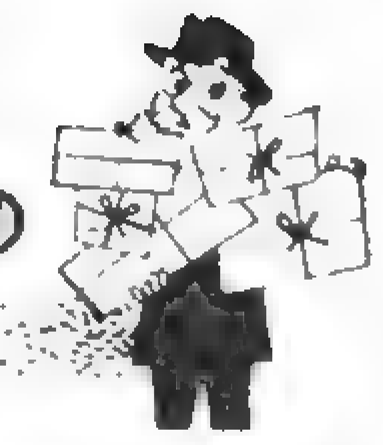
BEAUTY CARE FOR YOUR CAR
CADIE
AUTO POLISHING CLOTH

Just rub over body and fenders for a bright shine . . . No liquids . . . no paste . . . the polish is right in the cloth. Handy Cadie cloth kit tucks into your glove compartment. Handsome plasticloth kit. Ask for No. A50. *At all dealers or sent postpaid.* 50¢

To clean and polish metal parts and reflectors, use Cadie Cloth No. MB50. *At all dealers or sent postpaid.* 50¢

CADIE CHEMICAL PRODUCTS Inc.
621 Sixth Ave. New York 11, New York

Talking Shop with Esquire

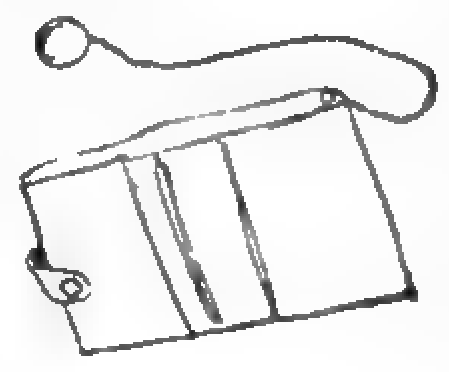


"COME UP AND SEE MY GUINEA HEN". Many a bachelor has yearned to serve a cozy dinner, à deux, on his home grounds, but has been thwarted by a lack of culinary savvy. Carry on, old chap . . . all you need to conjure up a meal, is a can opener. Start your meal off with a thin soup. Open up a glass jar, toss contents into boiling water and out comes rich, savory chicken soup with egg drops as delicate as those your favorite waiter serves. For the main dish, guinea hen stuffed with ground almonds and brandy flavoring. Yep, out of a can. A whole, roasted, two pound bird complete with gravy. Twenty minutes in a casserole in the oven, and you're set. You can also get chicken and duck. Vive la can opener!

PLENTY OF SPICE. Devotees of high seasoning should know about a creole mustard made in New Orleans. Makes an ordinary hamburger taste exotic and expensive. Same firm puts out a cocktail olive soaked in a brine of garlic and spice. Marvelous with a martini. Another spicey canned triumph . . . chopped liver and bacon mixed with onions and spice. Can be used as a paste for sandwiches—or served hot as a sliced meat.

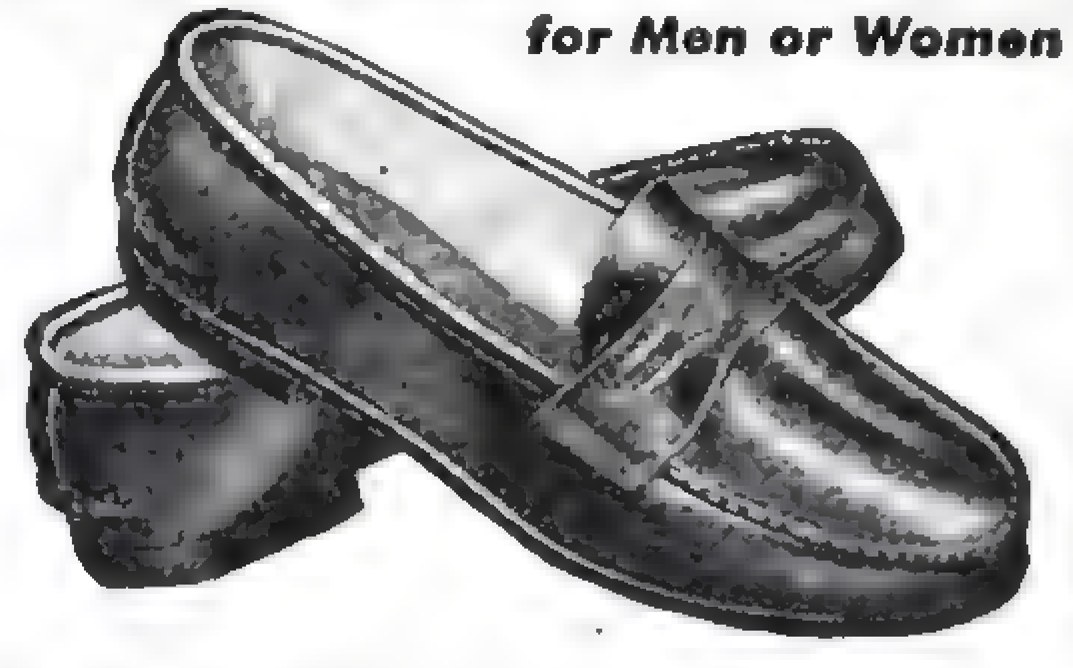
CONCENTRATED ORANGE JUICE. Hotels, hospitals, bars, schools etc. are beating the help and time problem by using concentrated orange juice. Not an extract, not a substitute, but the real McCoy . . . bone fide orange juice with the water removed, direct from a large Florida grove. The juice is passed through flash pasteurizers and processed under a high vacuum at a low temperature, to retain all of its natural flavor and constituents. You simply open the vacuum can, add water and serve. One gallon of concentrate produces eight gallons of pure orange juice. Takes 420 oranges to make a gallon. Not yet available at your grocers for general consumption, but will be shortly. Juice will keep safely for two weeks after can is opened, if kept under refrigeration. It tastes fine, too.

PIN-ON WALLET. If you know the kind of gals who are always losing things, give them a new kind of leather "hold-all". Folds up, wallet size, and is moored to the belt via chain with pin brooch. There's a place for bills, change purse, memo pad, separate folder for photos, cards etc. Compact and complete.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

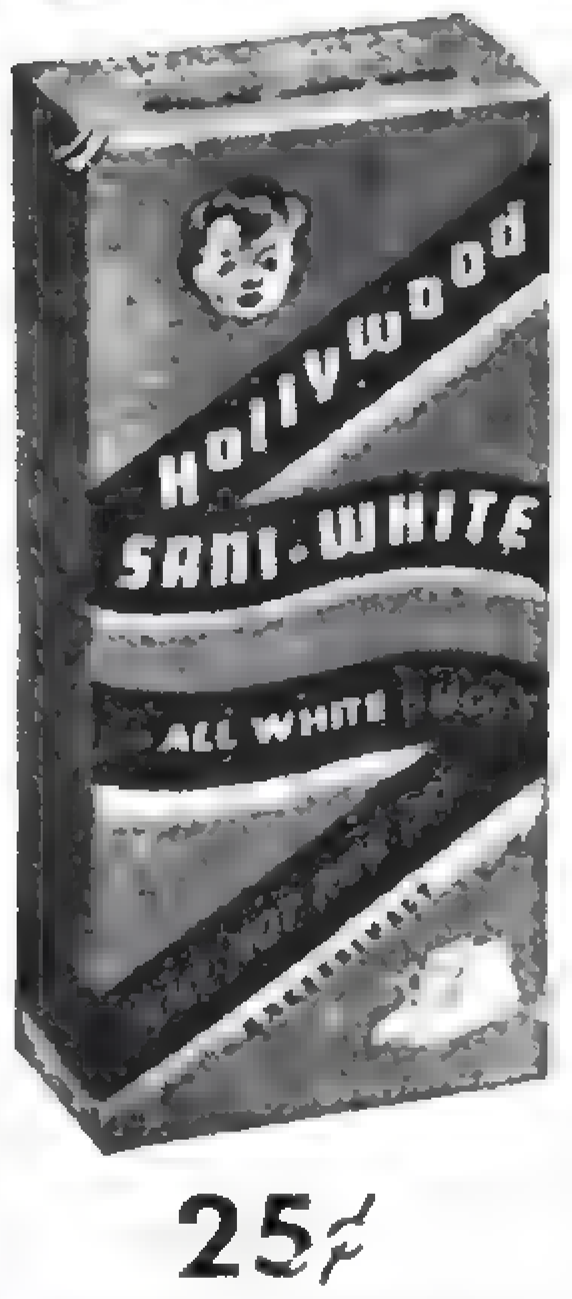


FEL-MOCS
THE CLASSIC NORWEGIAN MOCCASIN
for Men or Women

Slip your feet into a pair of Fel-Mocs and feel your toes wriggle with joy! Fel-Mocs are slippers indoors, shoes outdoors, and so remarkably comfortable you'll feel you're walking on air. Fine quality mellow-brown leather, sturdy soles. Fel-Mocs make wonderful gifts. No trick to fit, send exact shoe size and 25c shipping costs. $5.75

Fellman, Ltd. Dept. E-86
6 E. 46 St. N.Y. 17

Laymon's HANDY BANDAGE 10¢
A package of 12 individually wrapped gauze bandages . . . Sold in drug and other stores
WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., SPENCER, IND.



HOLLYWOOD
"A Smash Hit"
SHOE POLISH

SANI-WHITE
LIQUID
SHOE POLISH

- Whitens, cleans, preserves, softens all white shoes . . . buck, calf, canvas, kid, linen.
- Will not rub off excessively . . . removes unpleasant odors.
- Gives white shoes new life . . . no streaks . . . no painted look. Keeps leather soft.
- Sani-White is available at all leading stores.

25¢

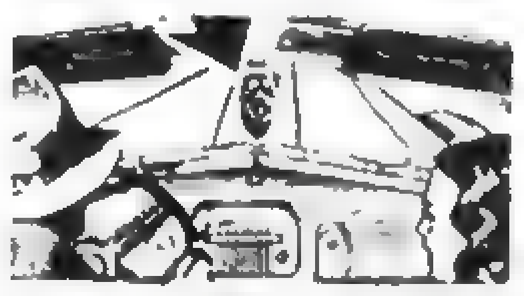
Distributors Wanted, Foreign and Domestic

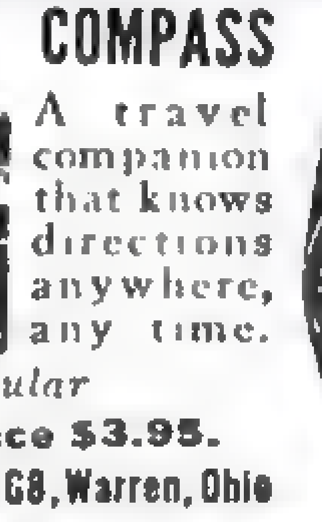
HOLLYWOOD POLISH CO.
107-32 Van Wyck Blvd., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

UP! pops a jacket — warm as toast

It's light in weight— it's trim—yet it's impenetrable to wind blasts and icy temperatures! Fine weave cotton poplin, Zelan waterproofed, with super-warm alpaca lining and full-cut mouton collar. Elastic gored waist, snug knitted wristlets and bottom. Full zipper front. 3 pockets.
sizes 36-46
color: putty
$19.95

At men's stores everywhere. For store nearest you, write to:
Royal COAT MFG. CO.
230 5TH AVE. • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
225 W. JACKSON BLVD. • CHICAGO 6, ILL
89 CHAUNCY STREET • BOSTON 11, MASS





HULL AUTOMOBILE COMPASS
A travel companion that knows directions anywhere, any time.
Write for Circular
At your dealer's. **Price $3.95.**
HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-G8, Warren, Ohio

ADLER MAKES YOU TALLER in ELEVATORS*
Now You Can Be TALLER Than "She is"†
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
De Luxe Grade
* TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

Adler makes up the difference for men who have been short-changed by nature. You can be almost 2 INCHES TALLER the instant you step into a pair of "ELEVATORS."
†Copr. 1941 Adler Sons Shoe Corp.

ADLER SHOES for MEN

Dept. E8-46—122 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17
Gentlemen: I d like to be TALLER.
Send your Booklet in full color.
Name
Address
City State

Flagg Bros

Casual Comfort
. . . INDOORS OR OUT . . .

For campin' or trampin', or livin' in ease
They're "authentically styled" and soft
As a breeze . . . .
They're "hand-sewn" Moc's of golden tan,
"Longhorn Leather" for the *rugged* man.
Wear 'em indoors or out . . . They're
Soft but *stout*......*Order today!*
Sizes 6-12.
Widths Adjustable **$4.95**

U.S. ORDER BY MAIL

FLAGG BROS.
920 EWING AVE. • NASHVILLE, TENN.

SHOE SIZE	CHECK	CASH	C.O.D.	DEPT. 43
☐	☐	☐	☐	

Every Flagg purchase must give satisfaction or your money will be cheerfully refunded. **Include 25¢ extra for postage.**

NAME..........
STREET.......... STATE..........
CITY..........

GIVES WINGS P38 TO YOUR WORDS

Like Writing on a CLOUD

PEERLESS "P38"

THE NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PEN & PENCIL SET

GUARANTEED FOR ALWAYS!

$8.75
PLUS FED. TAX
IN GIFT BOX

Check these PEERLESS Features

14 Kt. Gold Iridium Tipped Point.

14 Kt. Gold-Filled Caps, Clips and Lever.

Automatic Leak-Proof Lock Section.

Pencil propels, expels and repels—writing to the end of the lead . . without fussing.

Inner sections of pencils are sturdily reinforced with aluminum.

ASSORTED POPULAR COLORS

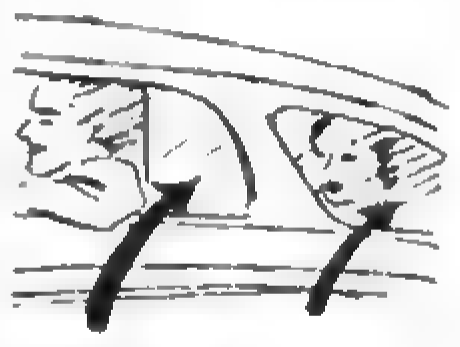
See your dealer or write direct

PENS and PENCILS "pen-gineered" BY PEERLESS

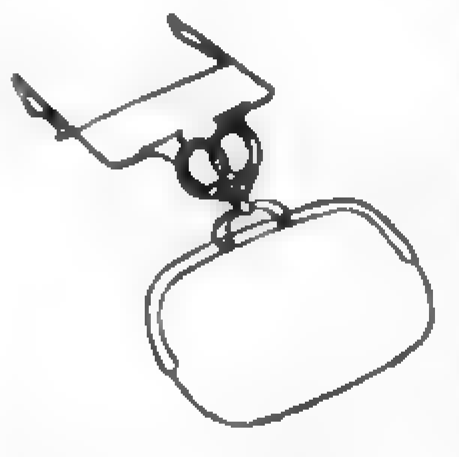
14 W. 17th STREET, NEW YORK 11, N. Y. Dept. 5

Talking Shop with Esquire

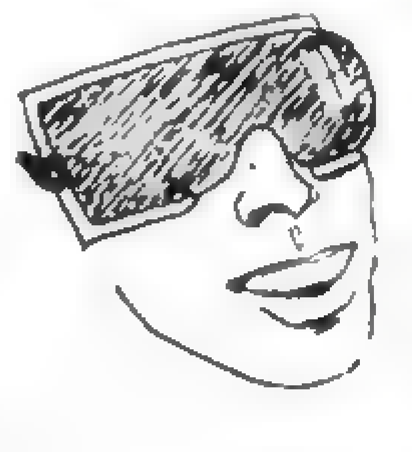
NO DRAFT, NO COMPLAINTS. Customers who sit in back seats of sedans are always beefing about drafts caused by opening the front windows. You can now give them plenty of fresh air without incurring stiff necks, by installing a specially designed plastic window that scoops out air that normally blows in. The trick being a number of small openings on the rear edge of the plastic window, designed to admit only a small amount of air, thus equalizing the pressure and eliminating rumbling and rustling as well. Shatterproof, safe, the window will fit on any car from a 1938 model on, and you can install it yourself in a jiffy. What is more practical anti-nag precaution?



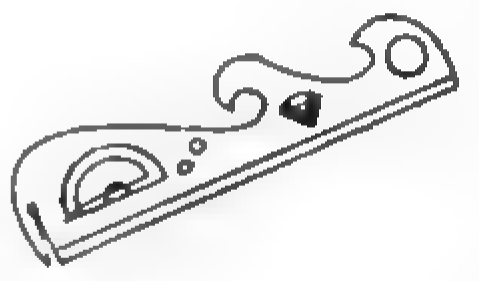
SAVE YOUR OPTICS. If you don't like to wear sun glasses, you can attach a new day-driving visor to the windshield and thus help screen out disturbing, reflected sun glare. It's a curved polarizing plastic sheet on a lightweight metal frame. Can be attached in a few seconds . . . requires no tools. Your fellow riders reap the benefits, too.



SPORTS GOGGLES. Postwar goggles for active sports are made of one piece of crystal clear or green plastic . . . no corners, sharp bends or angles to restrict your sight. So roomy are the new goggles that they'll fit over regular prescription glasses without binding (you snap 'em on, via a wide elastic headband). Covering the entire eye cavity as they do, all side, top and bottom glare is eliminated, and eyes are protected from wind, dust, spray, etc. Swell for motor boating, motor cycling, tractor driving, flying etc. They're light in weight, too . . . only 2 ounces.



8-WAY RULER. Here's a colorful plastic item that's bound to be the draftsman's, engineer's, architect's or handyman's delight. 8 . . . count them . . . 8 instruments in one! As a letter weigher it weighs up to 2 oz. letters; it's a 12″ ruler, a magnifying glass, a French curve, compass, protractor and the spirit level has been adjusted for accuracy. Last of all it's a mitre.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

AVOID SERIOUS NASAL INFECTIONS
Caused by Scissors or Tweezers

Use the Hollis **KLIPETTE**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors or tweezers is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove superfluous hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE.

Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Cannot cut or prick the skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently.

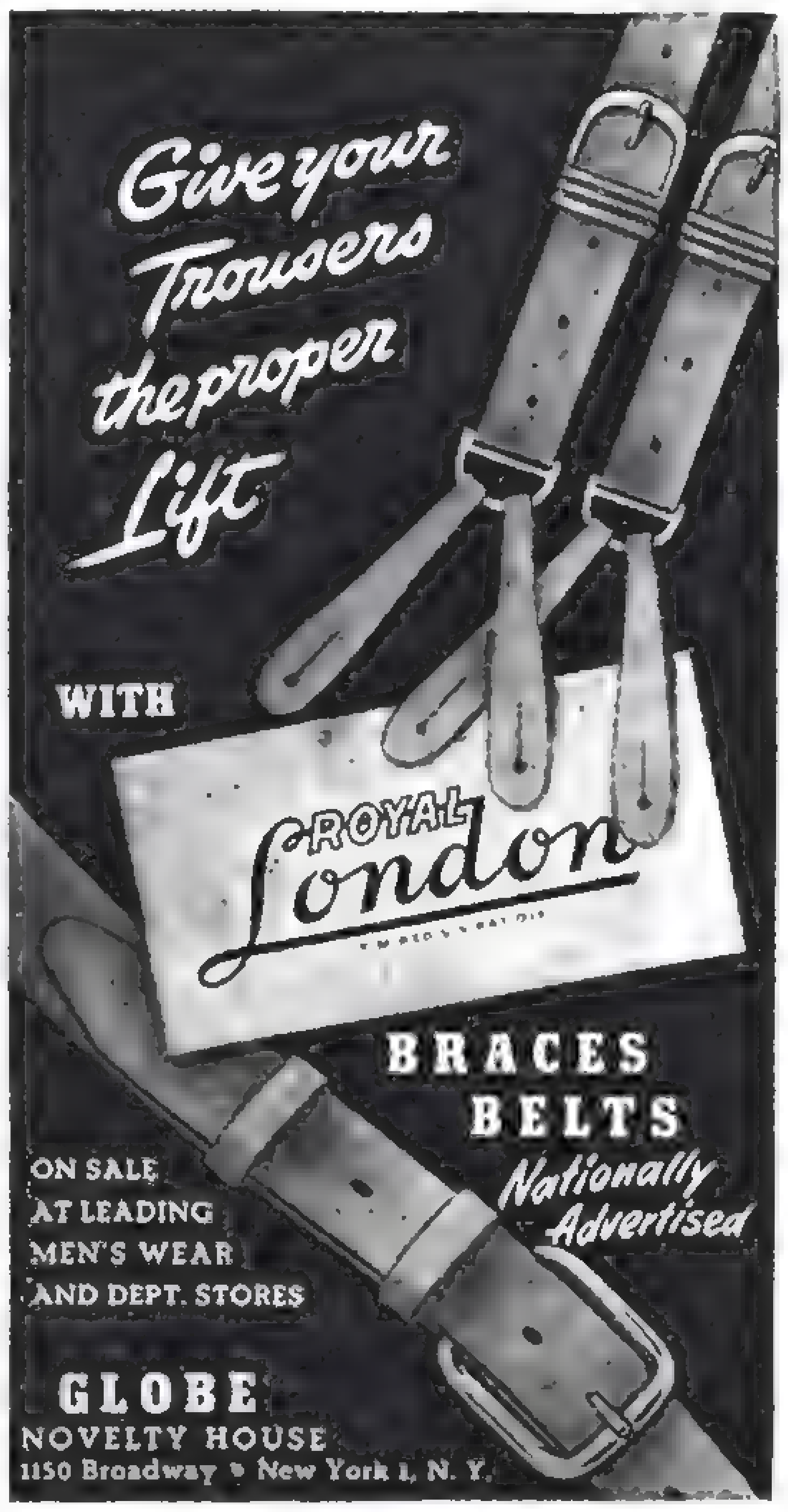
$1 Made from fine Surgical Steel. Chromium plated —also in 24 Kt. Gold Plate in smart leather case at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax)—a perfect gift for any *special* occasion.

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK

HOLLIS CO. • 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J. • Dept. 144A

Enclosed is $..........for..........KLIPETTE(S) at $1 (no tax);........in gold plate at $3.50 (plus 70c Fed. Tax). If I'm not entirely satisfied, I may return the above for refund.

Name..........
Address..........



Give your Trousers the proper Lift
WITH
ROYAL London
BRACES
BELTS
Nationally Advertised
ON SALE AT LEADING MEN'S WEAR AND DEPT. STORES
GLOBE NOVELTY HOUSE
1150 Broadway • New York 1, N. Y.

Product of Lanman & Kemp Barclay & Co., Inc.

murray & lanman's
Florida Water

"he-man" shave lotion

If you're a "he-man", Murray & Lanman's Florida Water is for you! Soothing, after shave. Peppy rub-down . . . keeps you immaculate because it's an effective deodorant.

popular $1 size at drug and dept. stores

also

famous formula for the hair
Barry's TRICOPHEROUS
"He-man" way to keep hair well-groomed, neat. 50¢ the bottle.

Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc., N.Y. 5

BEST for ALL Fountain Pens!

SANFORD'S Penit INK

Flows perfectly. Does not feather-edge. Eliminates pen troubles. Ten brilliant, striking colors. Sanford's—the world's most famous name in inks.

Miracle PLASTIKARDS
All Plastic
No Paper Content

WASHABLE
FRAY-PROOF CHIP-PROOF

Wear Much Longer—Plastikards outlive 75-100 ordinary decks, always crisp, new looking, new feeling.

Truly Economical—Plastikards save $50.00 usually spent for ordinary decks.

Stay New Longer—Plastikards are fully guaranteed, always stay flat, never lose their snap.

Royal Flush in playing cards, Plastikards can't be topped. In distinctive colorful design.

Style 900—in Gay Lucite Box of Sparkling Transparency (above)	**$10.00**
Style 850—in DeLuxe Satin-lined Leatherette Hinged-top Box ...	8.50
Style 700—In Trim Book-type Box with Metal Lift-out Tray..........	7.00

If your dealer can't supply them, send to

Miracle Manufacturing Company
36 South State Street, Chicago 3, Illinois

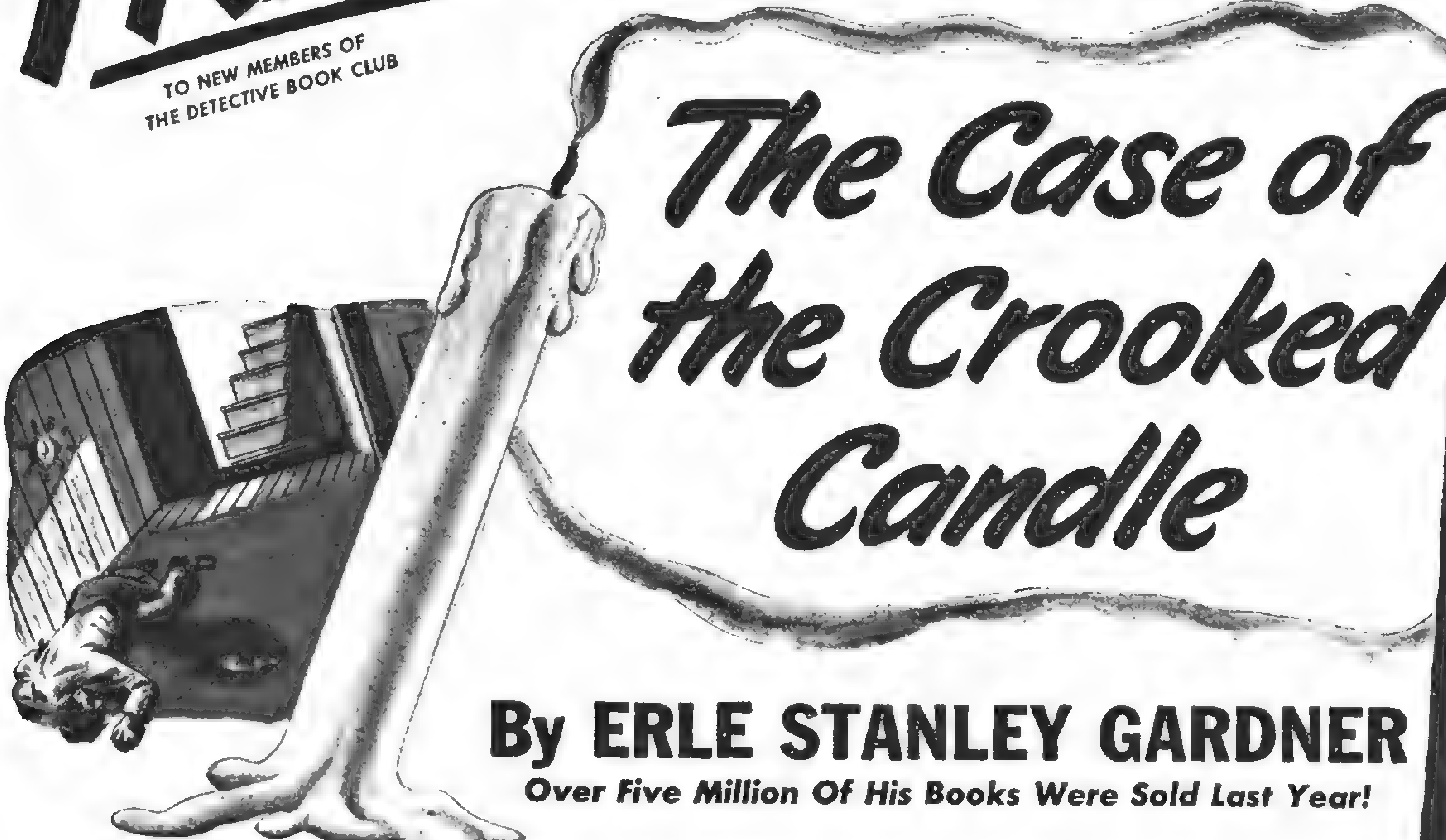
Enclosed find money order / check for..........sets of Plastikards. Style No..........

Name..........
Street..........
City..........*Zone*...*State*..........

[AN INVITATION FROM WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB]

FREE —This Baffling Top-Fright PERRY MASON Mystery Thriller!

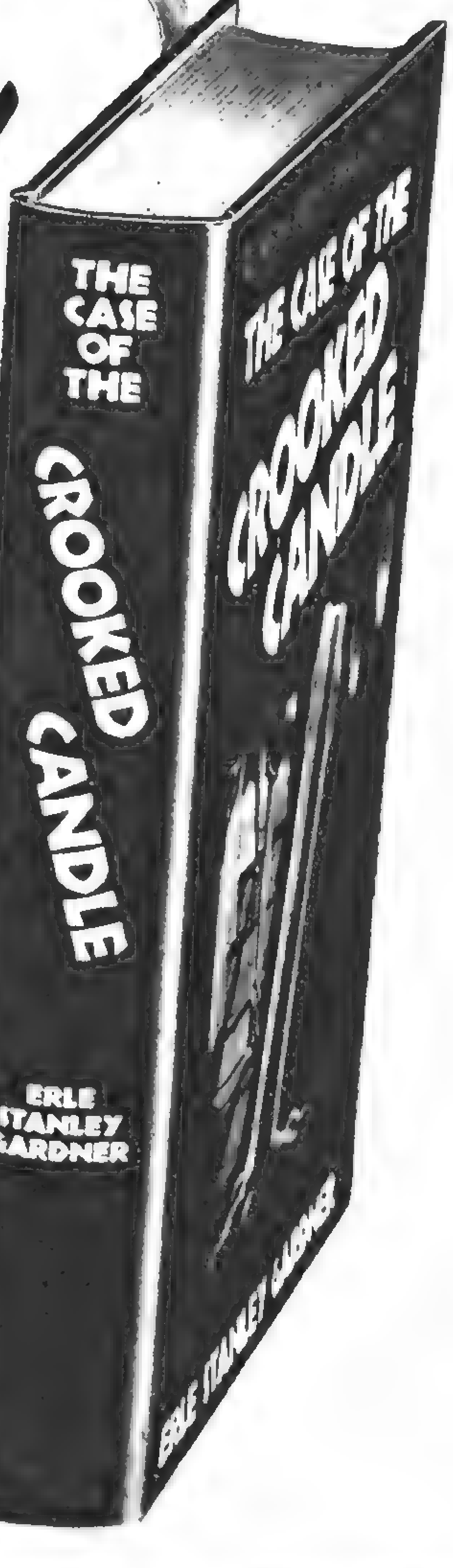
TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB



The Case of the Crooked Candle

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Over Five Million Of His Books Were Sold Last Year!


THE CASE OF THE CROOKED CANDLE
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
THE CASE OF THE CROOKED CANDLE
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

It Was Just An Ordinary Candle. Yet It Sent One Man—Very Nearly the WRONG One—to the Electric Chair!

Detective-lawyer Perry Mason lay stretched over the blood-stained carpet in the cabin of a yacht aground in the bay. The tide drifted out. The yacht gradually keeled over, finally settled on its side. Mason's body suddenly rolled over the floor of the cabin and slammed to rest at the wall's edge.

The lawyer then sprang up. He glanced at his watch, grinned at his secretary, Della Street—and knew that the most bizarre mystery of his career had at last been solved!

Neither Della nor Police Lieutenant Tragg had sensed the fatal meaning of that crooked candle on the cabin's table. Yet this curious clue sent one man to the chair—and very nearly the WRONG one!

Why Was the Candle Leaning?

Mason pointed to the candle. The drippings had fallen evenly down around its edge. Yet the candle was inclined sharply to the right—*and the drippings SHOULD have fallen on one side!*

And again—why did the blood-stained footprint appear right *in the middle* of the step of the yacht's stairway? The yacht had been lying over on its side. And so, in order to climb up on deck, the feet of the murderer SHOULD have slid over to the *lower* end of the steps!

Why was the widow of the victim found crying BEFORE the strange murder was discovered? When Lt. Tragg entered her apartment to break the news to her, he found her peeling an onion. Was the onion *really* the cause of her tears, as she claimed? And why was Perry Mason hiding in the kitchen *at the very same time?*

You Are Given All the Clues!

Erle Stanley Gardner's baffler doesn't hide a single clue from the reader. All the facts are before you just as Mason himself ferrets them out. But we'll wager you'll have a tough time solving *this* one without peeking at the very last page!

Mr. Gardner is the unchallenged best-seller of all modern mystery writers. OVER FIVE MILLION OF HIS BOOKS WERE SOLD LAST YEAR ALONE! *The Case of the Crooked Candle*, is one of the most popular of all his fast-moving Perry Mason novels. Thousands have been sold at $2.00 each. But we want to GIVE you a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE—to show you the kind of A-1, cream-of-the-crop mysteries you can get *every month* from the Detective Book Club.

Each month this Club offers to its members an attractive triple volume containing THREE modern detective books—for the usual price of only ONE! And EACH of the three is a complete, full-length novel.

How This Club Brings You The Best Mysteries

Do you realize that about 300 new detective books are published every year? You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But if a mystery is by an author like Agatha Christie, Frances and Richard Lockridge, Rex Stout, Dorothy B. Hughes, William Irish, Frances Crane, or Ellery Queen, it's sure to be good! All of these and many other famous writers have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club. Many are members of the Club themselves!

The selections of the Club are ALL books that sell everywhere for $2.00 each. Yet, as a member of the Club, you get three of them (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds the usual price on those you purchase.

You Enjoy These Four Advantages

(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest modern detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) Your books are delivered right to your door. Each book is fresh, clean, unopened. It will be right at your elbow whenever you are in the mood, to read as leisurely as you please. (4) You will receive volumes so well printed, so attractively bound, that month by month they will grow into a handsome library of masterpieces of modern detective fiction.

Mail Coupon Now For Your Free Book

By accepting this FREE copy of *The Case of the Crooked Candle* now as a Membership Gift from the Club, you will not be obligated to take every month's selection during the next 12 months. You may take as few as four during that time. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selections will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

You need send no money with the Reservation Coupon. ASSURE yourself of the privilege now being offered to new members. To get this spine-chilling mystery hit, *The Case of the Crooked Candle*, absolutely free, AND the current triple selection, address the coupon at once to:

DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
ONE PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

FREE—The Case of The Crooked Candle

WALTER J. BLACK, President
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB RRL
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me FREE *The Case of the Crooked Candle*, by Erle Stanley Gardner. Also send me the current triple volume of the month, containing three complete new detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple volume during the next 12 months. I may take as few as four during this period if I so wish.

I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and may reject in advance any volume I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I accept I will send you only $1.89, plus a few cents mailing charges, as complete payment, within one week after I receive my book. (*Books shipped in U.S.A. only.*)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .... PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
Address ..
City.. .. Zone No. (if any) ....State..........

Backstage with Esquire

Royce Diener

During the war ROYCE DIENER, a captain in the U.S. Air Corps, flew thirty-five bombardment missions in the Pacific, then served as Operations staff officer for B-29 headquarters on Guam. While he was stationed in Texas he wrote a Flying Cadet radio show about a fictitious cadet captain named Flittlefinger. One week when broadcast material was running thin, Captain Flittlefinger marched the entire corps into the river and despite heroic efforts, failed to get them out again. After receiving a deluge of suggestions from helpful and heckling Texans, the C.O. ordered the author to get the boys out of the river and restore the prestige of the Air Corps. Before the war Diener attended Harvard, class of '39, and until entering the service he designed systems for production control, merchandise analysis and catching criminals by coding their methods of operation. He writes: "Right now I'm looking up my little brother's ex-sweethearts and wondering what the devil happened to all the girls I used to know."

Thomas R. Carskadon

THOMAS R. CARSKADON first appeared in these pages eight years ago with a piece about tea, entitled *Plant of Heaven*, which, judging from his fan mail, has been haunting long-memoried tea drinkers ever since. He now returns with an ode to milk: *The Juice of Life*, which you will find on page 44. A former assistant editor of the *New Republic*, Carskadon is employed by an endowed foundation for research on economic questions and gives a weekly lecture on Radio Program Building at New York University. He has written articles for all kinds of publications ranging from movie fan magazines through the slicks to sober academic journals. This ex-Californian lives contentedly in New York City and he submits the present article as evidence that it is possible to write about milk without owning a cow.

DAVID G. WITTELS had a chance to observe the taming of Captain Bligh (see *Yo Ho Ho and a Cup of Coffee*, page 94) during ten months as a war correspondent in the Southwest Pacific and China-Burma-India theaters. A former newspaper editor, he has contributed many articles and short stories to popular magazines. Moreover he was coauthor, with G-Man Leon G. Turrow, of a prewar exposé, *Nazi Spies in America*, and with the late Elsie Finn he wrote the original screen play for Lily Pons' first starring picture: *I Dream Too Much.* He shares with his wife, Tana Graitcer, painter and fashion artist, a spirited establishment which includes two sons, one daughter, one dog, one cat and two parakeets.

Jules Levine

JULES LEVINE (*The Sturgeon King*, page 93) stands second to nobody in his willingness to try anything. After two years as a premedical student at New York University, he drew comic strips for bread wrappers, and when this unique publishing venture fell through, became a Broadway press agent. His favorite client was Arthur Murray; Levine wrote many a sparkling anecdote about Murray for the Broadway columns, but despite pleading and even the offer of free lessons from the czar of the ballroom, Levine would not learn to dance. For five years prior to joining the Army, he labored in Hollywood as a member of Warner's publicity staff. One of his military assignments was the publicizing of Irving Berlin's *This Is the Army*; another was the ghosting of speeches for a general, a stint he performed while holding the rank of Pfc. The day after applying for his discharge, Levine was promoted to sergeant. Now, he concludes, "Having had enough regimentation to last a lifetime, I have determined never again to be bossed by anyone. Accordingly I have taken to free-lance writing, where my only boss is my conscience."

Walter Steigleman

WALTER STEIGLEMAN, author of the current series of articles exposing race-track rackets, has traveled from coast to coast studying the betting side of the turf. Beginning his investigations purely for his own diversion, he eventually turned to serious writing about horse racing, but his early articles were rejected by incredulous editors who said, "Your figures are fantastic . . . your predictions are absurd." His thoroughly documented articles have since appeared in some fifty publications, including the *New York Times Magazine*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Life* and *Liberty*. Mr. Steigleman has traveled with touts on their regular circuits from city to city, has interviewed most of the biggest mail tipsters, and is one of the few people outside the racket who have visited the central headquarters from which 12,000 miles of leased wires carry race news to bookies throughout the country. After he had become recognized as an expert on turf betting he was asked by a New York state legislative committee to testify on a pending race bill. The evidence he was able to furnish resulted in a sweeping raid on mail tipsters who had been fleecing bettors of some 17,000,000 dollars yearly. Some of Steigleman's material was also used by opponents of the pari-mutuel law in Texas to obtain its repeal. An experienced newspaper reporter and editor, Walter Steigleman is now an Associate Professor of Journalism at Indiana University.

Robert Key

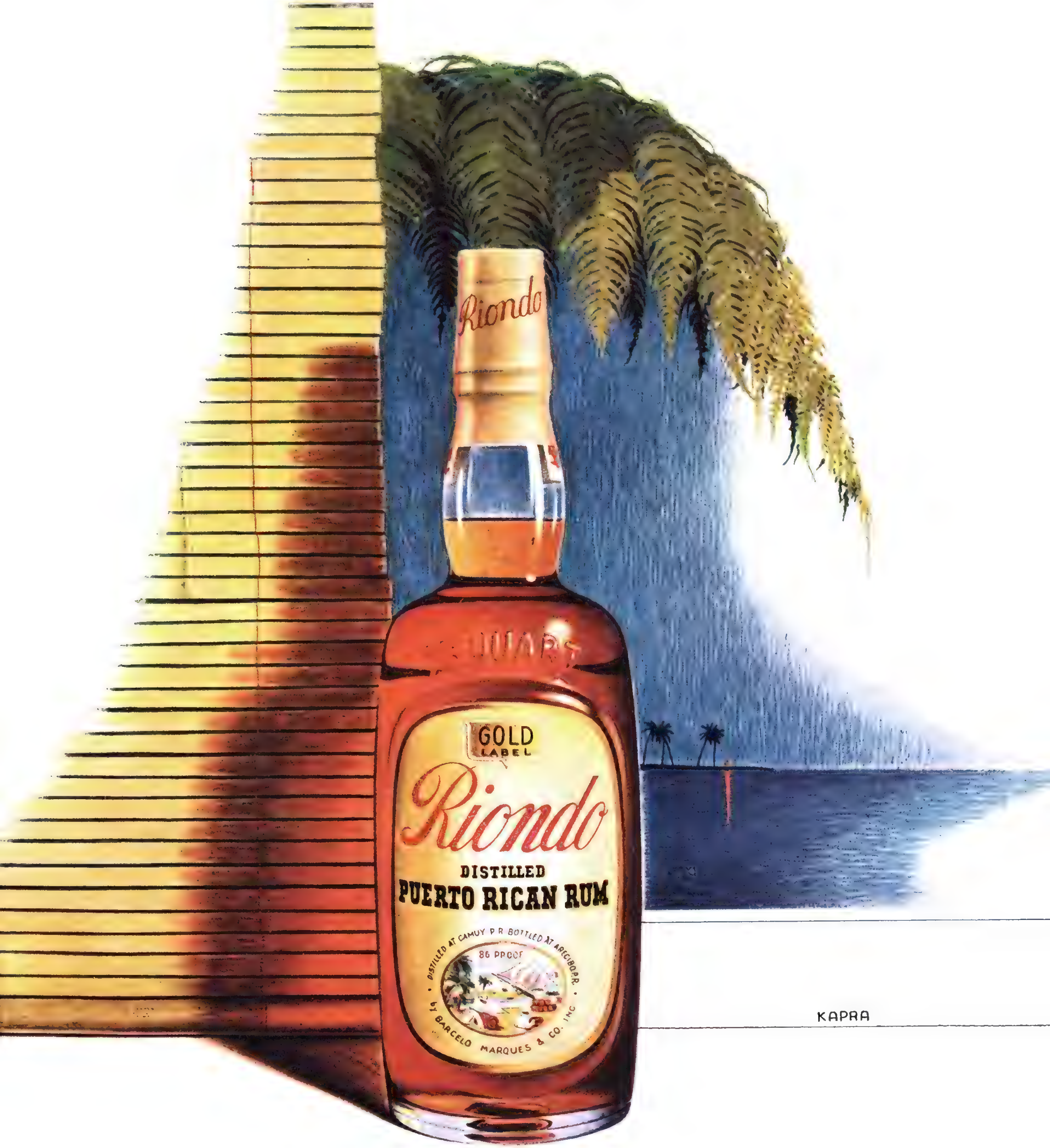
A native Floridian, ROBERT KEY is night city editor of the Pensacola *Journal*, where he worked as a reporter before receiving his official greetings. Having spent eighteen months in the ETO, he volunteered for OCS in France, was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to the 142nd Infantry of the 36th Division at Nurtingen, Germany. He was later stationed at Kircheim and other areas in southwest Germany in the Army of Occupation. His remarkably sensitive story, *Without Identity*, he describes as "simply a possible combination of human characters and events out of varied realities I noticed in Germany."

Since graduation from Marquette University, JOHN RICHARD YOUNG has devoted the greater part of his life to writing and to sports. He boasts of more casual falls from horseback than he can remember, and of never doing a lick of profitable work until he was twenty-five —under the delusion of becoming a second Weismuller. He confides: "I am married, and glad of it, to a golden, slant-eyed Norse ex-figure-skater whom both Sonja Henie and Katharine Cornell unsuccessfully resemble. Her hobbies are making cheese and raising kids. Aided by her almost infallible literary criticisms 'Swell,' or 'It stinks!' I have sold to both slick and pulp magazines."

Richard F. Baum

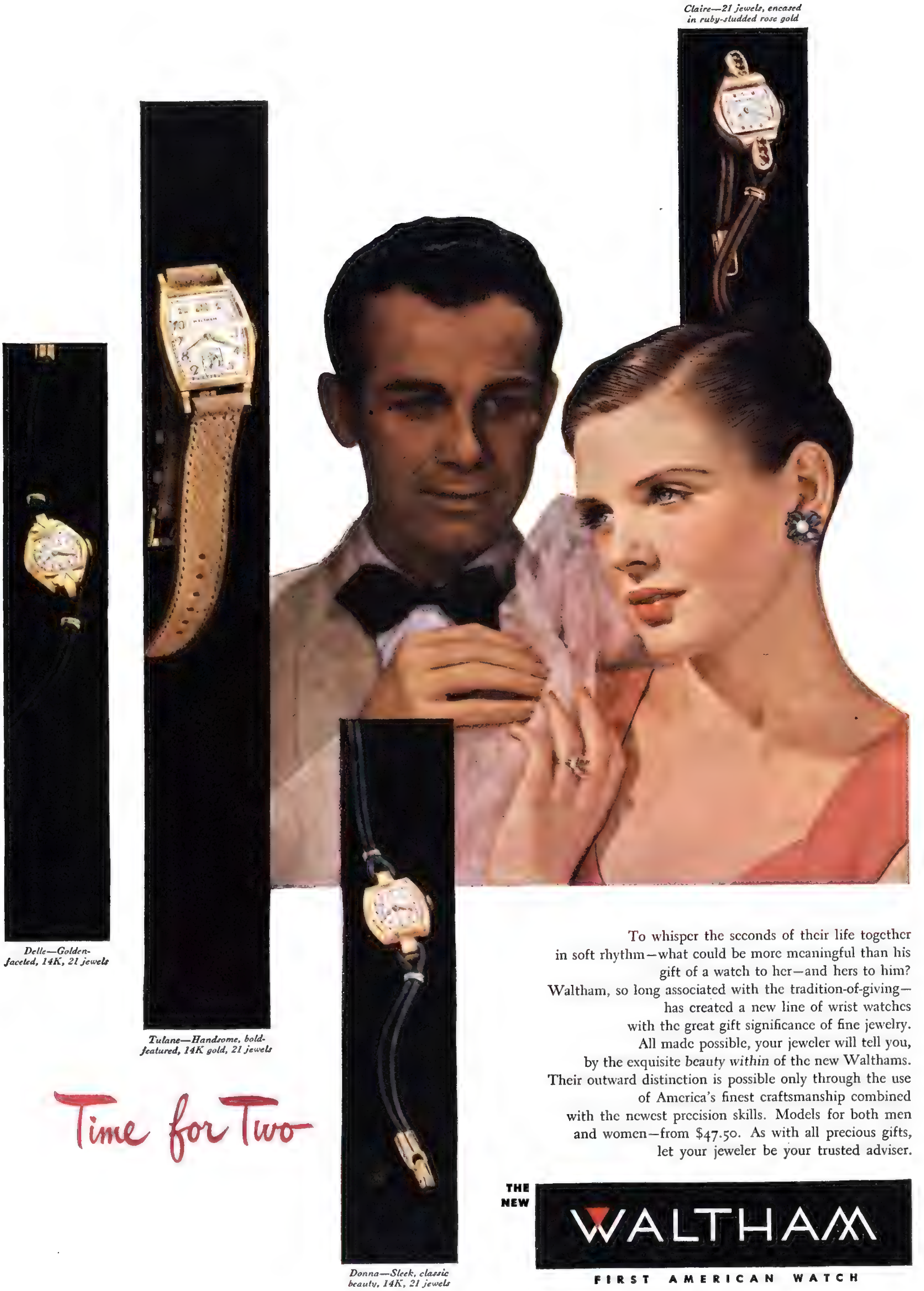
RICHARD F. BAUM, whose story *There Was a Man* has all the refreshing qualities of a view from a mountain or a swim in the surf, was peddling brick to Chicago contractors when Tojo made his fatal mistake. After basic training and OCS he wound up with the 42nd Division, and his regiment shipped overseas in time to receive the last German offensive in Alsace. He says: "At the moment I am making an all-out assault upon the magazines of America. Esquire's letter of acceptance performs now the same service which Lieutenant Serrel and his mustache did back in January of 1945. Lieutenant Serrel, along with so many others whom I would like to commemorate someday, has passed beyond my ken. But Esquire shall hear from me again."

I. WILLIAM ALLEN, contributor of the cryptic, *A Lesson in Math*, is a veteran of the Spanish-American War and of the New York City Civil Service. He lives on Staten Island.


Riondo
GOLD LABEL
Riondo
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN RUM
DISTILLED AT CAMUY P.R. BOTTLED AT ARECIBO P.R.
86 PROOF
by BARCELO MARQUES & CO. INC.
KAPRA

The Rum to Remember

GOLD LABEL OR WHITE LABEL · 86 PROOF · SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK



Claire—21 jewels, encased in ruby-studded rose gold

Delle—Golden-faceted, 14K, 21 jewels

Tulane—Handsome, bold-featured, 14K gold, 21 jewels

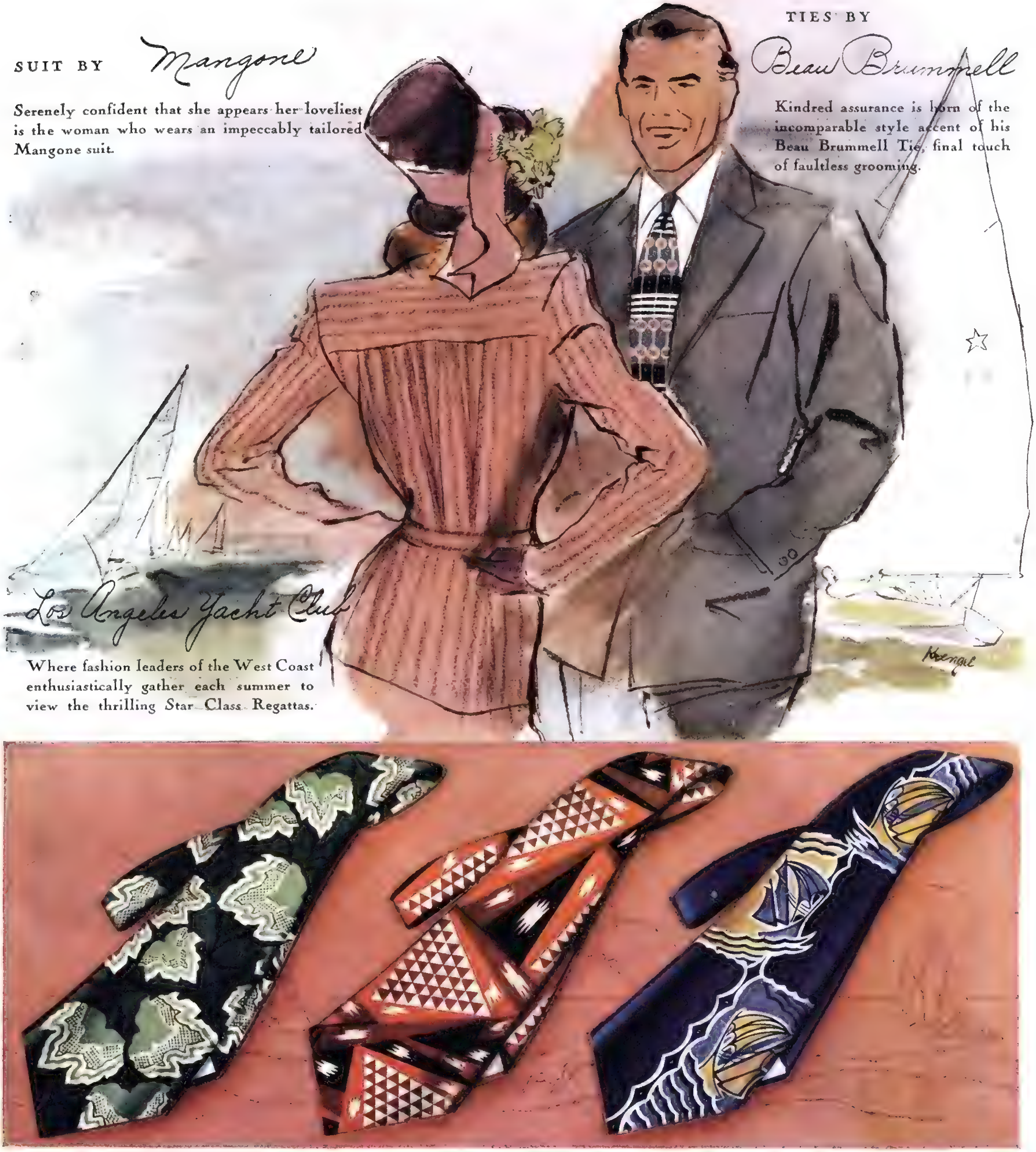
Donna—Sleek, classic beauty, 14K, 21 jewels

Time for Two

To whisper the seconds of their life together in soft rhythm—what could be more meaningful than his gift of a watch to her—and hers to him? Waltham, so long associated with the tradition-of-giving—has created a new line of wrist watches with the great gift significance of fine jewelry. All made possible, your jeweler will tell you, by the exquisite beauty *within* of the new Walthams. Their outward distinction is possible only through the use of America's finest craftsmanship combined with the newest precision skills. Models for both men and women—from $47.50. As with all precious gifts, let your jeweler be your trusted adviser.

THE NEW WALTHAM

FIRST AMERICAN WATCH



SUIT BY *Mangone*

Serenely confident that she appears her loveliest is the woman who wears an impeccably tailored Mangone suit.

TIES BY *Beau Brummell*

Kindred assurance is born of the incomparable style accent of his Beau Brummell Tie, final touch of faultless grooming.

Los Angeles Yacht Club

Where fashion leaders of the West Coast enthusiastically gather each summer to view the thrilling Star Class Regattas.

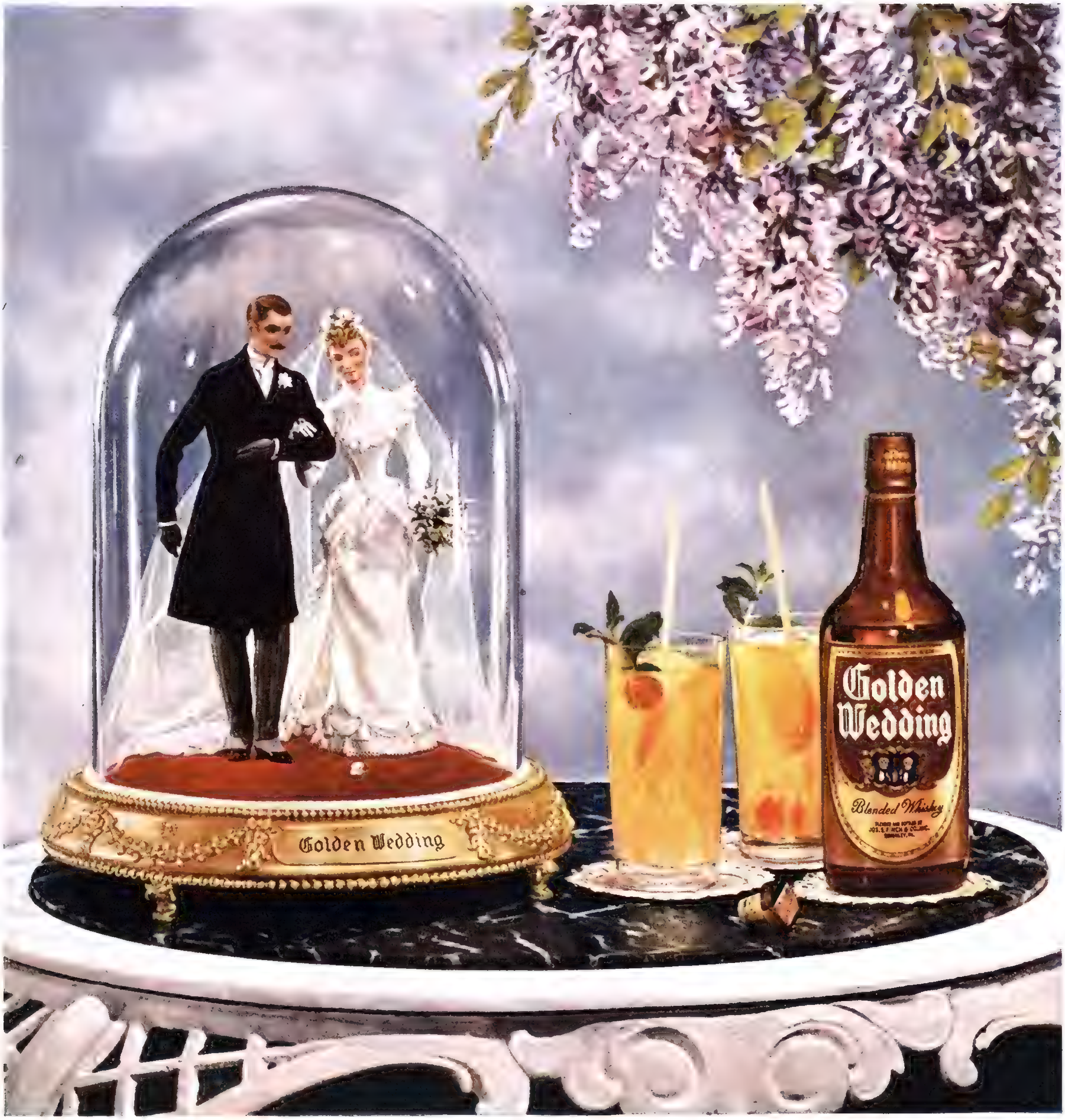
Let Beau Brummell set your style course . . . and sail through the season's changing fashion tides with easy nonchalance . . . knowing that your Beau Brummell Tie imparts the buoyant certainty of absolute perfection. At better men's shops and department stores. One to six-fifty.

all America *is saying*
BEAU BRUMMELL
Ties the best

Beau Brummell Ties

AS BEAU BRUMMELL TIES GO . . . SO GOES THE FASHION

Choice of a lifetime…


Golden Wedding
Golden Wedding
Blended Whiskey

For a full measure of pleasure in a tall, cool drink, make it with the finest Golden Wedding in more than fifty years. One sip will make this choice whiskey your *choice of a lifetime.*

*Has
had no
peers for
fifty
years*

Golden Wedding

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.

NEW! LUCITE
Travl-Tag
Louis Bayard
3000 West 37th Street
Kansas City, Missouri

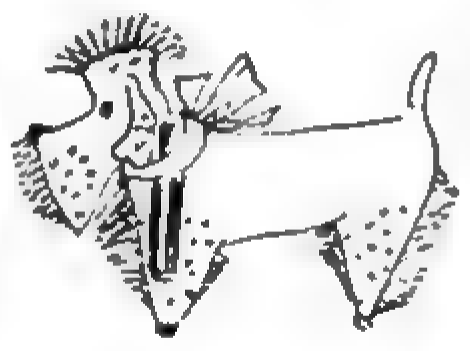
No lost baggage! No lost time!
With this new tag, your baggage is enhanced. It's easily identified because your name and address is impressed in gold on Lucite. Will not fade, rub out or discolor! Genuine leather strap. Sold at leading Department stores . . . 2.00

For store nearest you, write ©1946

W. R. MOODY
319 E. Angeleno Ave., Burbank, Calif.

Talking Shop with Esquire

YOU'LL GET THE MESSAGE! We feel it our duty to keep you posted on the new perfume fragrances, so you'll be in the know when a gift is indicated. Consider a scent called "Innuendo" . . . "whispers its message, rather than shouts" as the maker puts it. Lavishly packaged in a surrealistic box. Strictly in the gag category, we like the white satin poodle, stuffed with sachet, and carrying a vial of smart, heady perfume called "On Fifth Avenue" on its back.



"LOST WEEKEND" . . . IN MEMORIAM. Charm bracelets go on and on . . . fraught with significance. The newest little items in sterling silver can now be had with movable parts and keep up nicely with current events. To wit: a story sequence such as a silver book which opens up to disclose a bottle of liquor; a tiny silver cocktail bar complete with two stools; "Don't Fence Me In", a miniature fence with cowboy. A model T Ford with moving wheels; and lastly, a wall cabinet which opens up to let down a folding bed. It's quite a unique idea.

MAKE LIKE HOLLYWOOD. Want to send her into ecstasies? Send her a pair of jeweled sun glasses. Tortoise shell, studded with sparkling rhinestones; white plastic frames bejooled with turquoise, coral, rubies or sapphires (all fake).

"THAT'S MY BABY". Cutest baby book we've seen is done up in autobiographical form. Traces your child's discoveries from age 0 to age 5 . . . with enchanting drawings. There's a place for photos, and other important data. You must see it! It's named, "I Find Out".

GOLD RUSH. For gents with a pioneering spirit, we recommend Barry Storm's book, "Thunder God's Gold". It's the tale of exploring Spaniards, savage Indians, reckless miners, prospectors who sought for "gold in them thar hills". You'll want to head West for that treasure!

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

ALLAN ADLER
HANDWROUGHT SILVER

MEN'S EBONY AND GOLD WATCH BRACELET

Distinctively wrought in solid gold and imported ebony by California's master silversmith

$52.00
In sterling silver $24.00
Plus Federal Tax

Each band custom-fitted. Send old watch band or tracing of band, marking where it fastens. Enclose check, money order, or sent C. O. D.

8626 SUNSET BLVD. HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIF.

GUNS & SWORDS

Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 2400 authentic items. Typical values:
45-70 Breech Loading Springfield Musket . $18.00
44 Colt Civil War Revolver $35.00
To get your Illustrated Catalog of over 172 pages, send 50c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.**

DID YOU DISCOVER THIS FAMOUS BRITISH PRODUCT OVERSEAS?

Dr. Page-Barker's
British
Hair Lotion

The thousands of Americans who discovered the remarkable hair and scalp conditioning properties of this famous Hair Lotion while serving in England, Australia, India, or elsewhere in the British Empire, will be glad to know that they can get the identical product right here in this country. Although shipments from London are still so limited that general distribution is not possible, you can order direct from the importer. The price in America is $1.95 [plus 39c excise tax] for generous 6-ounce size. Shipped prepaid.

PAGE-BARKER DIST. of AMERICA
911 Western Ave., Seattle 4, Wash.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or Your Money Back
[Dealer Inquiries Invited]

Dr. Page-Barker's
British
Hair Lotion
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

(Known throughout the British Empire as Dr. Page-Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion)

THEY'RE
COMING
BACK

You'll find your favorite *La Cross* nail nippers more often now. Times are fewer when you have to take less than La Cross quality. Look for La Cross manicure implements at all fine stores.

La Cross

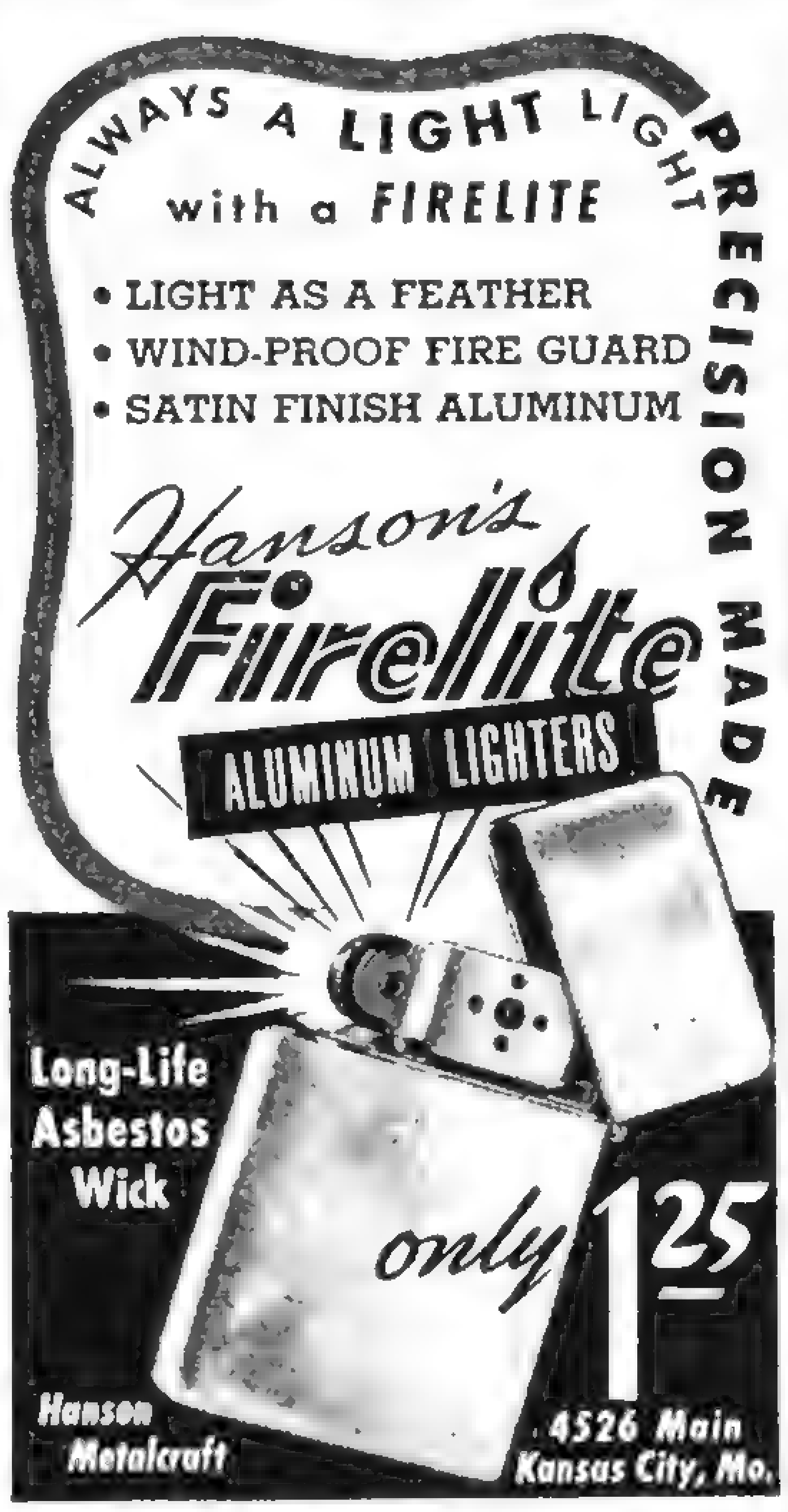
SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION, 630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

Make MAGIC Your HOBBY

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

The new magazine "MAGIC IS FUN" teaches you how to do clever, amazing tricks with coins, cards, handkerchiefs, ropes, etc. Also contains mind-reading effects, Sleight of Hand instructions, photos and fascinating life stories of famous magicians. Rush 25c for FIRST issue or $1.50 subscription for 6 issues. FREE, with order, large catalog of professional magical apparatus.

D. ROBBINS & CO., Dept. M-5, 152 W. 42 St., N. Y. 18



- LIGHT AS A FEATHER
- WIND-PROOF FIRE GUARD
- SATIN FINISH ALUMINUM

"Stop it now, Henry! I'm *convinced* a Wilson Brothers Duratwill Tie doesn't slip, slide or wrinkle!"

Wilson Brothers

Quality Men's Wear Since 1864

Chicago • New York • San Francisco

Pajamas • Shirts • Sportswear • Knit Underwear
Shorts • Ties • Socks • T-Shirts • Sweaters

A pale dry beer of exquisite charm

Maryland's ambassador of good cheer

What there is, is very, very good

NATIONAL PREMIUM beer

In finer clubs, hotels, restaurants

THE NATIONAL BREWING CO., BALTIMORE 24, MARYLAND

OLD FITZGERALD

BOTTLED IN BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

100 PROOF

OLD FASHIONED but still in style

STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, INC. SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

Is there a pipeful of "Country Doctor" aboard?

Yes, Sir! Most popular in the smoking cars on our best trains. Gentle as a down hill glide . . . *smooth* as a streamliner.

Fill your pipe with the tops in tobacco . . .

Country Doctor Pipe Mixture

The pipe-smoker's ECONOMY-LUXURY

25 Pleasureful Pipefuls 25¢

TRY IT TODAY

If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc. Dept. F7, 119 Fifth Ave., New York

BREATH ODORS GO

when you place a few drops of

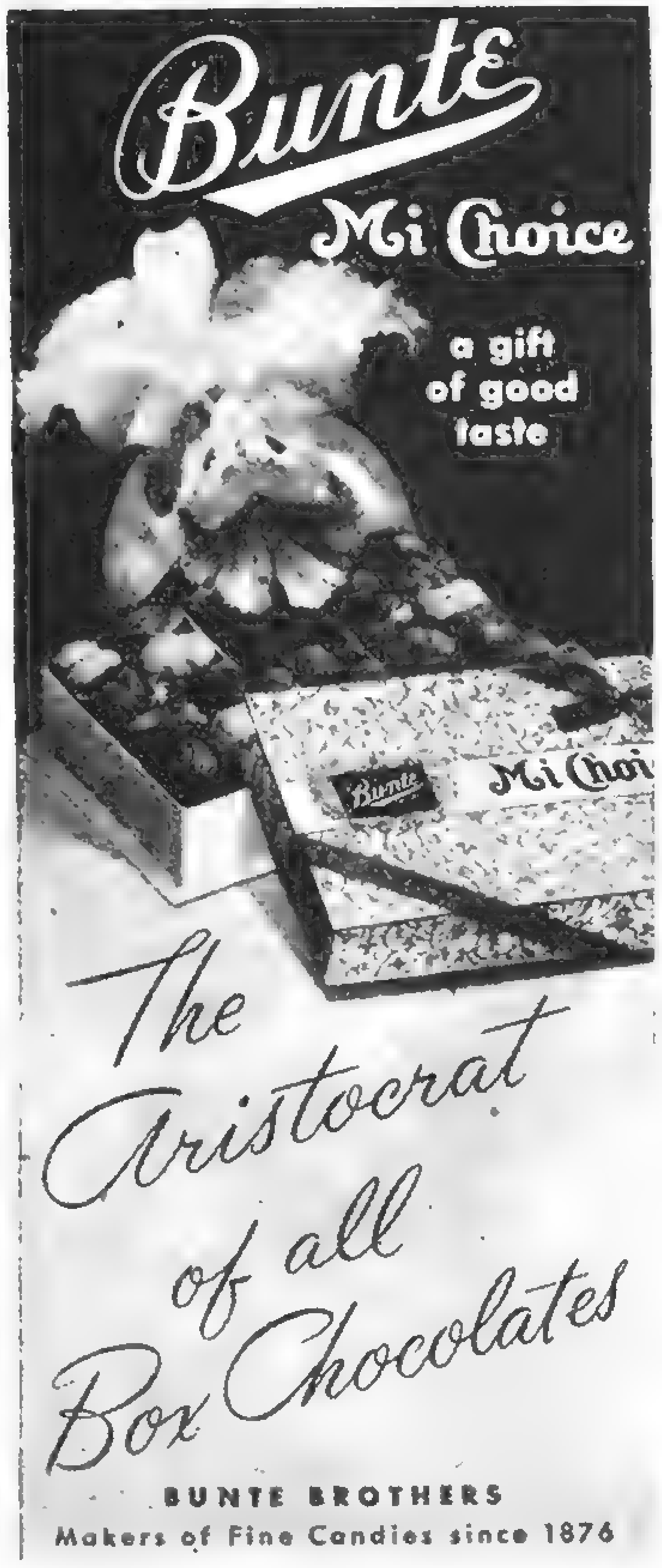
MIST

Charm of the Redwoods

on the tip of your tongue. A refreshing answer to ash-tray breath, MIST is a must for men.

$1.20 (incl. tax) at better stores or write

DERMETICS inc., 630 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y.


Bunte Mi Choice

a gift of good taste

The Aristocrat of all Box Chocolates

BUNTE BROTHERS
Makers of Fine Candies since 1876

Painting the Town

ROOFS overhead continue scarce but there are swell ones under the gliding foot o' nights. The Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight layout has batoneer Guy Lombardo and his saxocroon clan honeying the hoopla, with Mischa Borr, Russia's gift to rumba, leading the opposing team. Trick blinkers above make like they're escaped bubbles from your drink. . . . Lady Liberty, Governors Island, the enclumped skyscrapers of lower Manhattan, and all New York harbor, comprise the railside dish at the Marine Roof of the Hotel Bossert on Brooklyn Heights. Lenny Herman and crew splice melodies for dancing—under shelter and also out in the wide open breezes. . . . Up o'er Broadway the Hotel Astor's topside is jammed to the gunwales with Carmen Cavallero magnetizees. If that gifted fellow and his piano were balanced atop the Empire State Building's mooring mast, they'd shinny up after him, dowagers included.

UNIVERSE askew? Straighten it out with a United Nations' Cocktail at the slick Café Pierre of Fifth Avenue's Hotel Pierre: saucer stemmer filled with chilled champagne, 2 dashes brandy, 3 dashes Southern Comfort; lemon peel, orange peel. Invented by Oscar Haimo, maître de bar. . . . Viennese tunes are zithered at you nostalgically as you dine out on the tiny wrought-ironwork front balcony of Hapsburg House (313 East 55th), over the interior of which droll Ludwig Bemelmans has ad libbed with paint brush and crayon. Merely as a gag, this mansionette would be worth visiting. If, however, you happen to be thirsty and hungry, you're in luck three ways. . . . The Coq Rouge clique have become gluttons for rumbas, and you know why when you see auburn haired shakeress Jovita who converted them.

RITZ-CARLTON viands, notably edible, may now be toyed with in the Ritz-Carlton Garden, this being the season when treasured Charles Silvani, in charge of said hostelry's restaurants, does his bowing outdoors. His memory for names, faces, and preferences is as elephantine as he is dapper. . . . Hope there's truth in the rumor that the Rainbow Room, Radio City's elegant eyrie, will reopen as a night club. . . . Expeditionists who uncoil from taxis at Jimmy Kelly's (181 Sullivan St., below Washington Square) to lend ear to songs and eye to visions, make a big mistake if they arrive too late to loan gullet to dinner—turtle soup, spaghetti à la Kelly, cheese-and-tomatoed veal cutlet, rum omelet aflame, etc. Sustaining!

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

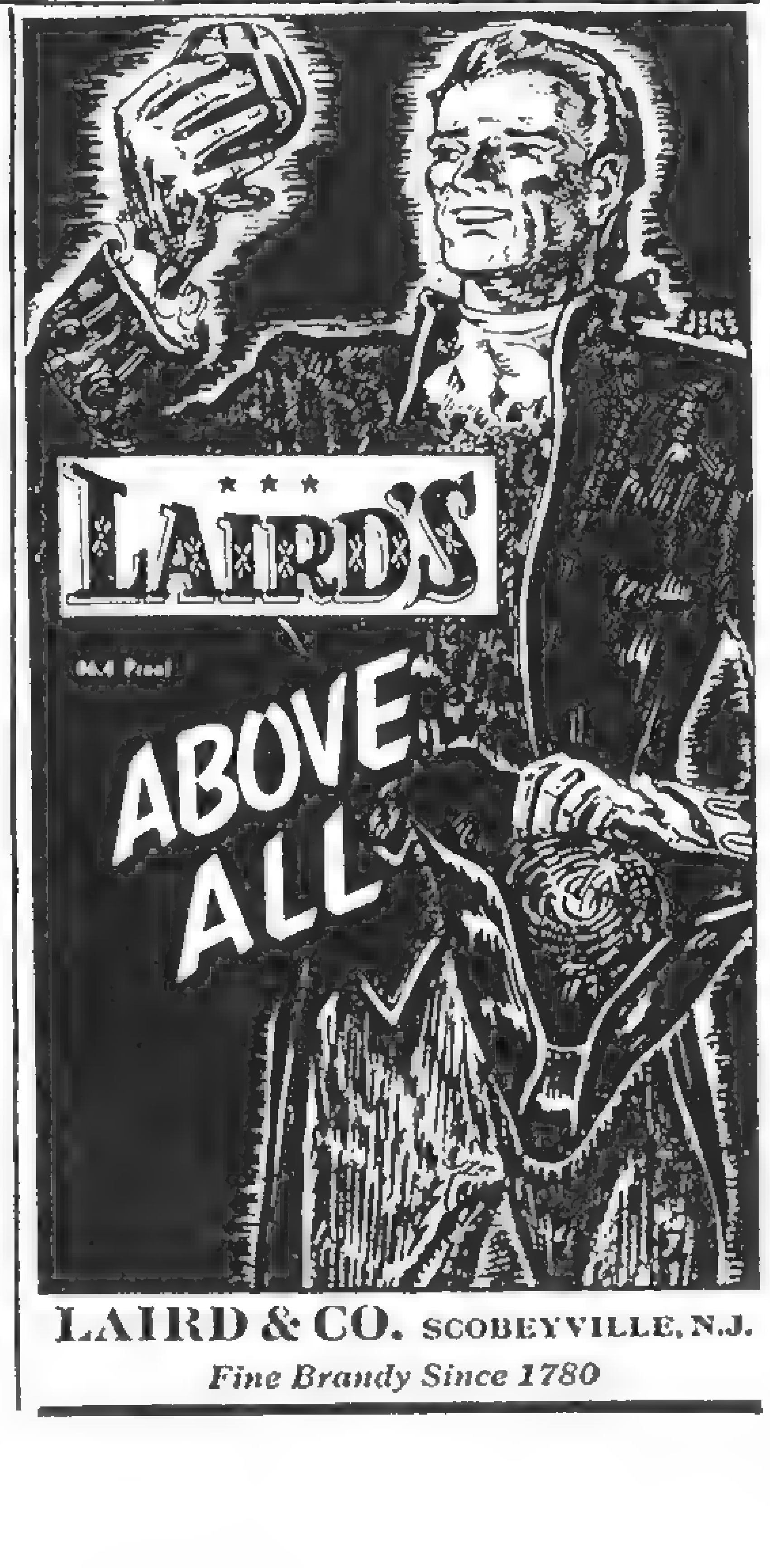
"Coolers" for all Occasions

JAMAICA "CUPS"

Jamaica Rums blend perfectly with all fresh or processed fruit juices in delightfully different punches and "cups". Mix to your taste with ginger ale or soda, ice well, and find out what real refreshment means.

Right ONLY WHEN MADE WITH GENUINE
JAMAICA
THE ROYALTY OF
RUMS

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD. KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.


LAIRD'S ABOVE ALL

LAIRD & CO. SCOBEYVILLE, N.J.
Fine Brandy Since 1780

with Esquire

GOING Yosemite or something, the Hotel Biltmore's erstwhile "Roof" is now "The Cascades," equipped with laughing waters that tumble showily in back of the bandstand. Caged canaries trill. Provender from the kitchens of chef Maurice Gonneau is salubrious. And Dunninger is on hand to read your thoughts, or such of them as are fit to be quoted in the presence of a refined waterfall. . . . Trout get the hook in the brook at Leone's (239 West 48th)—a place where frozen Daiquiries flow and antipasto is a parade. . . . Mussels Marinière have seductive sauce to glorify them when served in the lanterned back-yardlet of A la Fourchette, 342 West 46th. . . . The Hotel Victoria has broken out a new bar almost as long as a Pullman car. Cocktail lounge, adjoining, has a gala canopy over every white-leather banquette for two, and under each canopy an air-conditioning duct. Any brash vows you utter are extracted from the atmosphere immediately.

DIAMOND Horseshoer Billy Rose invites patrons to smoke up their schnozzles with Scotch to their hearts' content. Must have been laying in cases of it since he was a wee bairn. . . . Soft-shell crabs are a soft touch at Gloucester House, 59 West 51st. The well-scrubbed ashen tables are now more numerous, thanks to doubled space, but still hard to cop on account of popularity of this fishery, where trove of fresh and salt waters is pleased to meet white wines. . . . Le Vouvray—small French restaurant de luxe at 132 East 61st—has pulled a smart one by acquiring blond pianist William Kulkman who's proven to Town Hall audiences that he has plenty on the ball. Here he plays from seven on, his repertoire ranging from long-haired concertos to sentimental bits for the bald-headed.

RINGSIDED the other evening at the Latin Quarter were two New Orleans gumbo kings—Roy Alciatore of Antoine's, and Broussard of Broussard's — just selfishly enjoying themselves instead of busying themselves starting branch restaurants in New York where New Yorkers could partake of authentic Creole cookery without a journey. It hurts to have our civic needs stymied by a pack of chorus girls and comedians. We say this with a pang as dreams of pompano-in-a-bag go bang. And it's your fault, Lou Walters—the way you mobilize distractions for visitors.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

London Dock
Smoking Mixture
"Best photo of you I ever saw —you must have been smoking London Dock Tobacco"

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

POCKET PACKAGE 40¢

$3.00 PER POUND

Christian Peper SAINT LOUIS
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

Booth's
House of Lords
Finest Distilled Dry Gin
London
Park & Tilford
BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS
Imported from England

The world's most famous Quality Dry Gin

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N. Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

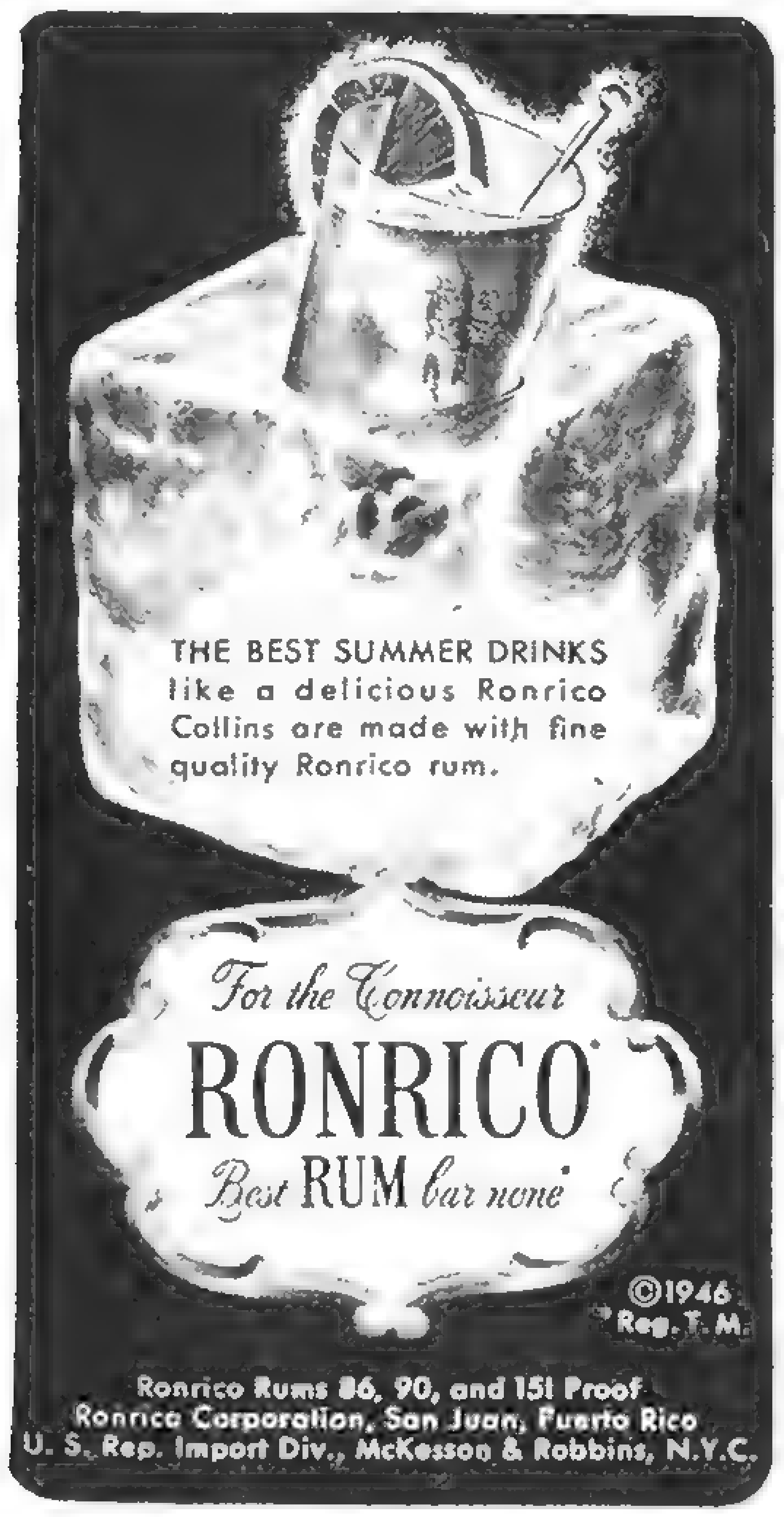
Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 320 pages. 600 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago 3. Ill.

in St. Louis
ZOO
BIRD HOUSE
JEWEL BOX
GARDENS
ART
MUSEUM
BRIDLE
PATHS
MUNICIPAL OPERA
BOATING
GOLF
TENNIS
ZOO
at entrance to
Forest Park
Especially in summertime, a step across the street to world-famed Forest Park is a step into a garden spot of pleasant diversions and relaxations..Just another reason to stay at the Park Plaza or Chase Hotel.

Under Koplar Direction and Management
THE CHASE
PARK PLAZA
At Kingshighway Entrance to Forest Park


THE BEST SUMMER DRINKS like a delicious Ronrico Collins are made with fine quality Ronrico rum.

For the Connoisseur
RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

©1946 Reg. T. M.

Ronrico Rums 86, 90, and 151 Proof
Ronrico Corporation, San Juan, Puerto Rico
U. S. Rep. Import Div., McKesson & Robbins, N.Y.C.

CARVING AID by Gerity

Distinctive Wedding Gift

Looking for a different and distinctive gift? Here is one people exclaim about . . . show with pride . . . use with appreciation. The Carving Aid is an outstanding example of fine plated ware and a worthy addition to the proudest silver service of any pattern. It is valued by both sides of the family for its beauty and for its usefulness in making carving the gracious ceremony it is intended to be. At jewelers and gift shops. In rich gift package.

GERITY-MICHIGAN DIE CASTING CO.
ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

Actual Size 9½ In. Long

Kingsbury Pale Beer
KINGSBURY
PALE
BEER
Consistent

Kingsbury Pale Beer is always good! Always the same! That fine quality never varies! That wonderful flavor is always THERE . . . for you to enjoy!

Kingsbury ARISTOCRAT OF Beer

Kingsbury Breweries Company
Manitowoc—Sheboygan, Wis.

Painting the Town with Esquire

NO NEED of lugging a lunchbox when you picnic in the Garden of Park Avenue's Hotel Ambassador. The menu of this air-conditioned Eden has everything that taste-buds thrive on. Noontimes, violinist William Adler and his ensemble play pretty among the potted plants. Apéritif hour brings maestro Jules Landé of the smooth dance rhythms, likely to keep you gardening all evening.

GIANT SHRIMPS, which might be mistaken for junior whales, have joined the steaks and chops at Gilmore's (148 East 48th) . . . French is spoken by many of the patrons of chummy Le Veau d'Or (129 East 60th) but even if you haven't any Français to parlay, you can pick such winners as jellied mackerel au vin blanc, coquille St. Jacques (creamed seafood and mushrooms, served up on a shell), sweetbreads au Madeira, calf's head vinaigrette, and flapjacks in the manner of Mlle. Suzette. Note: It isn't French custom to wash down a good dinner with water.

COMICAL keyboard virtuoso Joe Reichman and his orchestra are Grilled at the Hotel Roosevelt, with The Melodys tinkling 1 pr. pianos betweenwhiles . . . Frogs' legs can be beautiful, as is proven nightly in tree-trunked Little Venice (126 West 13th) . . . Pardon our skepticism but we doubt that your grandma could turn out pies and popovers up to those devourable at the Town and Country Restaurant (284 Park Ave.), whose Town Room, Regional Room, and Country Dining Room are dedicated to dishes of the kinds that have made our nation great.

THE HUMAN hip can never become immobilized so long as there is an El Chico to shake it in, and El Chico has been at 80 Grove Street, Greenwich Village a good many years already. Copied after the home of a bullfighter in Seville, this colorful Hispanic haunt, with its Latin and gringo chow, and its vivid floor show, has a charm that we're a sucker for . . . Smoked salmon omelet, pancake style, is one of the Hotel Gotham's luncheon lures, its flavor cahooting slyly with that of chilled Cresta Blanca sauterne . . . You don't need a camera to gather cheesecake at Reuben's (6 East 58th). We know of a Californian so enamored, when he got home he phoned to have a whole cheesecake planed to him, and sent 500 bucks for "the trouble I'm putting you to."

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

NEW OCEAN HOUSE

SWAMPSCOTT
MASSACHUSETTS

Twelve miles from Boston, in picturesque Swampscott . . . Accessible to all historic points. Ideal seaside and country environment . . . Every recreational feature . . . Private protected beach . . Cuisine includes many sea food specialties . . . Booklet.
CLEMENT KENNEDY, *President*

THE SPOON IS THE ENEMY OF THE HIGH-BALL - - -
STIR WITH SELF-STIRRING
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA

MOST BEAUTIFUL NIGHT CLUB IN THE COUNTRY!
Says DAMON RUNYON
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY • FOR DINNER AT 8 • SUPPER AT 12
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
NICKY BLAIR'S
CARNIVAL
In The Hotel Capitol
51st at 8th AVE.
NEW YORK

HOME OF THE STARS
DELICIOUS FULL-COURSE
DINNER
Served to 9:30
SHOW & DANCING
ALL FOR THE PRICE OF DINNER ALONE
CAFE
ZANZIBAR
B'WAY AT 49TH • NEW YORK

ALL ROADS LEAD TO
The White Turkey Inn
DANBURY, CONN.
U.S. Route #7
Also visit the three White Turkey Restaurants in New York City.
DELICIOUS FOOD • COCKTAILS • OPEN SUNDAYS

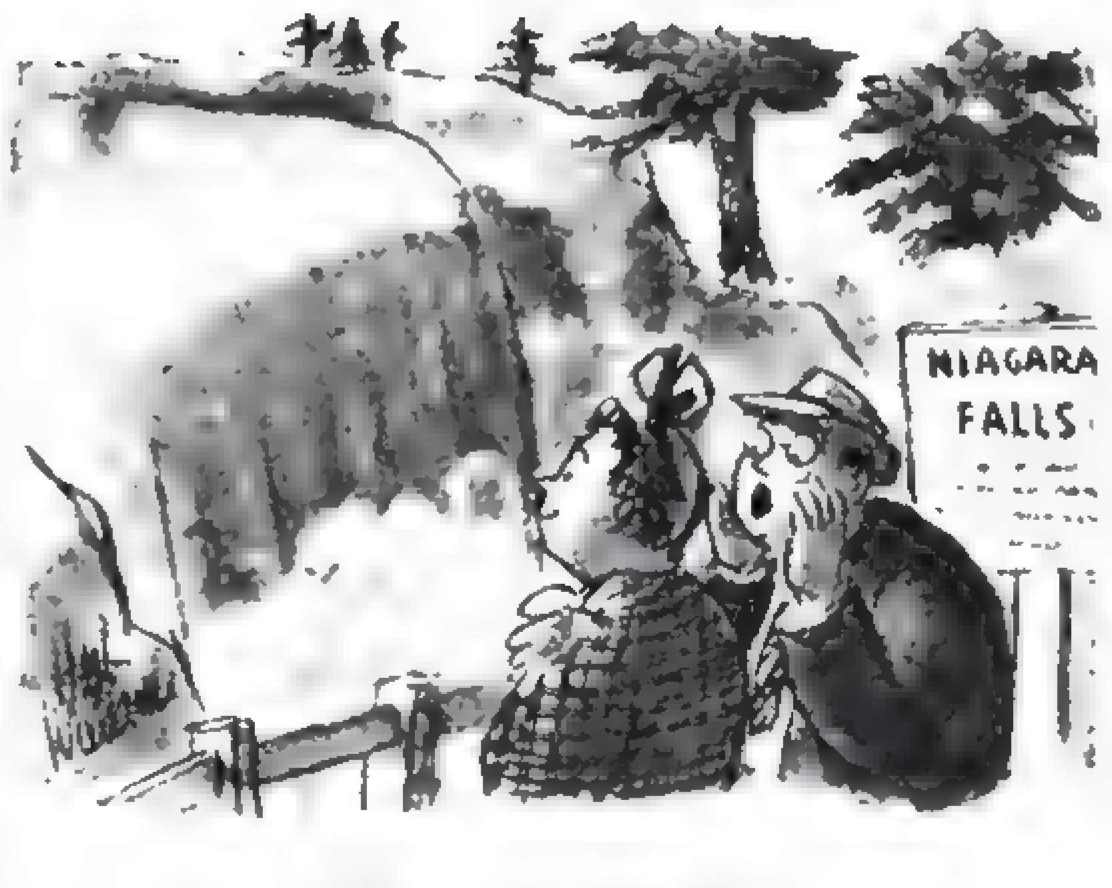
ALWAYS
THE SMARTEST LITTLE SHOW AND THE BEST MUSIC IN TOWN
For DINNER at 8—
Then at 12—Again at 2
P.S. The Food's Good Too!
Monte Proser's
COPACABANA
10 EAST 60 • PL 8-1060

NEW YORK'S DISTINGUISHED CONTINENTAL RENDEZVOUS
RESTYLED
REDESIGNED
Versailles
151 E. 50th — PL 8-0310
DANCING
AND DIVERTISEMENT
at DINNER and SUPPER

COCKTAILS From 5
DINNER *and Music*
TIL 10 • NO TAX
DANCING from 10
NEVER A COVER
THE FINEST CHINESE AND ISLAND FOOD SPECIALTIES
SINGAPORE
Culinary Crossroads of the World
BWAY AT 50TH ST • NEW YORK

REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m.
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
Steaks, Chops and Chef's Suggestions
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL.4-1414

DON'T MISS
EDDIE DAVIS
N. Y's No. 1 CAFE STAR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W. 52 NEW YORK



"Noisy, isn't it?"

No matter where you go, always carry
BANK *of* AMERICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES
Acceptable everywhere, self-identifying, insure your money against loss or theft.
Backed by the resources of a five billion dollar bank
Sold by banks and travel agencies everywhere
Issued by Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association, CALIFORNIA
INSURED BY THE FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
London, Eng., Branch: 12 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.4

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

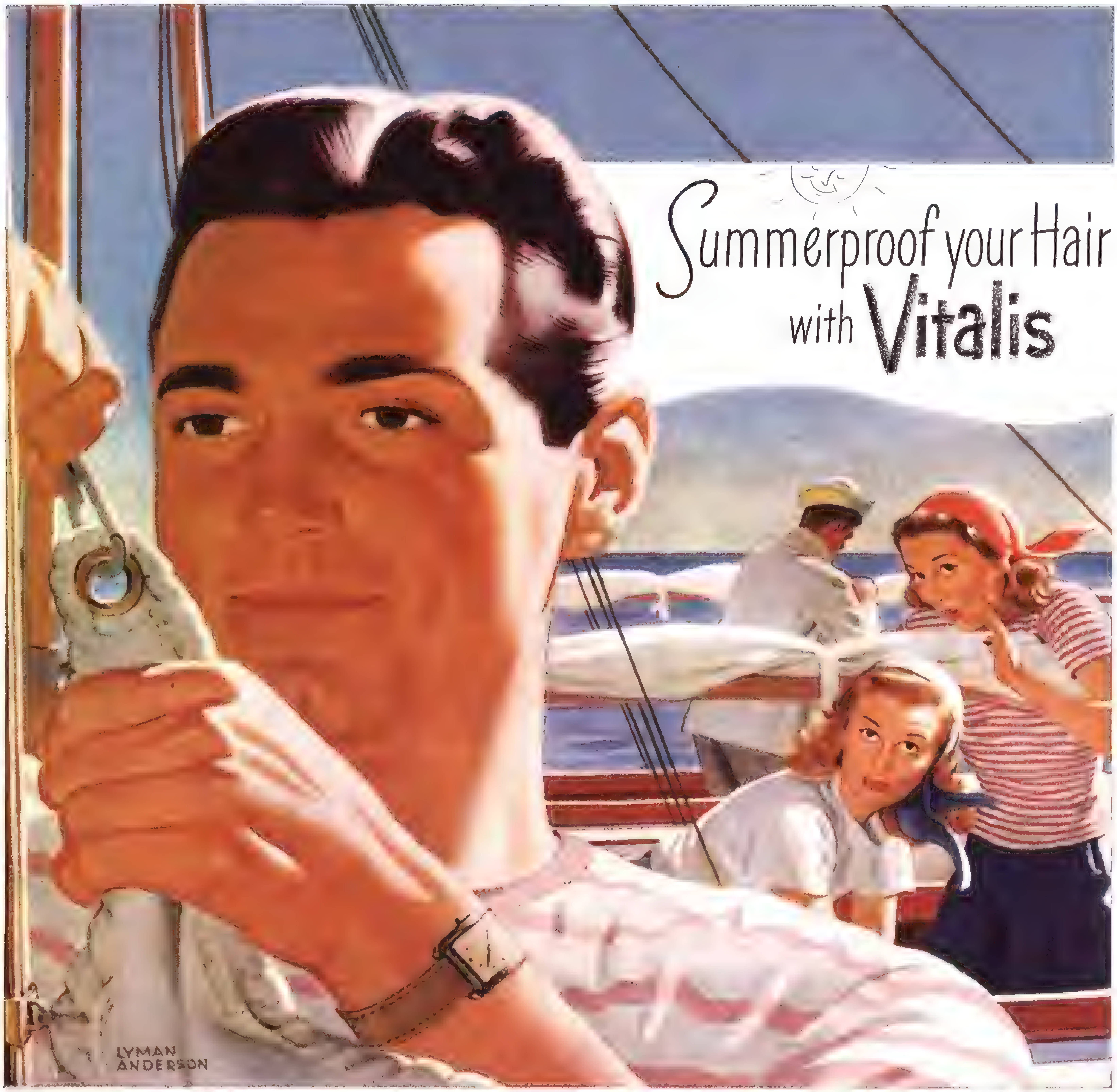
HOUSE OF MURPHY
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

I LIVE IT · I LOVE IT · CRITICISM BE DAMNED · IT'S MY LIFE
HOUSE OF MURPHY

THE ONLY NEW YORK CHOP HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

FIRST TIME ON RECORDS!
EDDIE MAYEHOFF
in a sensationally satirical
PARTY ALBUM
An album of adult humor . . . earthy but not grubby . . . by the cleverest comedian on the night club circuit! Fabulously funny numbers, with hilarious musical background. "Wages Of Sin", "Otis Elevator Shoes", "Revenge", "Incentive Plan", "Recital", "Opera". Album CR-9, postpaid in U. S. $4.10.
Write for FREE *Illustrated Entertaining* Record List
RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET DEPT. 21, New York 19
So. African Rep.: AMERICAN MAIL CO.
P.O. Box 260, Port Elizabeth, South Africa

FOR THE SPARK THAT NEVER FAILS!
INSIST ON RUMIN
* *gold coated* FLINTS *and* LIGHTER FLUID
*Look for the gold coating on RUMIN FLINTS. Your lighter will WORK better.
ROCK FLINT CO.
123 Doughty Blvd., Far Rockaway, N.Y.
At Drug and Cigar Stores, PX and Ships' Service



here's how, use

VITALIS
Stimulates the Scalp
Dresses the Hair
BRISTOL-MYERS

Product of Bristol-Myers

Summer can really make trouble for your hair!

Precious natural scalp oils are baked out by the sun, washed out by showers and swims, dried out by the wind.

It'd be easy for you to wind up with the kind of dull, brittle hair that wouldn't lie down for anything less than a steamroller . . .

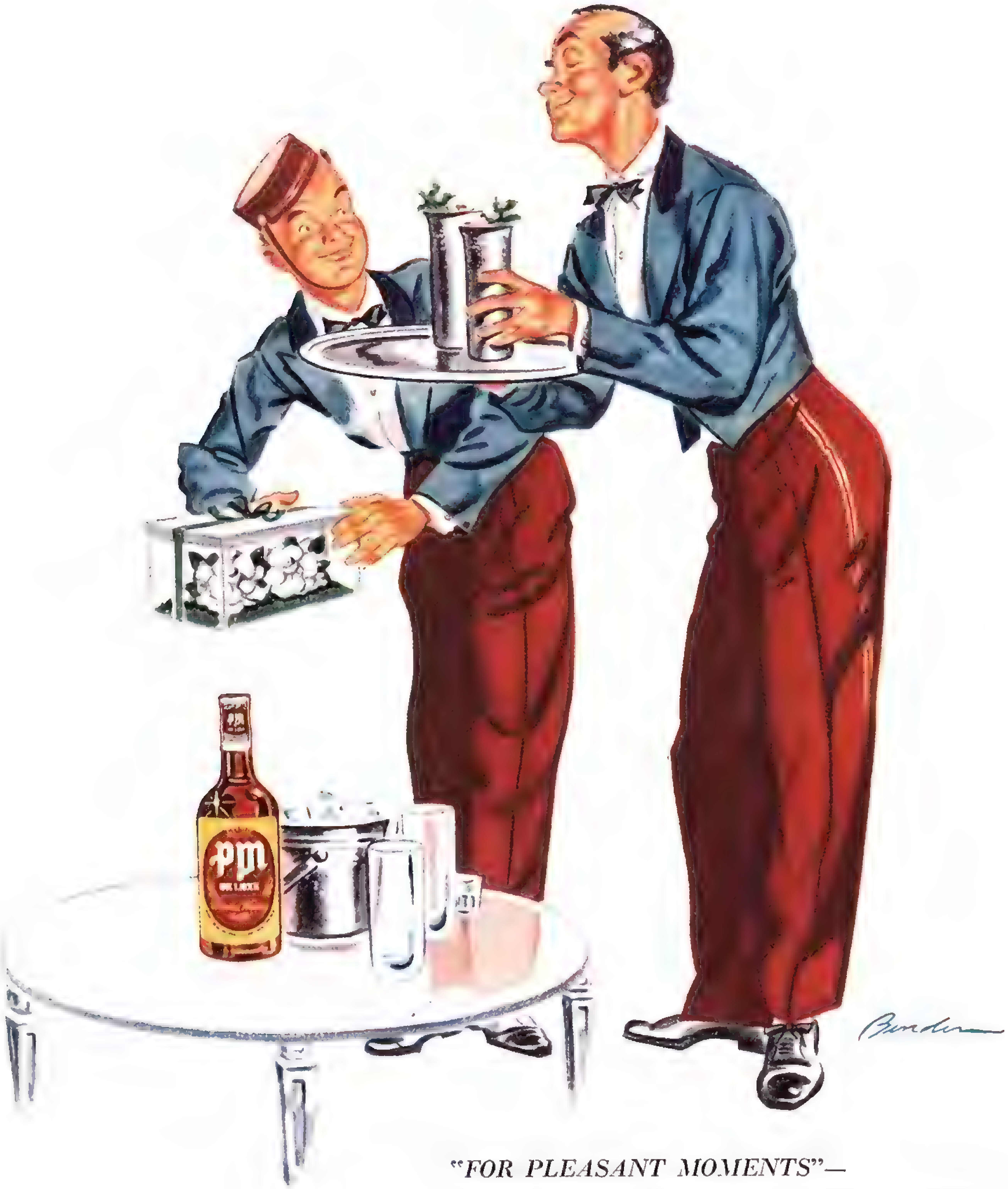
Except . . . !

Now that Vitalis is back you can "Summerproof" your hair! You can give it a fast one-two, weatherbeating workout that'll keep your hair *down*—and you handsome. Yes—handsomer than you've been in many a summer!

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. Before you exercise, take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Vitalis' pure vegetable oils help your natural scalp oils in protecting your hair. Now . . . 10 seconds to comb and look who's the handsomest man at the ball game, the beach or wherever—*You,* Friend.

2. After you exercise: Once more, Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" . . . doing a different job, this time. Vitalis helps to replace the natural oils lost to sun, wind and water. And, Man, *feel* that stimulating tingle as you work Vitalis on your scalp, routing loose dandruff, helping to retard excessive falling hair. Then comb—and you're a match for the loveliest lovely! Set to stay that way, too. Get Vitalis!



"FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS"—
Could anyone find a more pleasing prospect than this?—
Two frosty silver tumblers, fully half an hour tall . . .
Two waiting chairs, gardenias . . . and PM!
PM DE LUXE, whose mellow perfection
has become the Popular Marvel . . .
Here's liquid gold, on its merry way to the mint!

IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING

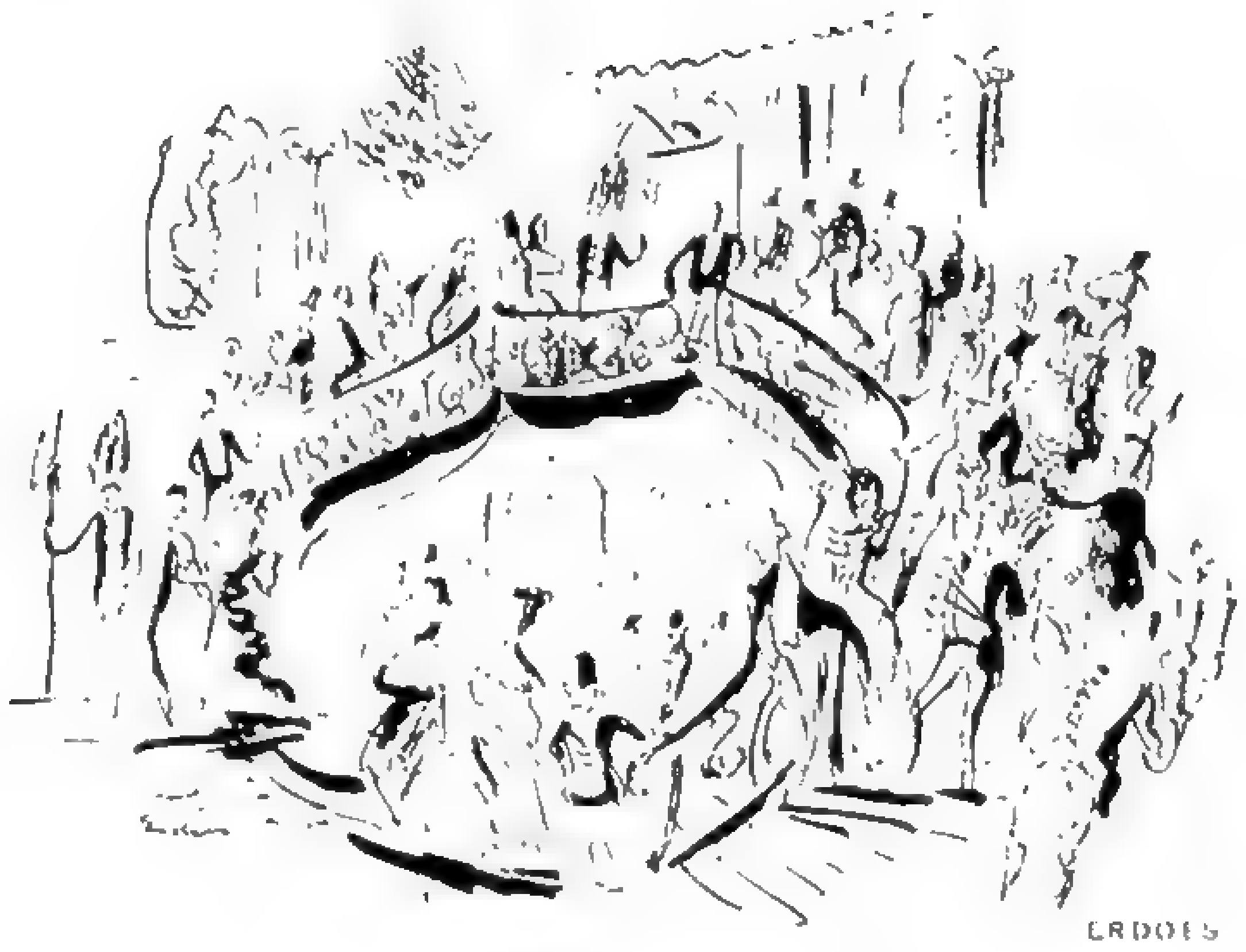
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York.
Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 71% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Blackie knew the Archduke could never win fame, fortune and a Steinway grand without a genuine Hollywood build-up

The Emperor's Smile

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

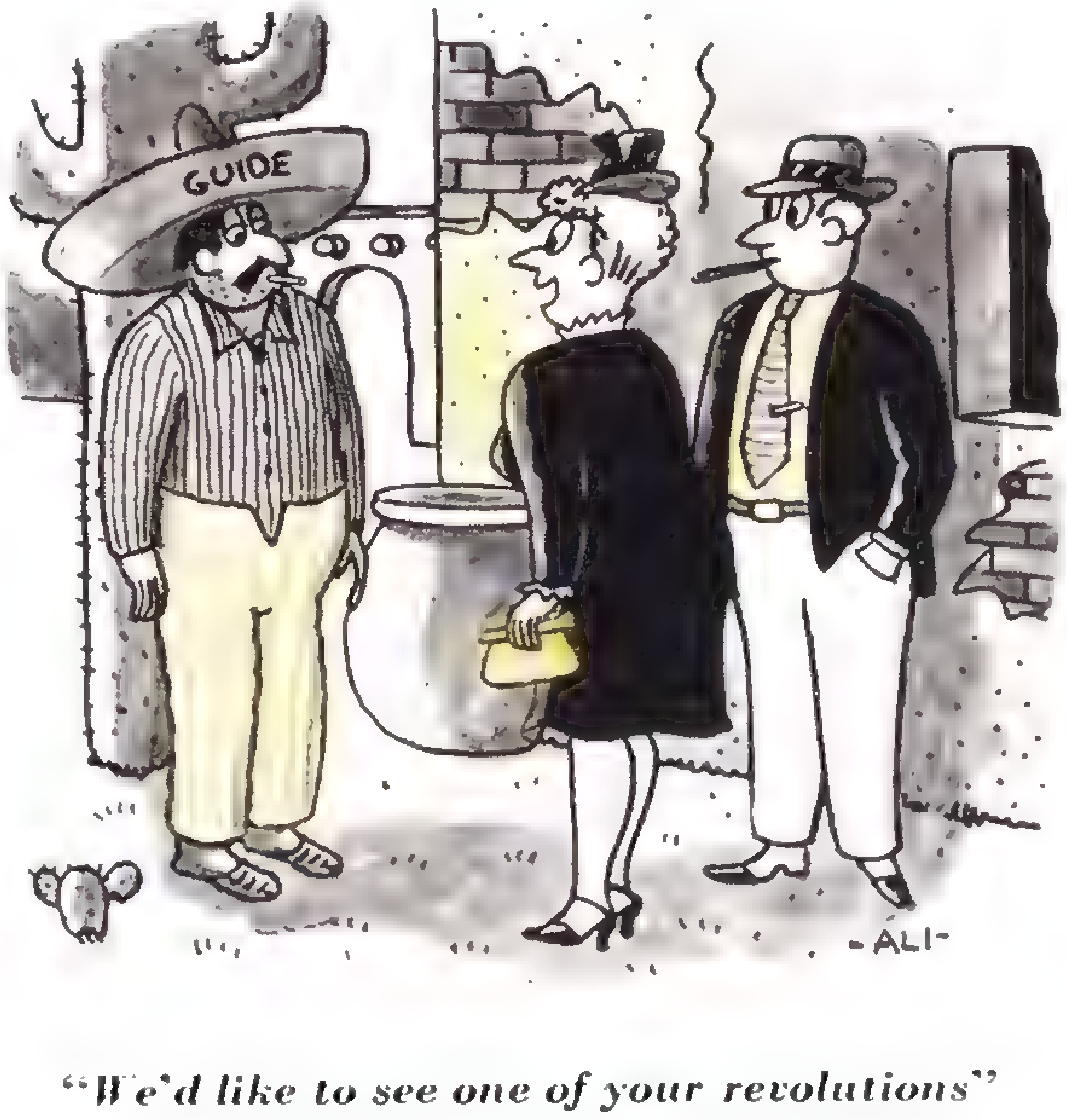


I MET the archduke at the *Music Club* in Hollywood one day in 1937. I don't remember the day or the season. There are no seasons in Hollywood except the racing season and the raining season. The days go by, filled with sunshine and emptiness. The houses were very white in the glaring light. The orange groves in San Fernando Valley were beautifully green, but the oranges in the super markets were of inferior quality and expensive, and so were many of the people.

I had heard of the archduke when I was a boy in Europe. At that time—before 1918—I didn't ever expect to call him by his first name. His picture appeared in the newspapers with pictures of other members of the *Hocharistokratie*. Editors all over Austria-Hungary hated to print those pictures but they had to. He was an authentic Austrian archduke, with a family dynasty going back to the turbulent Middle Ages, a couple of degenerate cousins and three uncles, all morphine addicts. He once told me that his happy childhood memories were overshadowed by the long years in exile, when he lived with his mother at a modest *pensione* on the Lake Lugano shore in dignified starvation. He was quiet and shy in a nice way, wore his dark-blond hair parted on the right side and looked good even after three o'clock in the morning. There was a trace of melancholy on the ground of his dark pupils. He liked skiing and playing the piano and he did play it very well. He wished he'd be rich enough one day to afford a Steinway grand. It had to be a Steinway, he said.

He didn't come to America to lecture on The Mayerling Tragedy or to tell the women what hats they should wear after breakfast. He hated publicity. He said he came because he felt young enough for a new start, though he was old enough to know that a bank account of, say, five thousand dollars would have helped matters considerably. As it was, he was glad to get the job with Ferdl. Ferdl was an old piano player from Vienna. He had come to this country a good many years ago and was an American now, but he didn't look it. He had sloping shoulders and a grey mane all over his forehead. He reminded me of someone I've seen in the *Encyclopedia of Music*, between Franz Liszt and Henry Charles Litolff. He'd been a famous *Schrammelmusiker* in Vienna's Grinzing suburb, where people went to drink *heuriger* wine, listen to the music of Strauss, Lanner and Lehár and kiss pretty women, preferably not their own. He remembered having played for the old *Erzherzog*, the archduke's father.

"He used to come there with a plump little blonde. After the second glass she would start crying and opening the crossed ribbons of her dirndl blouse. Your father had a hell of a time to tie up her blouse again." Ferdl stopped and looked extremely unhappy. "I am sorry, *Hoheit*. I guess I—I shouldn't have told you."



"We'd like to see one of your revolutions"

The archduke smiled. "That's all right, Ferdl, and please don't call me *Hoheit*. This is America, you know. . . . Everybody knows about Papa's escapades. My mother said she couldn't understand why he always picked them plump and small. He liked *her* to be tall and thin."

The archduke told me how he chanced to meet Ferdl. One evening he sat in a dingy little place on New York's Third Avenue. It was called Little Danube, for no reason at all. The checkered tablecloths were spotted and full of cigarette holes; there was a dire lack of breathable air, and a Mexican cook whose *Schnitzel* was less Viennese than the breaded veal cutlet at the cafeteria across the street. The archduke had just been through a turbulent month of receptions and deceptions. He had been entertained by two United States senators who were interested in the restitution of the Austrian monarchy, a high church official, a former Austrian composer whose last operetta was a flop on Broadway, the Friends of Austria, and the Friends of the Austrians, an Austrian skiing champion from the Arlberg now making a fortune at Lake Placid, a Viennese surgeon and seven Viennese psychiatrists, the latter hating one another violently. The archduke smiled.

"Everybody had been exceedingly nice and exceedingly vague. Now I began slowly to realize that starvation in New York would be less dignified and a good deal more uncomfortable than at the Lake Lugano *pensione*. Ferdl was terribly nice.

" 'I'm taking a job at a small Hollywood night club where I worked once before!' Ferdl said to me. 'They want the kind of music they think is Viennese. I've got to leave New York because Poldi, my wife, can't stand the climate here. You're going to meet Poldi. She's a wonderful wife and the greatest cook both sides of the ocean. Wait until she makes you her *Nussbeugerln*, *Sachertorte*, *Strudel* and her wonderful *Kaiserschmarrn*. They got two pianos at that Hollywood joint, so we can both make Viennese music. After midnight we'll play nice things for ourselves, a Beethoven sonata and Haydn and Schubert, *vierhaendig*. Nobody'll bother you and some day you may wind up in the films. They make lots of Austrian films there, *The Blue Danube* and *Fledermaus* and *Viennese Nights* and *Walzertraum*, and they need people like you to act as technical advisers.'

"It sounded nice though it wasn't exactly what I had expected when I came to America," the archduke said. "I didn't want to be a technical adviser on *Viennese Nights*. I wanted to be left alone and play my Steinway—after I got one. But somehow working with Ferdl seemed more pleasant than becoming a skiing instructor for that man at Lake Placid or to lobby in Washington for the restitution of the mon- (*Continued on page 162*)

The war had taken everything and she thought she couldn't re-enter a normal world—until she met this American

Without Identity

by ROBERT KEY

THE open truck was moving unevenly over a narrow paved road that wound among the fresh green wheat fields and hilly black forests between Ulm and Stuttgart.

Whenever it slowed to cross a trestle bridge, paralleling one of the bombed-out ones, the men could talk without straining their voices. Some of them were watching the medal worn by the lieutenant. A little earlier they had seen a general pin it on him and other medals on about seventy soldiers.

"They cheated you, Lieutenant," one said. "I distinctly heard the adjutant say Silver Star over the mike. That one is bronze."

"No, it's a Silver Star," the lieutenant smiled. "That's the way it looks—made out of bronze with a small silver star at the center." He returned a weary glance, reflecting the tight apathy of the other faces crowded and jostling. He looked up absent-mindedly at a mass of dark green fir trees on a hillside, thinking, *"Any of them deserve as much, or more—but I got it. What the hell! More points."*

Then his attention focused on a bus ride he had taken in Alabama when he had been a Pfc. He had not had the audacity to sit beside a woman who had greatly fascinated him but, two seats back, he had studied her profile for thirty miles and remembered a fetching look she had given him when she got off.

She wore a Marine Corps bracelet on an arm which was exquisitely shaped and she had on a white blouse and a dark skirt. She was rather short but gave the appearance of tallness with a feminine sort of fullness and vigor. She had starry grey eyes. He remembered she had turned back and looked directly at him with an expression almost of dismay before stepping off. He could have reached out in the bus and touched her hair and he remembered how it had looked, a dark and luxuriant background to a fine small nose and a spirited mouth.

The next day he had read in the paper that a young woman fitting her description had accidentally drowned in Mobile Bay. A day later the paper carried her picture with the caption that she was the wife of a Marine sergeant who had been killed at Tarawa.

The lieutenant had waked in a sweat many nights remembering how she had looked at him when she had stepped off the bus, and one night in a foxhole near the Siegfried Line the thought of her had been, strangely, consoling and also horrifying.

Since he had never spoken to her and she was dead anyway he had forgotten the name in the paper but as each day went by the memory of how she had looked became more intense.

I was a fool not to have followed her, he thought. I could have touched her—and yet to me she had no identity.

Trying to stretch his legs in the crowded truck, he reflected. And just to think of it—there she was, and I didn't say a word to her. I might have spoken.

When the truck carrying the soldiers reached Schelklingen, Lt. Howard got off at the battalion command post. The men, members of the rifle platoon he had led through three campaigns, felt a comradeship with him, and one of them spoke as he stepped from the truck.

"Cheer up, Lieutenant."

"I'll see you tomorrow at reveille," he smiled.

He wished that more of them had got rewards. Now that the fighting was over, a decoration would have made them feel better going home.

Walking toward his quarters he thought it ironical that he was alive. He had got the Silver Star for stopping an enemy tank with a .45 caliber M-3 submachine gun when the tank blundered into his platoon in a defile. Despite its returned fire he had forced it to button up and eventually one of his men knocked it out with an H-E rocket.

I did that because there was nothing else to do, he thought, yet on the bus in Alabama I didn't have the nerve to sit by that girl.

The road on which he walked was narrow, made of cobblestones, with hay wagons drawn by flat-uddered milk cows passing, and on each side of it were stone houses from which Germans and various displaced Poles, Russians and French gaped at him.

Though many of them might have felt unhappy in their own circumstance, obviously they did not share his melancholy. Some looked at him with hostility. He had to police them from the streets at night and it was a bore to feel their stares.

To escape them his mind dwelt on the girl on the bus but the thought of her simply increased his loneliness. He told himself it was not good to think of her, yet there was a strange consolation in it.

Here out of all eternity had been a person with whom he might have communicated a common hope—or a sublime emotion. Who knew? By some trick of coincidence he felt that her eyes had held a promise and that she had recognized some indescribable quality of living which might have been magnificent. But why should he be haunted by that?

He walked into a two-story masonry house, from which a week before he had dispossessed a family of Germans, and was greeted by another officer in the living room who was drinking a glass of whiskey.

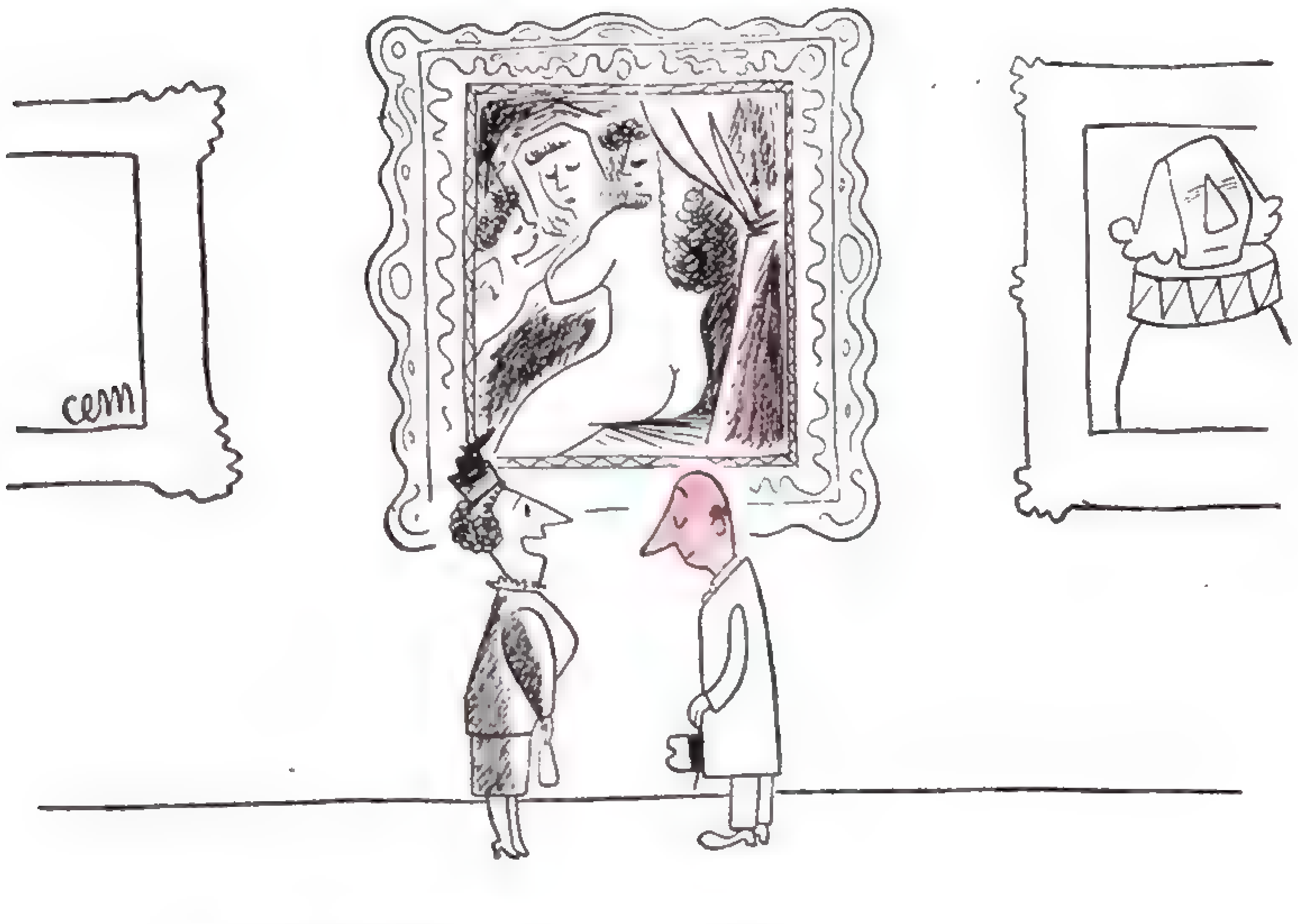
"How's she going, Howard?" the other asked.

"We've won the war," Howard said. "I guess we shouldn't gripe about having to stay over here a few years."

In his bedroom he unhooked the medal from his blouse and pinned its equivalent ribbon next to a Purple Heart and an ETO ribbon with five battle stars and an Invasion Spearhead.

A fragment of shell had struck him in the leg at Salerno and he remembered how, lying in the hospital two weeks, he had felt a great serenity in the sight of the bare rocky mountains out across the valley from his window.

Now in Germany the mountains were rich and green and when he looked out of the window at the hill behind his quarters he saw the ruins of an ancient stone castle and the fir and pine trees on either



"Why Samuel, you're blushing!"

side of a gravel path winding up through the trees. But there was no peace here. He felt a sickness of spirit because the young woman on the bus now was in everything he saw.

He was unable to sleep that night from thinking of her. The next day he took the company on a ten-mile march and at each rest period he felt the evanescent quality of her presence stop from its march also and pause consolingly, but hopelessly, near him.

Aware that he was losing control of his imagination, but unable to prevent the physical power of it, he went to extreme measures to regain his composure. He volunteered for extra tours of OD, extra time in the athletic program and taught English and history in the I and E school.

"What are you bucking for?" the captain asked.

"As long as we know we'll have to stay over here we might as well work at it."

There was a dance at the officers' club one night and Howard volunteered to bring a truckload of nurses to it. But their familiar American idiom and polite warmth of companionship simply lent life to the apparition of the young woman on the bus, and they were so different from her that, like the girls who wrote letters to him from home, they intensified rather than assuaged his loneliness.

He felt that he had lost his identity with the living objects, individuals and routine daily adjustments around him. Frequently he strolled up the wooded path on the hill behind his quarters, and one evening, stopping to look at the wheat fields in the valley below, he was shocked by the sensation that he had simply appeared here out of darkness, that he would soon disappear into a dark nothingness, like an extinguished candle flame, and that the only thing holding him on the planet was the law of gravity.

He heard voices behind him, a few evening strollers from the conglomerate mixture of nationalities in the village. Some were Polish who lived in the displaced personnel barracks. A few G.I.s moved around in secret rendezvous with Fräuleins.

He turned toward the path, thinking he would walk up to the castle. Just then two women approached from the bend behind a tall fir tree near the path. He thought they were Germans.

"*Guten Abend*," he heard himself saying. Then he froze in his tracks. One so closely resembled the woman on the bus that she could have been taken for her identical twin. His composure, outwardly, surprised him. Mentally he thought he would burst.

"We are not Germans," this girl said. "How do you do?"

"May I walk with you?"

They simply stared. The other girl was tall and thin with a masculine nose. He thought she looked at him with hostility. The one who might have been a twin to the one on the bus studied him with indifferent interest. The two women exchanged knowing glances.

"As you can see, we are out for a bit of air," the twin said, with a London textbook accent. "We shouldn't mind it if you want to come along."

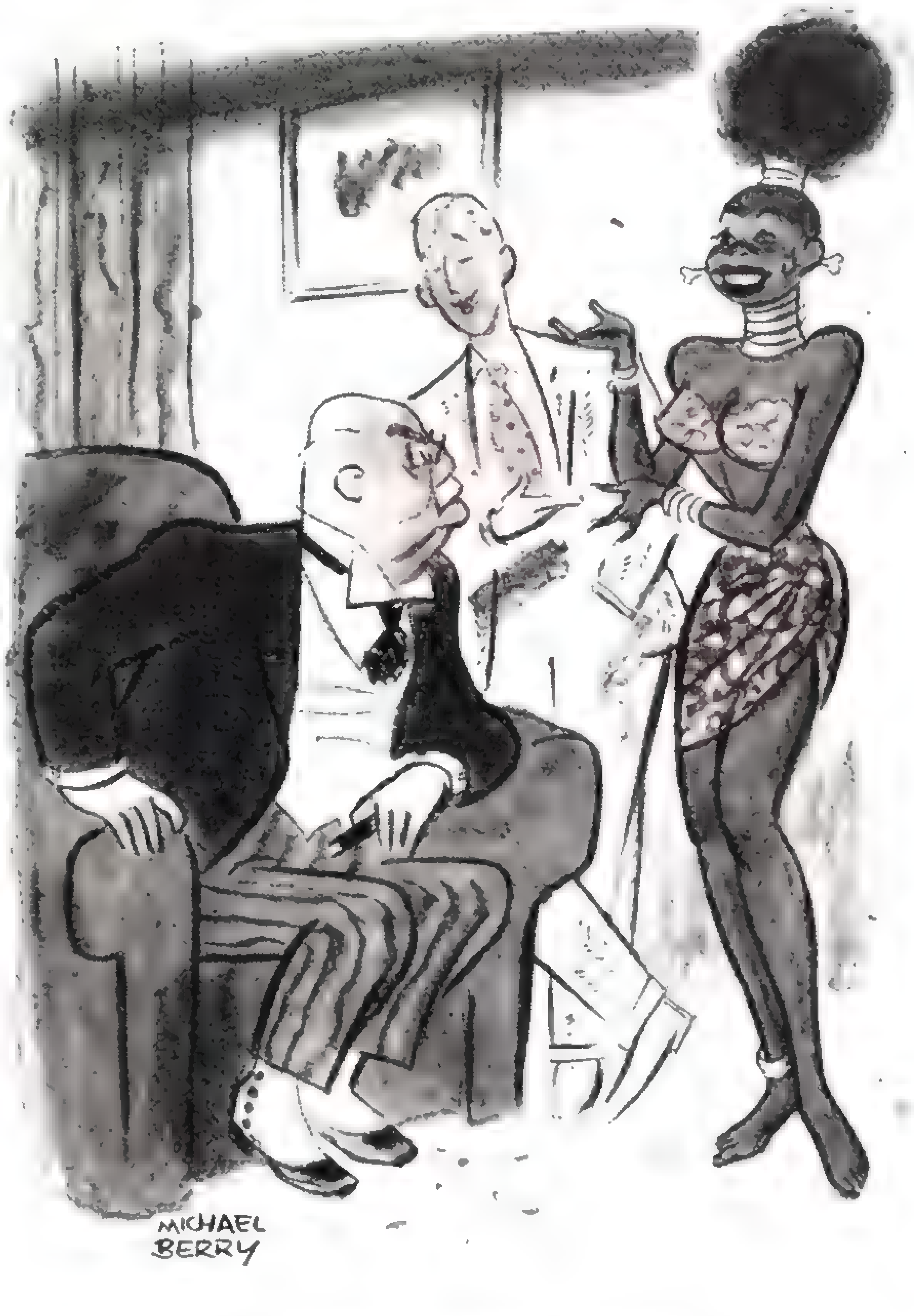
He could feel the pounding of his heart in his chest. "What nationality are you?"

"Polish." They lived at the Polish barracks, she said, walking slightly ahead of him. They were in Warsaw when the Germans came through and had been bombed out. In Germany they had been shoved from one place to another. No, they were not waiting to return to Warsaw. Like a lot of them, she did not know what they were waiting for. She said it with sardonic emphasis.

Walking one step ahead she had not looked at him a second time, but rattled off this information mechanically. Her friend, the thin woman, apparently could not speak English. He had the impression they were accepting his company through coercion, since he was one of the conquering Army.

"You are sorry the Americans came?"

"Oh, no." She turned to look at him for the first time. "The war was a horrible thing. We are glad it's over." Her voice took on a musical quality. The woman on the bus might have talked in that tone, and he felt it was she who was talking, except for one difference. She was looking in his direction, with clear grey eyes, like the eyes of her duplicate, but not at him. Her eyes never met his in a straight focus. "If you had not come, conditions here might have been much worse," she continued with an articulateness which was pleasant to hear. "The Russians and the Germans would still be fighting."



"Here's the little woman, dad—didn't I tell you she was different?"

They came to a ledge on the hillside by a willow tree where they stood in silence looking down at the valley. She broke off a switch from the tree and brushed at the ground in apparent meditation. She held it with long delicate fingers. Her arms were graceful and a bright red bracelet emphasized the clear texture of her skin. She was vigorous but with neat lines. She wore a white cotton dress which seemed to have become cleaner and whiter and tighter on her body from many washings. She wore wooden-soled slippers with red canvas straps and they clicked sharply on the rocky ledge as she moved her feet, her dark hair in a wave down below her shoulders in the back.

With the perverse and illogical thought that she might fall from the ledge, he reached out for a handful of her hair involuntarily and smoothed it with his fingers. "Do you use a comb or brush on it?" he smiled in outward composed innocence.

She flicked her head like a colt, rearranging her hair in the back, and smiled knowingly at the thin girl who was now sitting down with her arms around her knees.

"You think we are a couple of pickups," she said, with that flat unfocused stare. "Back there you thought we were Germans, and that would have been all right—for you in the American uniform? You were going to pick us up." There was a vitality in her face and while her nose and mouth were delicate there was a spirited and rich quality in them, like a young animal's, and also a kind of corrupt glitter in her attractiveness, like sunlight on a flower growing too near the highway.

"Oh, I'd have picked you up, whatever your nationality."

"So you do think we are pickups."

"That is your own way of saying it."

He wanted to bait her to hear her talk, but apparently she felt he was crowding her too closely. She looked down into the valley where even now after sunset women were harvesting wheat, and on the tiny white road between the fields they could see that nameless procession of lost people, some walking with heavy packs, others on bicycles or pulling carts into the village.

How did she differ from the woman on the bus? Physically he could see no difference. But the woman on the bus, as his memory pictured her, had lacked the tainted glitter. There had been a healthier look in her eye, a look of honest mystery like the reflection of a bright landscape or a note in music. Why? What had she seen in him? Had a freak of circumstance simply placed the identical expression in his own eyes which she had reflected?

It was disconcerting that the woman in front of him refused to focus her eyes clearly onto his. Why? Did he frighten her for some personal or vague reason or was she simply bored with him, a total stranger who could not possibly interest her?

Her companion got up and they said something in Polish.

"We'll have to go now," she said, looking around and beyond his eyes, but not shyly. Instead there was something hard in her look, indifferently glittering and evasive. "It was nice meeting you."

"Oh, I'll walk down the path with you," he said.

Already devising new ways to meet her, he told himself that whatever she thought of him he could worry about it later.

Her name was Enid and her companion's Martha, she said. Her last name was so difficult to pronounce that he forgot it. Would she meet him on the hill tomorrow? She didn't know. It would depend on whether she felt like taking a walk tomorrow. But if she should, and he was up there, that would be nice.

He went up to the hill early the next morning and waited till dark. She didn't come. The following afternoon he went to the door of the Polish barracks and asked for (*Continued on page 148*)

Sailing in San Francisco Bay

The artist painted this authentic view of the Bay and the Golden Gate Bridge in a nostalgic mood of reminiscence

SAN FRANCISCO is one of those queens among cities which men remember. Like other royal towns, she is various things to various men—to some, the view from atop the Mark; to others, Chinatown; to still others, the water front.

Melbourne Brindle, who painted the nostalgic scene opposite, cherishes many memories of San Francisco, but the one most fresh to him is the splendid Bay as it looked on late summer afternoons with the yachts gliding smoothly over it just to the lee side of the Golden Gate Bridge.

However calm his recollections of the Bay, the last time Brindle went sailing there in his brother's thirty-five-foot schooner he floated prow first into trouble. A gust of wind coming down off the hills caught him by surprise and before he knew what was up, he found himself holding the tiller with one hand and his wife, who had been washed over the side, with the other. In spite of this rather traumatic experience, he maintains the Bay is not really treacherous when you get to know it. Although he hasn't been back since 1941, he still prefers it to Long Island Sound where he says the sailing is fine but the scenery just can't compare with the magnificent color and grandeur of the California hills.

He chose this present memory of the Bay for Esquire because his fancy is taken with the contours of the hills as they come down to the water and the theatrical *savoir* of the sun as it sets behind the Golden Gate Bridge. To his mind, the scene pictured here is perhaps the most attractive San Francisco has to offer the sight-seer, either afloat or on shore. The painting is in every respect a labor of love.

The boats portrayed are star class, and he chose them because they are the kind most frequently seen in the Bay area. Brindle feels these boats are actually a part of San Francisco. The wealth and accuracy of detail evident in the picture stem from his belief that a painting must be authentic. Technical features have been painstakingly checked to please the most demanding yachtsman. Although he is distinctly aware that a painting should not be slavishly photographic, Brindle insists that it must be absolutely correct in every respect.

"I make certain it is authentic," he says, "and then I think in terms of design—the pattern of the foam and waves, the curve of the hills and the sails."

He suspects that the painting grew out of his intense nostalgia for San Francisco where he grew up. Even at this relatively late day, the walls of his New Canaan, Connecticut, home are adorned with paintings he has done of the Bay area, and he professes a profound love for the fog that comes in off the sea on summer afternoons.

His deep affection for San Francisco is rather unusual when it is considered that he didn't have his first view of the Bay City until 1918 when he arrived with his mother, four sisters and two brothers from Dromana, across the bay from Melbourne, Australia, where he was born and for which he was named. His father came to the States in 1914 to paint the walls of the Australian Building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, found California to his taste and decided to stay. As an artist Brindle's father was principally interested in color and design, devoting the last twenty years of his life to researching the possibilities of color.

Melbourne knew from the start he was going to be an artist when he grew up. His talent was first recognized in the one-room schoolhouse in Dromana where the teacher used to prop him upon a chair and have him draw pictures on the blackboard for the rest of the class to copy.

"I was," he says matter-of-factly, "the best drawer in the school and I knew it. I never had any doubts about being an artist. I drew easily, I was observant and I remembered everything. My father sometimes said he thought I had a camera stuck up in my noodle."

Without ever having taken a drawing lesson in his life, he arrived in the United States at the age of fourteen—a raw, green kid, and a foreigner at that—ready to make his fortune at the easel. His father was amenable to the idea and gave him the choice of going to school or going to work.

"It was an easy choice," he recalls. "I never liked school. I had a teacher in Dromana who used to beat me with a strap and I never forgot that."

His father decided he ought at least to get a little practical training before he set out to wrestle with the artistic world and sent him to night school to learn lettering. Studying something as prosaic as lettering proved far too unexciting. In a week he was sick of it and devoted his class time to drawing locomotives and sailboats. Eventually the elder Brindle found out, extricated him from school and told him the time had come for him to hit the pavement in search of work.

Once face to face with the prospect, Brindle found it a bit unpleasant.

"I was scared," he says. "I'd never been on my own before and I was afraid to go up and ask anybody for a job."

His father was adamant, however, and he finally mustered the courage to go to O'Connor-Moffatt and ask them to give him desk space for two weeks, at the end of which time they could hire him if his work was satisfactory. With nothing to lose, the store gladly accepted his proposition.

This assignment on speculation paid off handsomely. When he left O'Connor-Moffatt in 1929 to go off on his own, he was art director, having moved up from a bottom job as show-card letterer through the advertising department to his own studio to the top art job in the store.

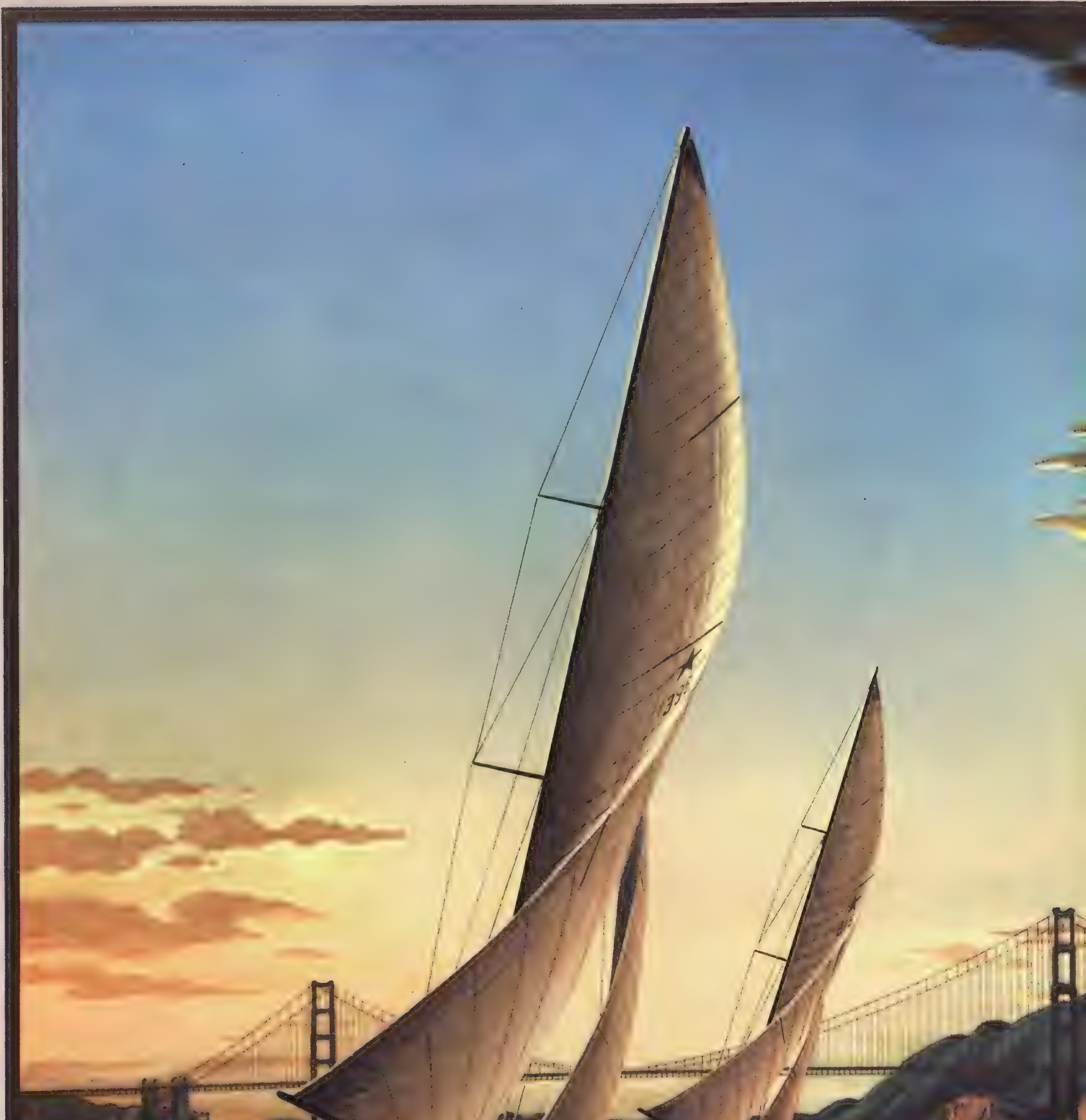
In 1929 he opened his own free-lance studio, but in 1933 he decided that he needed more technical experience and joined a San Francisco advertising agency. His work there proved extraordinary for in 1935 and again in 1938 one of his black-and-white drawings won the Art Directors' Club medal. Since then, his reputation as a commercial artist has been firmly established.

By this time New York, the commercial-art mecca, was beckoning, and on the insistence of his agent, Jim Perkins, he came East, promising himself that he would go back to San Francisco in five years. For two years he lived in Gramercy Park and then took his family to New Canaan where he built a house and studio three years ago. He never has quite managed to return to the Coast and now feels that he is an Easterner with a Western memory. Nevertheless, he is quite content with his New Canaan life—chopping wood in his back yard, riding over the Connecticut countryside on his collection of bicycles, toying with his pistol collection, wandering among his dogwood trees of which he is especially proud, and puttering with his old cars.

The automobile hobby started when he was a boy in San Francisco. "Back in Australia we had never owned a car," he remembers. "For that matter, we had never even seen very many. And then we came to America and found you could get one for about 400 dollars. Naturally we got one."

That car later developed into the famous Brindle Brothers Special—the BB—which became in time, and with transfusions of spare parts, the Rolls Royce they coveted but could not afford. Pictures indicate that the Brindle Brothers Special came pretty close to a Rolls at that, and it had six forward speeds which no Rolls ever had. The car collection now includes a Crane-Simplex and Brindle is trying to get his hands on a Stevens-Duryea, which he says is a "real car."

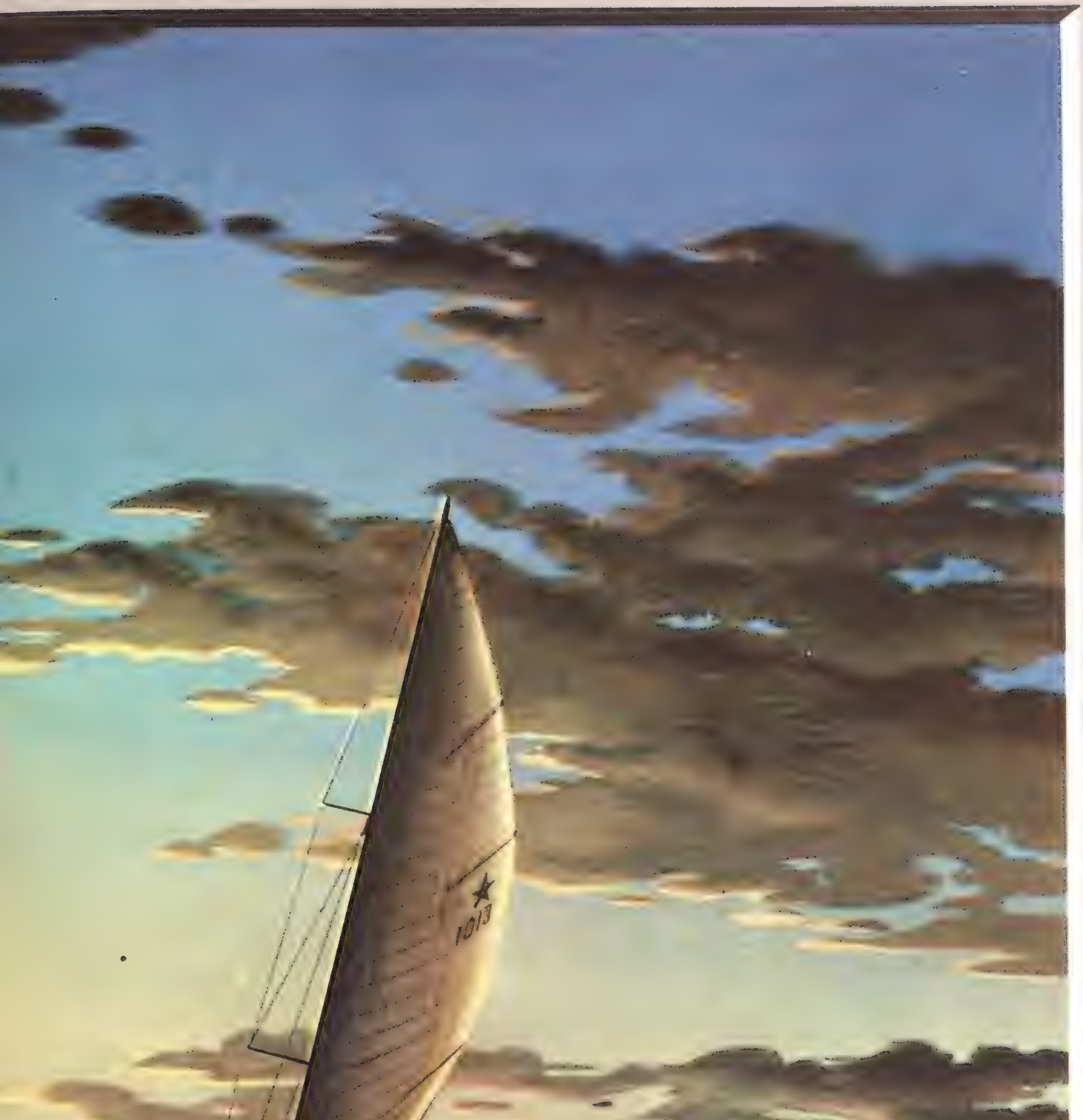
Brindle is a lean, handsome, fiftyish man with a shock of grey hair and a ruddy face. Very unpretentious in his habits, he likes to spend his time in old, rather nondescript clothes, preferably a loud, checkered lumberjack shirt and G.I. pants. He prefers to work in his garden during the day and likes to do most of his painting in the evenings. ##



© ESQUIRE, INC., 1946

SAILING IN SAN FRANCISCO BA

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUI


1013
Melbourne Brindle

Y by *Melbourne Brindle*

RE

Notes for a Letter by WALTER BENTON

Spring came this year and spring is gone—
like the Cinderella princess,
like the one and only dream girl met turning a corner
at the Mardi Gras* . . . and I, too drunk, too starry-eyed
to ask her name, to lift her anonymous mask,
to slay her guarding dragon lover—

forever and ever gone . . . taking her eyes, her smile,
carrying away in her soft arms nights and nights of love—
kisses and kisses, in her mouth.

I only know of spring the small white fragrant bells
you loved, tall slender forsythias,
the jonquils with yellow honeyed throats to bring you.

I only know of spring the bright, the pastel green
the russet patterned cottons you wear.*

The first flush of the sun blossoming your body
into pink dogwood and the almond rose—
sweet under my lips with the live sweetness of milk
and fragrant with the fragrance of ripe fruit in the sun.

only know of spring the graceful indolence of you
lying relaxed, breast to the sun,
arms free where they fall,*
your face small
like a girl's first valentine upon the pillow.*

Juxtaposition of the ballooned fatigues the Pacific
laps up some cursed beach
with great gathering clumsy hands like a bashful lover—

and you alive in a sweet lake
water flowing smoothly
around your elongated thighs . . . nipping your arms
and multiplying your dimples—*

is like a tabloid's composite headline of murder and love.

But as men wade ashore some islet meant for a picnic only
to die on the sunny sand meant for building castles,
love enters the mind
invariably, like a child toddling out into heavy traffic—
and anyone in his last spare moment
will pause to pick it up and hold it.

And it is wonderful,
like feeling sudden pain in a paralyzed body.
Because you were love . . . and kinder, kinder than love—
love and concern and quiet understanding,

**. . . and you alive in a sweet lake . . water flowing smoothly around your elongated thighs . .
nipping your arms and multiplying your dimples . . .*

because you were love,
love and sweet arms holding me deeply—
questing lips blossoming warm kisses on my mouth,

I shall remember you as long (and longer, longer)
as many like you and I, on an ending week-end
evening, walk
in wordless love the intimate Manhattan streets—
MacDougal and Eighth,
Bleecker and Bank and Christopher . . . and Patchin
Place,

in spring's blue sunlight or in warm fine rain,
by the blackout dark or in the bright and open lights—

gone or returning . . . at sea or in the clouds,
on Europe's wasted continent
or some unhappy, disemboweled island, off broad,
brooding Asia.

It rained last night,
passing through an old, stone-mouldy village—

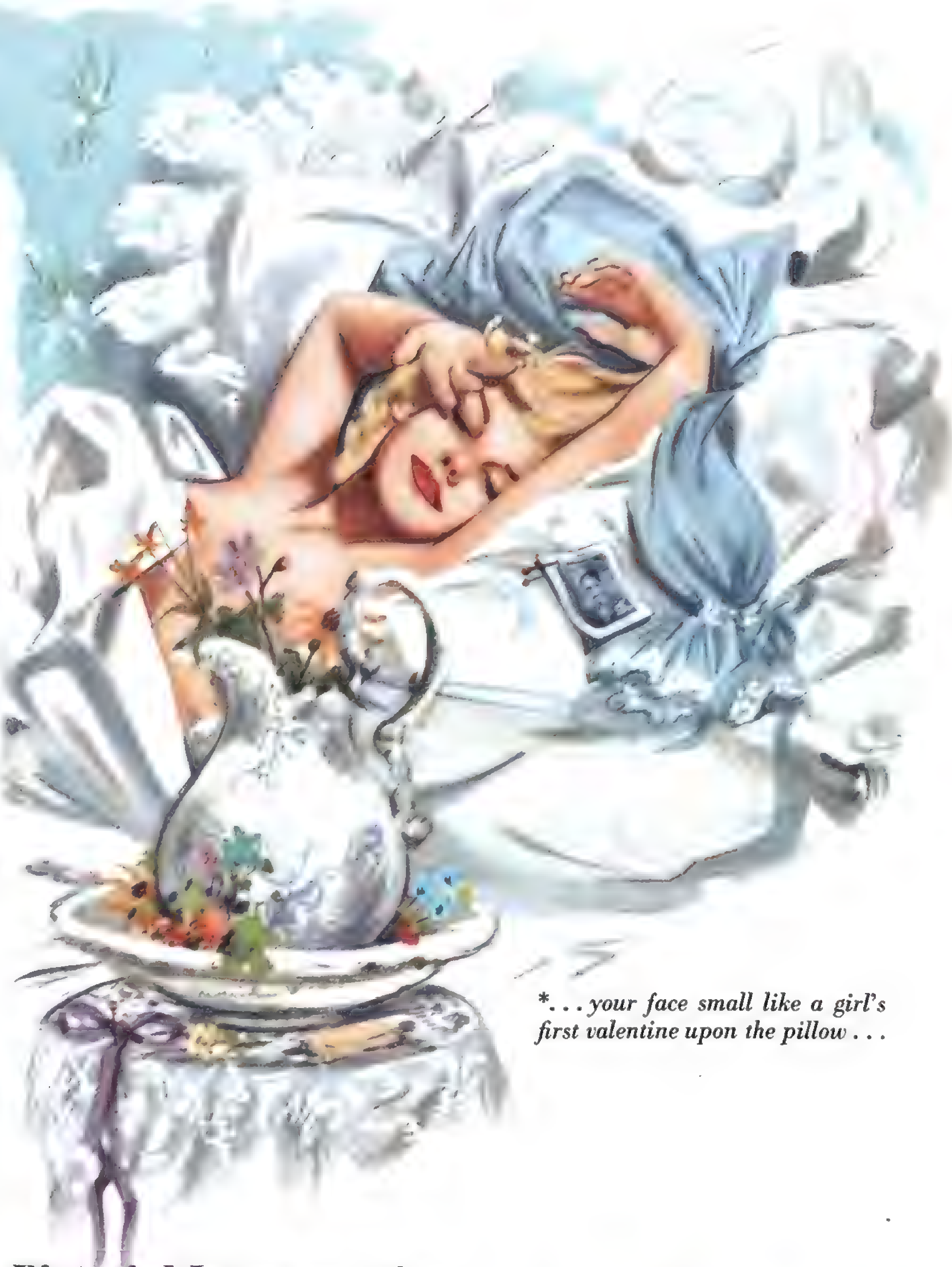
warm, fine, spring rain . . . like the rain we ordered
another night
(the great blue starry bubble night we rediscovered
love).

I write this because
there is an ever-green garden of days and nights like
this
in a small light cloud just above my eyes—

and because tonight,
after another lost day and a profitless mail call,
I wished this promise into my notes of you:

that each night's love you shall lay aside for my
return—

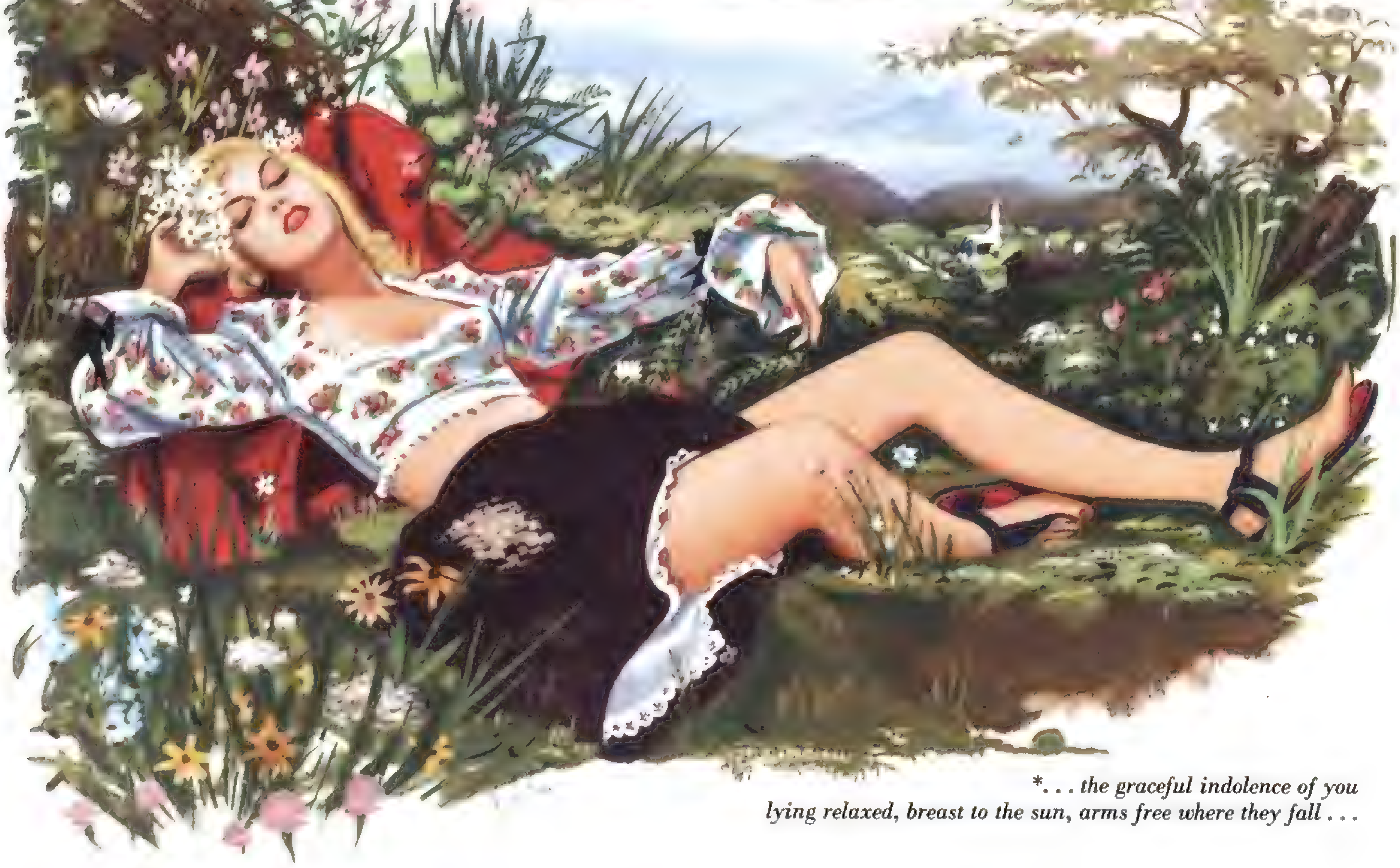
O, then . . . across the oceans and the continents
would be
barely the length of your beloved arms.
For you are my anthem and my flag—
my creed, my country . . . and all my gods.



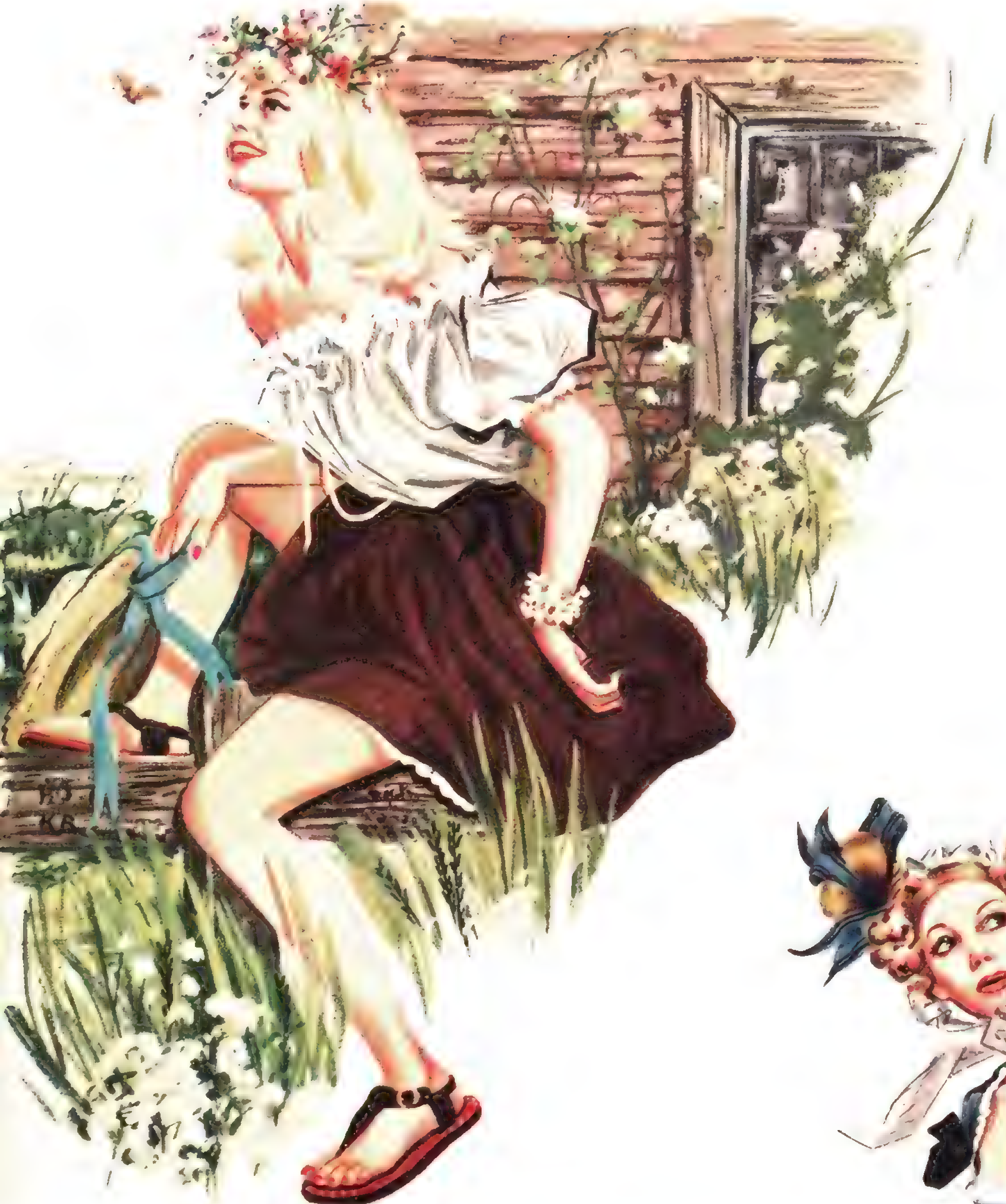
**. . . your face small like a girl's
first valentine upon the pillow . . .*

Pictorial Interpretations

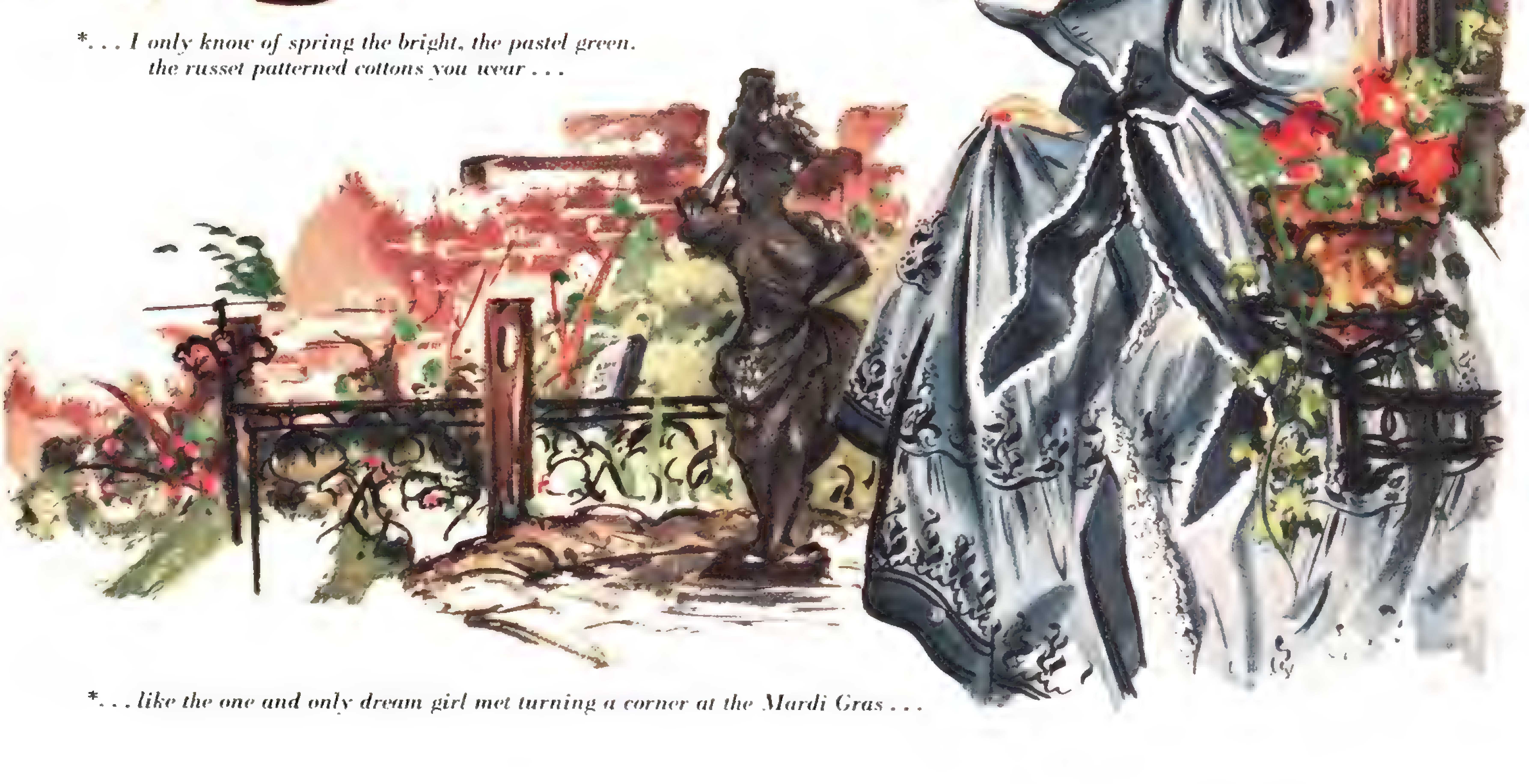
by J. FREDERICK SMITH



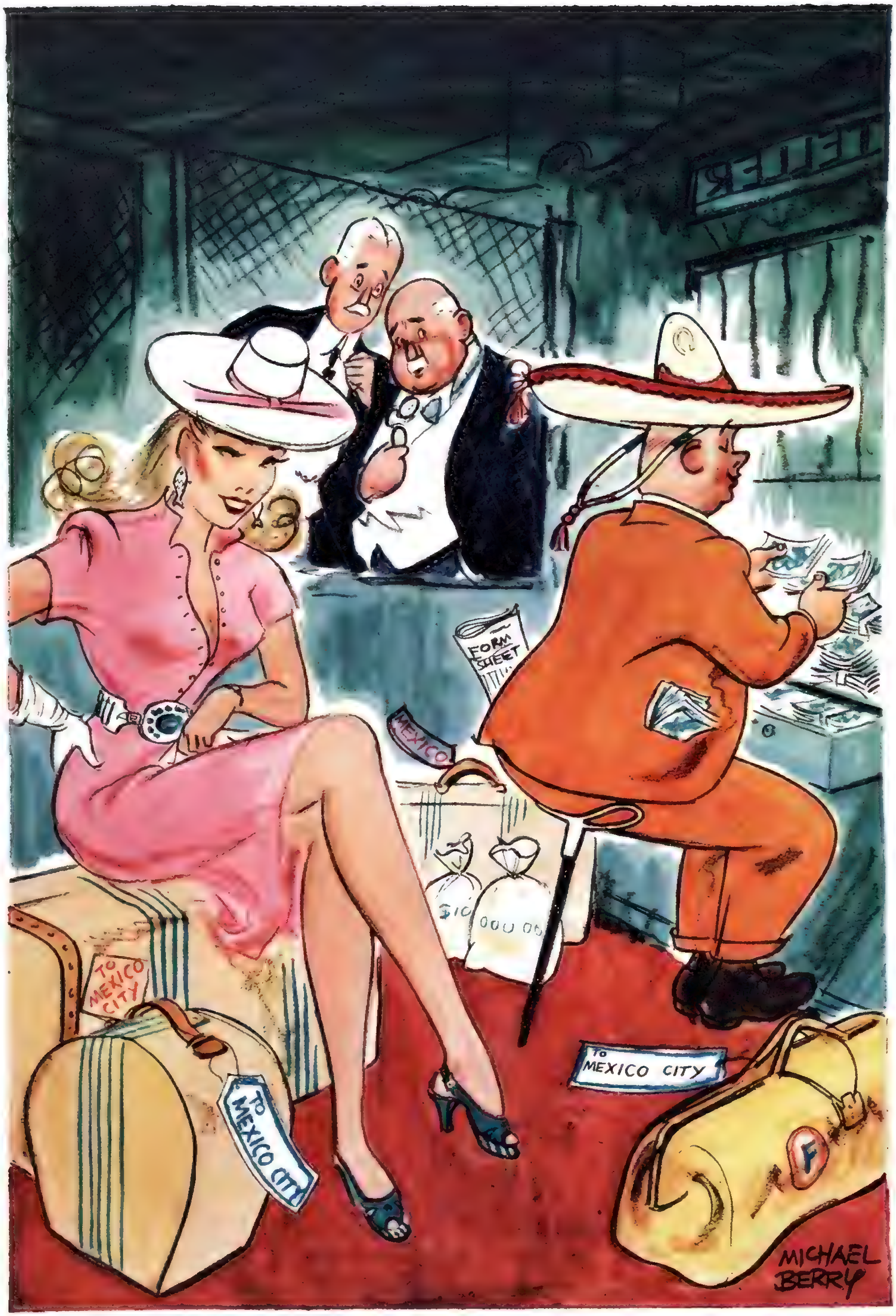
**. . . the graceful indolence of you
lying relaxed, breast to the sun, arms free where they fall . . .*



. . . I only know of spring the bright, the pastel green, the russet patterned cottons you wear . . .



. . . like the one and only dream girl met turning a corner at the Mardi Gras . . .


TELLER
FORM SHEET
MEXICO
TO MEXICO CITY
TO MEXICO CITY
TO MEXICO CITY
$10
000 00
F
MICHAEL BERRY

"Now, let's not be hasty about this—he did have excellent references"

Win, Place and Show

A look into the mind and habits of the little man at the two-dollar window who gives his all to the ever-loving ponies

by WALTER STEIGLEMAN

MORRIS

This is the second of a four-part series on horse racing by Walter Steigleman, who, besides being a pragmatic student of the sport, is a member of the faculty at Indiana University. As a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Steigleman once shocked some of his examiners by submitting a thesis on the betting side of racing. But these gentlemen finally decided that even if his subject were a novel one in academic circles, his investigations were thorough and his conclusions sound. Known as America's No. 1 horse race authority, Steigleman has written articles ranging from popular exposés to sociological studies of betting. —***The Editors***

HISTORIANS who like to write about elder statesmen sitting on park benches feeding peanuts to pigeons and advice to members of Congress have overlooked one of the nation's great financial sages.

Instead of holding court in the sun of Lafayette Park, this genius of facts and figures presides over an elevator in a Washington hotel. Each year when the horses come to near-by Bowie and Laurel to display the results of their improvement, senators and congressmen consult the financial wisdom of this wizard of odds.

Any day that man's good friend is giving a public exhibition, a committee-size quorum of Senate and House members suddenly decides to see the taxpayers of Maryland about a horse. These senators and representatives help to make up the 19,000,000 persons who each year pay their way into tracks to make a personal inquiry into the health of the horse.

Since 1920, when racing became "big time," the complexion of the crowd at tracks has changed as much as the line-up of delegates at a peace conference. Once track patrons would have no more thought of going to the races without cutaway coats, diplomat pants and silk topper than the manager of a fifty-cent movie would of showing up on bank night without a tuxedo. A program, a pair of binoculars to study form on the back stretch and on the ladies' balcony of the clubhouse, and a walking stick were standard equipment for the well-dressed turf enthusiast. But the little man who wasn't there in the good old days now has found the buried-treasure map and knows all the short cuts to the track. For today's crowds at the races have one or more of everybody, taking advantage of their constitutional guarantees of life, liberty, and the pursuit of something good in the fourth.

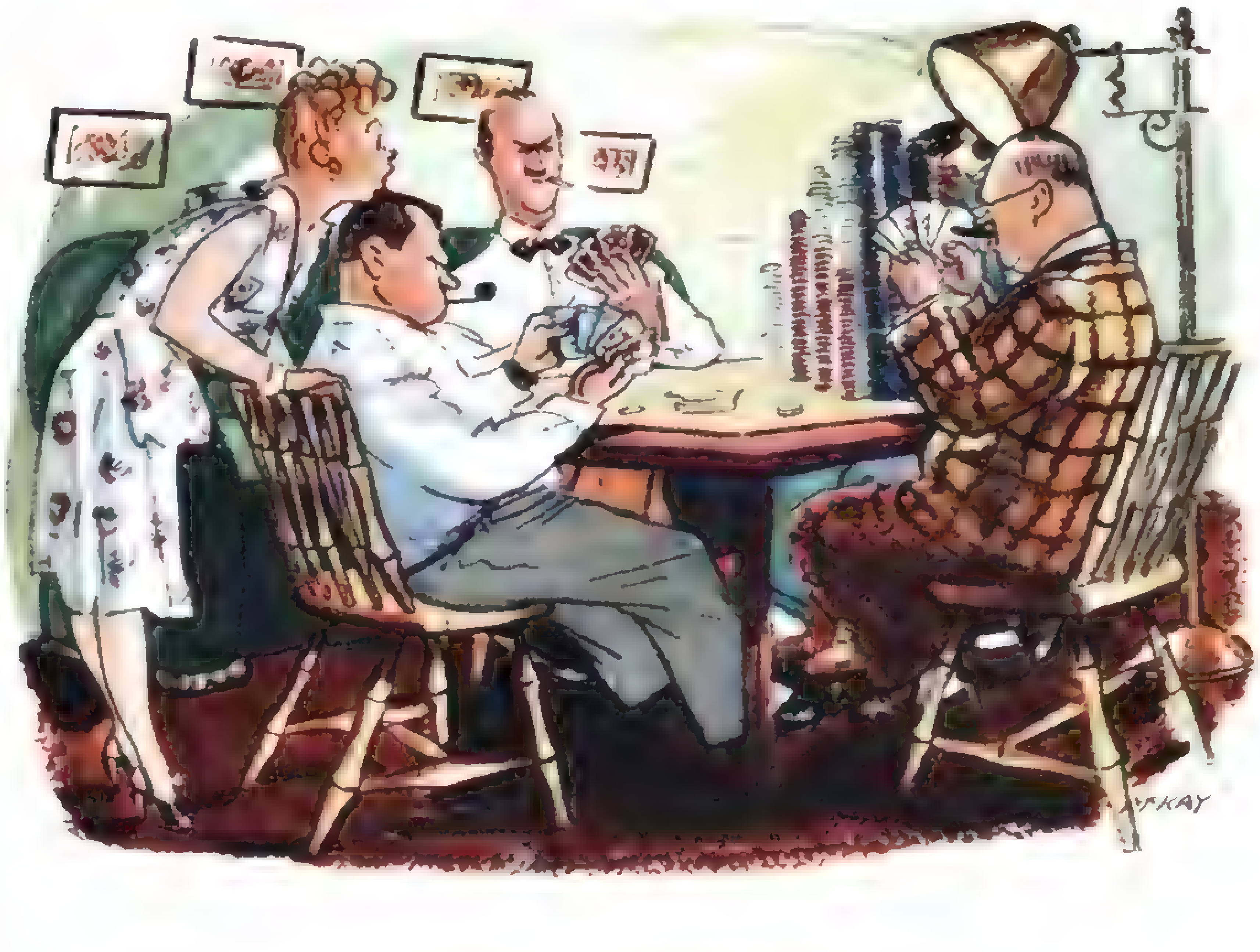
Their equipment has changed, too. Walking stick, top hat and field glasses are no longer standard accessories, for spectators reach the track staggering under a load of racing papers, scratch sheets and tout cards. They don't care if Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt enjoyed her sojourn at Cannes or Nice unless the Mediterranean sun sharpened her eye for picking winners.

Horse players today are of two types. There are those who like to watch their investments from start to finish. They go to the track. This first group is greatly outnumbered, however, by the 1,000,000 or more players who have no more interest in the extra-curricular activities of their investments than the stockholders do in the daily schedule of General Motors vice-presidents until it comes time for dividends. These are the men and women who daily make one or more bets through the nation's 15,000 bookmaking parlors. While the crowd at one track is hearing the mutuels sing a 2,000,000-dollar tune, handbook patrons, with all tracks to choose from, pound out 10,000,000 dollars daily on the bookies' anvil chorus. Many of the bookie customers are in "track-locked" states miles from any horses except those in front of milk wagons. They know only two things about a track—it is either fast or slow. But these handbook horse players depend on their brothers who like to go to the scene of action. For it is the little fellow with two dollars in his pocket and optimism in his heart who keeps the tracks going. Every weekday he and his brothers in arms, reinforced with 500,000 dollars' worth of government printing, fight their way into the tracks. Every time they dump their hope chest into the mutuel machines, the state and track slice off seven-and-a-half to sixteen per cent, plus breakage. By the end of the day, the 500.000 dollars, after spinning around for eight races, looks like a cotton shirt homeward bound from a cheap hand laundry.

Although business at the ten-dollar, fifty-dollar, and 100-dollar mutuel windows has boomed in recent years like football bowl games and radio quiz programs, the little fellow who steps to the window with two dollars, the standard unit of trading, is still the man who talks loudest at the tracks. Even in New York, which long ago evicted the goose that laid the golden eggs and converted his coop into horse stalls, the heaviest betting is done at the two-dollar windows.

Counting Aunt Matilda, who stops playing after her two dollars in the first race winds up on a horse of another color, and the player who likes the more intelligent conversation at the fifty- and 100-dollar windows, the average fan bets thirteen dollars a race and during the afternoon feeds the mutuel kitty with a saucer of cream just under 100 dollars.

Who is this fellow who comes to the races with his two dollars to invest in what he hopes will be a profitable venture for both man and beast? Tracks formerly were not curious who he was as long as he came wearing his pants with the deepest pockets. Recently, however, they decided to look into his habits, ambitions and stamina. At the risk of starting some wheezes about a gallop poll, it can be said that tracks have undertaken surveys to learn more about this strange creature who always seems to find just two dollars more in



"Anyone I know, dear?"

the lining of his socks. An eastern state with pari-mutuel betting recently hired a research agency to see if anything more could be learned about him aside from the fact that he is tall enough to reach the mutuel windows and strong enough to shove his two dollars through the wicket. The results, which many skeptics incline to believe are as reliable as a tip on the Kentucky Derby a month before post time, produced these facts, with weather clear and track fast:

1. Racing is supported by the middle-income group.
2. The average person attending a race is a man or woman (they can't miss it here), who is married, a church member, and goes to the track only once a year.
3. Racing is not supported by the so-called race fan. (He probably plays at the bookie's and lets his average brother and sister get trampled at the track.)
4. The average person who supports racing makes no profits (this time they have a sure thing), is perfectly willing to pay for the privilege of attending the races and the privilege of wagering, provided the cost of this privilege is not too high. (And provided, too, he can always find something else at home to hock.)

Racing, called by some turf authorities a morale booster in war and an anti-inflationary measure in peace, received a new twist in a survey made for a New England state racing commission by law-enforcement authorities in the area where a track is located.

With faces as solemn as the granite of New England hills, the commission's investigators reported they had interviewed all classes of people at the track. They found the patrons who went to the mutuel windows were neither gambling nor betting their money foolishly, and eighty per cent belonged to some religious faith. (It is hoped one whose teachings are based on tenets more substantial than the past performances in the *Racing Form.*)

The investigators also marveled at the care and kindness shown the horses by the workers around the stables, but there was no conclusion as to whether homebound fans shared in this gentle passion for man's good friend. Crime did not increase during the nine weeks the track operated, it was reported, and drinking was orderly although the historic document did not explain if this referred to decorum or to the manner in which the customers marched to the bars.

Veterans of the turf are more amazed than the horses at the new horde of racegoers. Gone are the big plungers such as Chicago O'Brien, Bet-A-Million Gates, Pittsburgh Phil and some of the tycoons of industry and commerce, who bet 50,000 dollars or more on a horse and then stood at the rail as emotionless as a government-bureau chief processing the claims of a taxpayer.

The mutuel machines have taken off the polish from such big transactions because nearly one-fifth of his money would be lost to the plunger as soon as he shoved his cash through the window. Then, too, 50,000 dollars would pull down the price of his selection by what the economists call the theory of diminishing returns, but which big turf gamblers dismiss as "iron man robbery."

Besides, income tax investigators now stand at the fifty- and 100-dollar windows ready to congratulate all big winners and shake their fingers in one of those friendly, "Now don't forget us on March 15, pal," gestures. For no one takes a keener interest in the rapid improvement of the breed than the gentlemen of the Internal Revenue Department.

Today's plungers generally are radio and movie stars and other celebrities who are inured to ten per cent through long dealings with booking agents. Stories such as those of the movie actress who lost 25,000 dollars at Santa Anita or the radio star who is reported to be 50,000 dollars in hock to the horses, are frequent, but they still can be billed only as amateur night.

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who for half a century has been coaxing horses to show good report cards to the judges, shakes his head at the crowds streaming from trains at New York tracks.

"They pour off trains, buy a tout sheet for a quarter or half a buck, and hustle inside to get down their bets. Some of them buy three or four of these tout sheets and how they ever arrive at a selection is beyond me. They'll bet on anything, too. You can take a brewery horse, enter him in a race against Man O' War, and you'll find hundreds betting on the truck horse."

Sunny Jim is speaking words of more than academic interest. Consider the following story told by another old-time horseman. In order to get some uniform classification among cheaper horses, tracks schedule claiming races. Each owner puts a valuation on his horse by entering him for a specific price. He knows that anyone who deposits that sum before the race with the track secretary can claim the horse. An owner who valued his horse at 2,500 dollars would not enter him in a race in which the top price allowed was only 1,500 dollars for fear of losing him. Instead he would wait for a race with a top price of 2,500 dollars.

This old horseman, temporarily without a tenant in his stable, had his eye on a particular equine. But the track rules permitted claims to be entered only by owners of other horses running at that meet. To fulfill this requirement, the horseman went out and for fifty dollars bought a fugitive from a glue factory which had been running at smaller tracks without ever seeing the front end of any of his competitors. As the horses tiptoed past the tote board, the yellow lights on the pool figures showed 5,000 dollars had been wagered to win on the fifty-dollar horse. After the horse ran last, his owner donated him to a riding academy and led his new charge back to the barn.

The direction in which a fan heads as soon as he is admitted to the track as a spectator in good standing tells more about him than the questionnaire he filled out for his draft board. For the stranger finds himself in Babel land when he enters the gate. He hears such words as post, odds, scratches, overweights, whip, spur, blinkers, claiming, stakes, allowances, handicaps, apprentices, post position, barrier, gate, paddock, stewards, outriders, objections, declared, and more new words than the first time he had a spat with his wife. After trying to digest this verbal barrage he listens with relief to the sound of such familiar words as hot dogs, mustard and men's washroom.

The first stop of the fellow who has served his track apprenticeship is a little box or stand just inside the gate where he buys a ten-cent program and a pencil. Some players believe it is good luck to buy a new pencil every day and some are forced to because they have eaten it by the time the eighth race heads postward. At that, it is thirty cents cheaper than a track sandwich and probably more nourishing.

Watching the amateur horse expert work is a lesson in psychology. The first step in his handicapping operation is to look over his racing paper to make a preliminary check of the entries en route to the track. This is the hunch period during which he makes mental note of the horses he might play. Usually they are the animals he bet on before with good or indifferent results or horses that his Uncle Louie wagered on but never heard from again. No matter what happened to the horses before, they are sure-fire hunches today. If they lost, the player reasons they are "overdue" at the judges' stand. If they won the last time, they are certain to repeat.

The program lists the horses that are to start in each race together with their post position, jockey, weight and more vital statistics than the F.B.I. digs up on a Japanese spy. Horses are entered by

RINKER

Ethel Smith: Speed queen of the keyboard

A T.N.T. charge of talent and personality, Ethel Smith grew up in Pittsburgh to become God's gift to the Hammond Organ. After pumping away on a Carnegie Tech pipe organ, she discovered that the lightning action of the new little electric organs made possible her brand of foot-and-finger virtuosity. She does all her own arrangements, is celebrated for her sambas and rumbas. Rio went crazy over her during her Copacabana engagement. She's a serious student of Latin rhythms and has a rare collection of percussion instruments. Often at parties she gives each guest a drum and teaches him a simple beat. Then, with Ethel at the organ, they knock out jungle jive. You've seen her in movies—but you just haven't seen anything till you catch this 5'2", 110-pound blitz on the golf course.

their owners twenty-four to forty-eight hours before the day of the race. The owner then has until 8:30 a.m. of race day to withdraw or scratch his horse if the animal tells him he'd sooner go to a movie that afternoon. After that hour, a horse must race or present a reasonable excuse to the stewards in his own handwriting. It is then up to the men in the judges' pagoda to rule if the horse goes back to bed or punches the time clock and gets to work.

Behind their stand, the judges post boards full of more information than the instructions on Income Tax Form 1040. The bulletin boards note late withdrawals permitted by the stewards, jockey substitutions and changes in the horse's equipment. If the trainer feels the horse the last time paid too much attention to the citizens in the grandstand, he may decide to put blinkers on the horse to keep his eyes looking dead ahead. If he has a change of heart at the last moment and decides to let the horse see the world, the bulletin board notes the fact that the horse will run without blinkers while the fans start a new set of figures in the hope of finding out if the horse will approve of the change.

There is not one part of the horse's anatomy or disposition that fails to find its way onto some track bulletin board. A horse receives more mention than screen credits on a Technicolor epic.

Finding a vacant spot still remained, some tracks now have a special board to record the type of shoes each horse is wearing. A white light after a horse's name means he will trip onto the track in aluminum shoes. A yellow light warns of steel shoes which are heavier. And a green light is a "to whom it may concern" notice that a switch has been made from aluminum shoes to steel or vice versa. All the player has to do then is to ask the horse what kind of shoes he was wearing when he went out for the morning paper. After a bettor blows a bet he can return to the board to check if the horse was wearing shoes or hip boots.

When a player has copied all these corrections on his program, he is ready for the serious business of the day. On a board inside the betting shed are printed the morning odds for each entry as estimated by the track handicapper on the basis of his personality test for each horse. These figures also must be copied on his program if the player is to retain his professional standing.

It's now half an hour before the first post time and the bettor hangs out the "this is my busy day" sign and gets down to intensive calculation. The mutuel windows have opened and hunch bettors and novices are already getting in on the ground floor.

But the scientific player hurries for a look at the opening odds on the tote board and records them on his program. His brothers of the hunch and hatpin can take time out now for a beer or a sandwich. The more energetic handicapper, however, hunts a quiet corner where at least two of the 20,000 in the crowd won't step on his toes, hauls out his racing paper and begins to figure. He notes what each horse did in his last six or eight races, the weight carried in each race, distance, class of competition and a hundred other items, all of which rate the horse a credit of a point or two, or a debit of a point or two as the player compares that with today's statistics.

By the time each horse has been mathematically dissected, the odds have changed again as the betting gets heavier. That means another row of figures on the program and more calculations from the racing paper because a horse might be a good risk at six to one, but becomes a bad investment if the odds change to three to one.

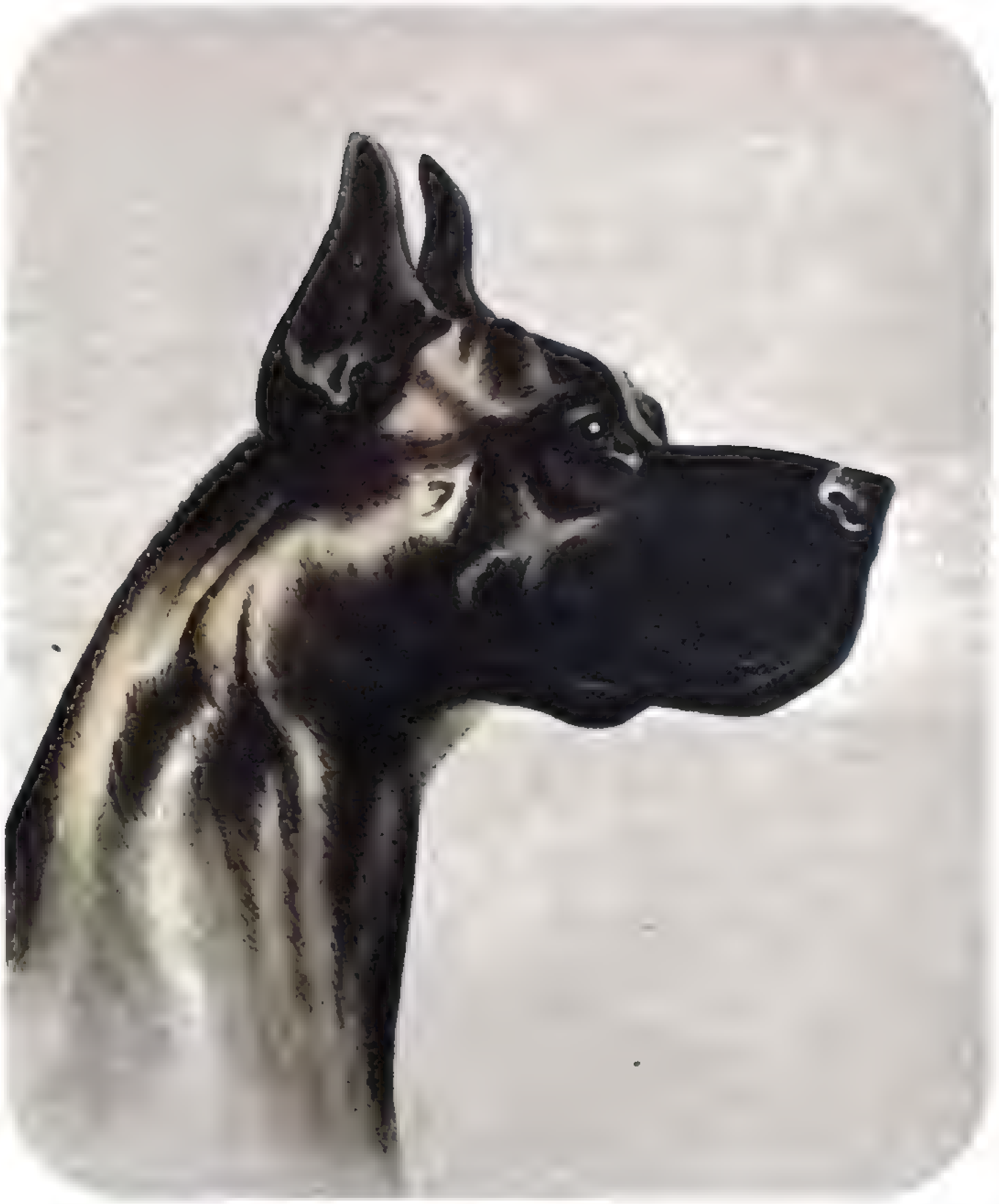
The clock says the bugle will sound in ten minutes to call the horses onto the track. The scientific player must speed up his assembly line. He must fight his way to the paddock for a look at the horses. Here is where a keen eye and long training pay dividends.

In the enclosed paddock ring, the horses are being walked around to soothe nerves and limbs and to prevent them from sneaking off and foolishly betting on themselves. Each time a horse passes, the good player makes a note of some kind on his program.

The trainer and jockey are in a huddle in the stall. A sharp eye must be kept on them for every movement might be a code as meaningful as Connie Mack waving a scorecard in his dugout. If a trainer tugs at his left ear with his right hand it may be a signal for his friends in the crowd to bet heavy or light. A plucking of the eyebrow might mean it's a good idea to reserve a spot in front of the cashier's window.

When the last horse's tail disappears out of the paddock, the good player starts adding, subtracting, dividing and multiplying all the quaint little marks on his program. Then he makes a dash for the line in front of the mutuel windows. At last he has his selection. From out of the cauldron of seething statistics he has arrived at the name of the horse which is most likely to succeed.

The brain work is done and all that remains is the mechanical job of waiting his turn at the windows. But just as he works his way to the front, along comes a good friend he met last year at Hawthorne and who just heard something good.



Champion Jansen of Brae Tarn

Owned by Robert A. Cavenaugh

Can a man ask for more dog than a Great Dane? He stands up to 36 inches at the shoulder, high enough to nuzzle your hand as you walk. He'll match your strength in a rough-and-tumble, he'll run you into the ground if you like to cut cross-country, yet his patience with children and neighboring yap-dogs is infinite. A regal giant with the muscles of an athlete, the Great Dane's dignified temperament and decorative appeal make him a favorite with others in the family. His short, glossy coat may be fawn, brindle, black, blue or harlequin. His finely-chiseled head is long and narrow with a strongly pronounced stop; his neck, long and sinewy; his shoulder blades, sloping. Originally bred in Germany to hunt wild boar, the big boy is still a fighter if needs be, but he follows the ways of peace as you like it.

The real dyed-in-the-saddle player throws away his mental brain child and hops aboard the good thing. For this is his lucky day! Then he hustles to the grandstand to watch the good thing trail the field while the selection on which he labored so long romps home by the length of a freight train. But there's no time for regrets because another race is coming up. And that means more work to be done and more friends to come along at the last minute with some good inside information.

Oh, well, tomorrow will be different. The grandmother the scientific player buried today to come to the track can be exhumed tomorrow and reburied. That means eight more chances to recoup financially while the body is growing strong in the sunshine and fresh air.

While the player at the scene of action is busy at his day's work, his brother in one of the 15,000 bookmaking parlors is not enjoying a holiday. For the bookie patron, instead of having one track to figure, must dope out the horses for every track operating that day. By 12,000 miles of leased wire, every bookmaking parlor has contact with all tracks. As fast as the odds change at the tracks, an employee of the bookie parlor records them for the scientific enlightenment of the customers. Often during the day the horses parade to the post at two or three tracks at the same time and players must show more speed than a teller giving his books the final "one-two" as he sees the bank examiner parking his car outside.

The bookie patron has fewer tools to bring along than a plumber making his first survey of a job. The track fan must buy racing papers, a pencil, scratch sheets, program, and about as much stuff as he can carry. But a bookie player moves in as lightly burdened as a regular guest of a twenty-five-cent flop house. The benevolent bookie provides half a dozen to a dozen or more copies of every racing paper and scratch sheet so that customers can share the dreams of every professional handicapper.

The odds for each race at every track are posted on huge blackboards on the wall or on large printed sheets referred to in the trade as run-down sheets. Little slips of paper and free pencils are often provided for bettors to record their wagers and hand them in. The "carriage trade" stays at home to phone in its wagers and makes weekly or monthly settlements on its accounts. The more luxurious establishments have comfortable seats and many treat patrons to soft drinks and sandwiches, probably on the theory that a full stomach dulls the eye and loosens the purse strings.

The blackboard man records the change in odds as fast as they come from every track and regularly cautions the patrons that "they're at the post in Kentucky, or Maryland, or Illinois."

The bookie patron usually has a better idea of what is going on at "the scene of action" than the man who has paid to get into the track. For when the horses break, the track fan often sees nothing but portions of the anatomies of hundreds of fans as they leap upon seats or jump up and down to exhort horse and rider to exert that last ounce of stamina. Only a few track fans actually see the position of the horses from start to finish.

The bookie customer, lolling in an easy chair if his nerves will stand it, or pacing the floor faster than the horses if he is the type who likes to ride behind with the jockey, hears the wire man call out the position of the first three horses at the quarter, the half, the three-quarters, the stretch and the finish. The customer gets a further thrill when the wire man from time to time indicates which horse is lying fourth or which equine seems to be shifting gears into high as the field rounds a turn.

Practically every bookmaking parlor will accept one-dollar bets and many will take fifty-cent wagers so that the patrons can get more action for the same price than the man at the track who must bet in multiples of two dollars. And after the races, they have time for a game or two of pin ball and can still make it home for dinner without penalty from the wife.

In most cities, the bookie concession is held by one man who controls the wires for that town. In turn, he leases wire service to other bookies or he may employ them on a commission basis.

The "czar" pays all overhead and all winning bets, and the lessee receives five cents on every *losing* dollar. The "czar" in turn buys the city wire franchise from a national organization with headquarters in New York City and branches in larger metropolitan areas. No modern press association has more complete equipment for transmitting news than does the central wire headquarters. Press associations, which boast that when Hirohito fell off his white horse they had a flash going 'round the world before his Imperial Carcass hit the ground, are matched by this organization which flashes to every bookie a horse's burp before the animal closes his mouth.

Bookies in most cities travel in the best circles, belong to the exclusive clubs, take part in civic affairs and contribute liberally to every movement to make their city "clean and beautiful." Their sons go to Harvard and Yale, their daughters to Bryn Mawr and Vassar.

"Good morning—Jones' Antique Shoppe"

Just how much money bookies net is a question that the Secretary of the Treasury can't answer, even with the help of Form 1040. One of New York's leading gentlemen devoted to helping the public improve the breed is reported to have netted 30,000,000 dollars in the last twelve years. Bookie parlors with a daily play of 30,000 dollars are common in many large cities, and it is a fair estimate that ten per cent of the money handled becomes profit.

Two bookies operating a partnership in a city of 75,000, where a "czar" and four other establishments also are open for contributions toward improving the breed, yearly pay taxes on an income of 20,000 dollars each, although their minds probably are as elastic as prewar tires when they sit down to fill out their returns. The owner of a newsstand in a small Chicago hotel handles bets just as a convenience to his customers. In order that his customers need not feel ashamed of him, he drives a better make of auto than any of them and sends his daughter to an exclusive finishing school.

In Philadelphia, two bookies with claustrophobia operated in an alley right off Market Street downtown. They employed two men with detective badges to keep the curious moving so that customers would not be distracted in their intensive perusal of racing papers. When Philadelphia police finally caught up with such important chores as chasing baseball-playing kids off the streets or issuing warnings about walking on park grass, they called upon the bookies in their official capacity. They reported the firm was doing a business of 1,000 dollars daily, but now the partners, after a 100-dollar treatment in magistrate's court, have been cured of their love for sunshine and have moved indoors.

Legislatures which have made bookies illegal in all states but Nevada apparently never have gotten around to telling police about it. Or perhaps the statutes were written in too-fine print.

In most cities, police and bookies from time to time put on courtesy gestures. Bookie patrons suddenly are notified that business is over for the day and the bookie employees, after shooing out their customers, wait for the law to make its regular inspection and even help police fill out a report that everything is as clean as the tooth of a hound who brushes his molars faithfully.

One Illinois city of 35,000 counts periodical fines from bookies as part of its regular revenues. Each bookie knows he will be raided every month and that his fine will be 500 to 1,000 dollars. On judgment day he is raided, the papers take proper notice of the event, the bookie puts up the cash, and the next day he makes his apologies to his regular customers for the interruption of business.

Bookies in cities where tracks are operating or which are close to tracks often have a tacit agreement to accept no bets on those home tracks. Customers can play any other track they wish but home-town pride forces them to go out to their own meet if they desire to contribute to the breed there.

Several states, including New York and Illinois, have considered legalizing bookie betting, but the bills always stop like a quitter in the stretch. Race tracks, through their national association, are one of the stanchest opponents of the move to permit any legal contributions to be made toward the horse's health except those properly mixed with the iron of the mutuel machines. They don't want the horse to get so strong that reformers can climb up and take a ride on his back. Besides, they feel it is not fair to the horse if Little Joe from Utica can reap the benefits of the mare's improvement without coming to the track and contributing toward his hay and carrots.

Reformers from time to time force a raid upon a particular bookie and then gleefully chalk up another notch on their little tin spear. But the next day or two, the bookie is back in business, the customers are milling about for last-minute hunches and business goes on without even any alterations. For with billions of dollars at stake, neither bookie nor customer worries about Sir Galahad on a charger unless the horse looks good for a top claiming race.

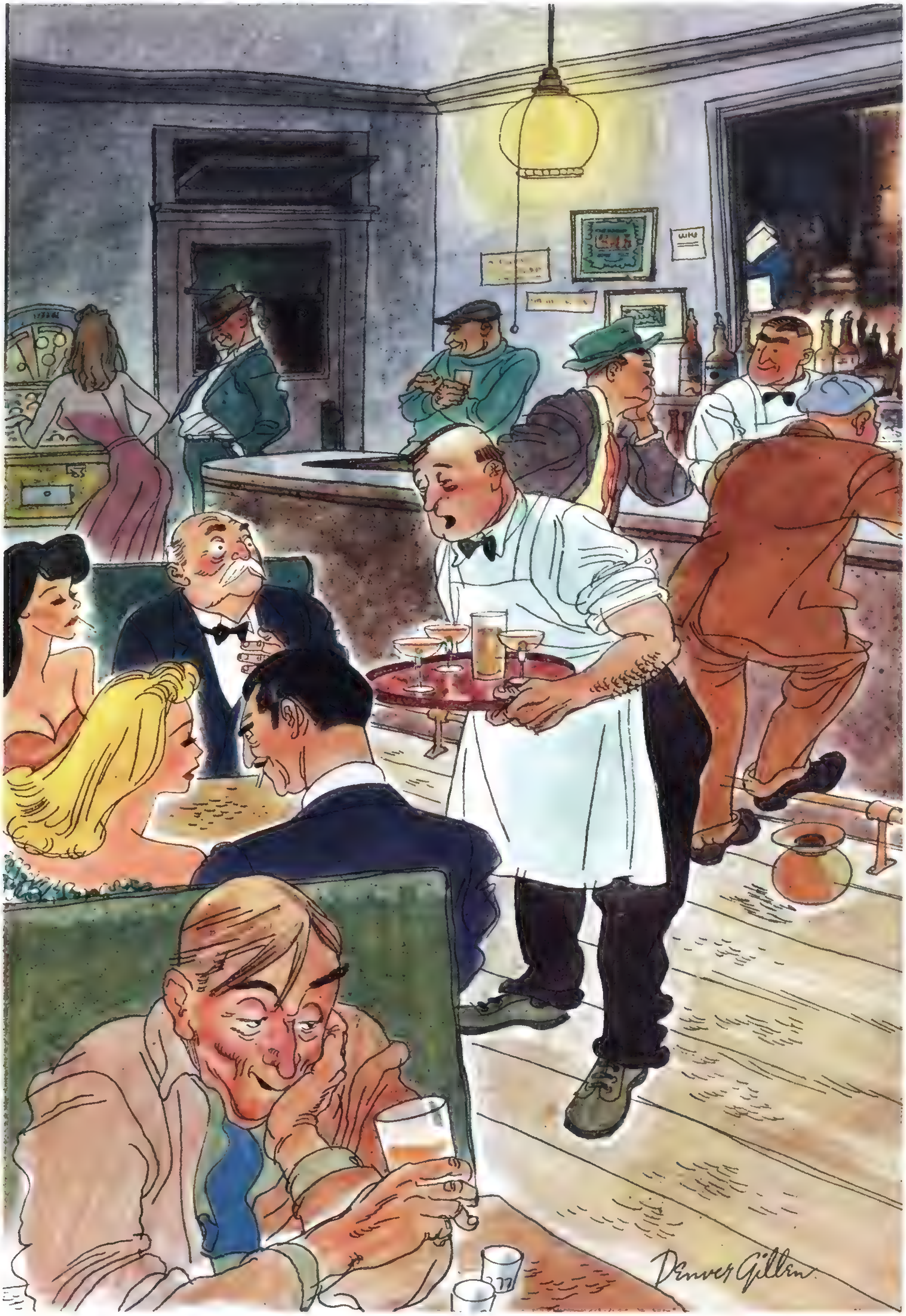
This ever-growing desire of Americans to regard the horse as their special ward also has received the serious attention of the professional brains who make a business of knowing about thirty per cent of practically everything. Rattle a pebble against the window of the ivory towers of professors who like to poke into minds and archaeological ruins and they will have the sixty-four-dollar-answer expressed in terms of the same denomination.

If they can remember to stick their heads out the window and not down the elevator shaft, they will shout out this answer:

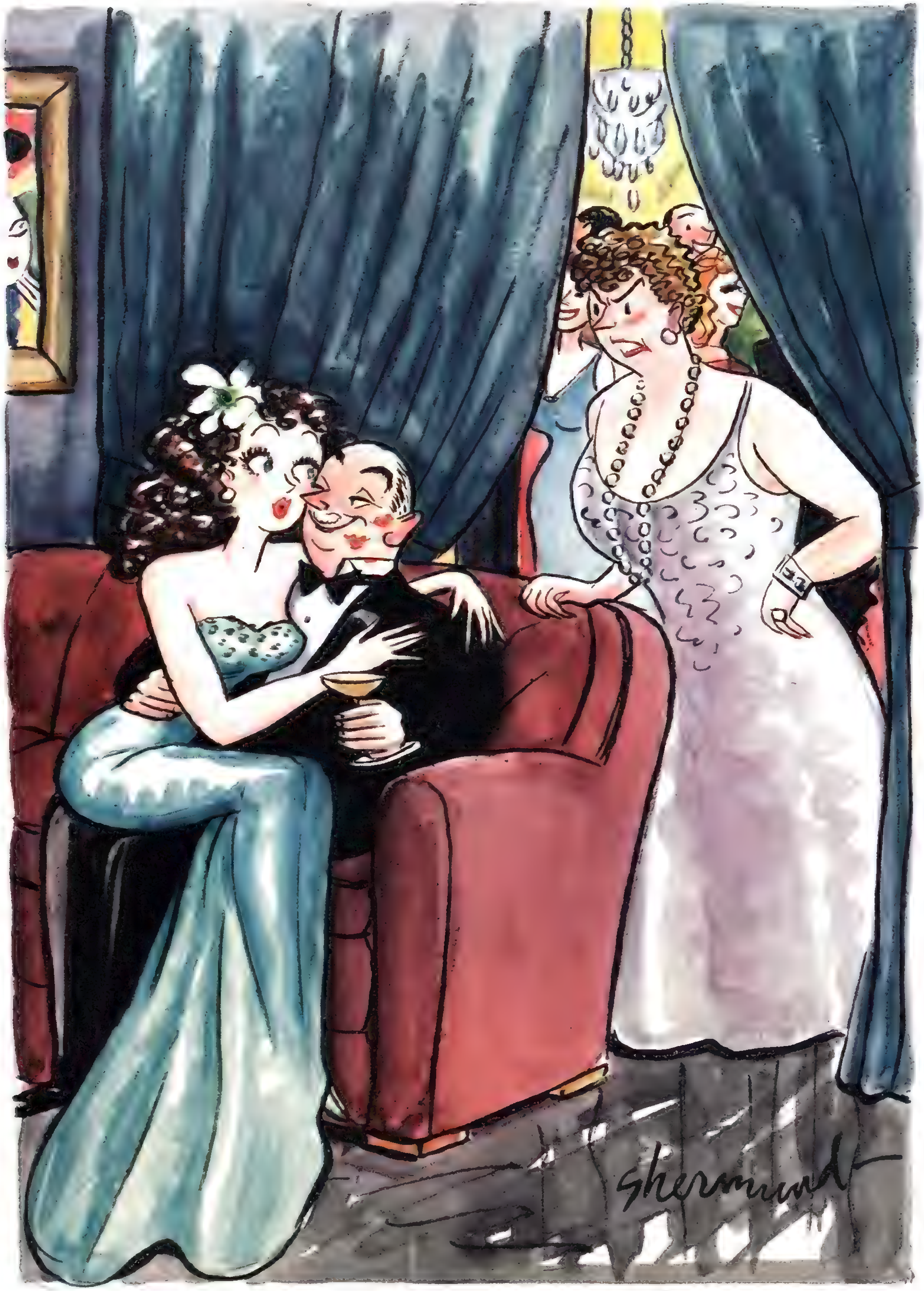
"The non-professional bettor is an escapist. He might be bored, in trouble, or undecided if he is in love or coming down with the measles. So he seeks a substitute emotional outlet through the danger and excitement of risking the family butter money on a horse."

The psychologists call it Sublimation. The ordinary player merely says he likes to take a flyer on the bangtails and lets it go at that. He wants no part of Sublimation unless it is going the same distance and carrying the same weight as in the last race and is picked first, second, or third by some good handicapper. ##

The third installment of this series, entitled Play Two for Me, *will appear in the September issue.*


Denver Gillen

"Who gets the Mickey Finn?"



"I don't know why I drag you out to parties, Alonzo—I'm always sorry afterwards!"

Olivier's Shakespeare may please the dons of Oxford but promises to confuse the less pedantic dames of Little Rock

Stratford on Arkansas

by **JACK MOFFITT**

In a new movie, Cole Porter, the Big Yale Man, turns to his wife and tells her that Mrs. Shakespeare must have inspired Will to his great work just as Mrs. Porter even now is inspiring him to write *Begin the Beguine.* This fond aside is so completely at variance with all known facts that it fills me with sublime self-confidence. Cole's ignorance of Shakespeare's marital difficulties indicates that Freshman English had ceased to be a required course at Old Eli sometime prior to World War I. I hope this novel scholastic collapse was not confined to New Haven, but that it spread to Harvard's Yard and retreated thence across the Jerseys to Princeton. With only a cow-college education to sustain me, I crave no high-powered competition on this, my first dive into the fretful waters of Shakespearean criticism.

The going is tough enough as it is. Already an anonymous reviewer for *Time* has scooped all laggards by writing a dazzling critique of *Henry V*, which was produced and directed in England by its star, Laurence Olivier.

Mr. Olivier, invading the land of the free and the home of the low-brows with an expensive and high-brow production, needed some learned sheep to lead the critical goats to slaughter about as desperately as Richard III needed the address of a reliable livery stable. *Time's* man made an ideal bellwether. He brought to his task an enviable knowledge of Shakespeare's earlier chronicle plays, a sensitive appreciation of fifteenth-century art and a keen understanding of Elizabethan stage technique. Utilizing these talents to the utmost, he turned out a rave so brilliant and so wrong that it has impressed all critics east of the Hudson River.

Yet the truth must be told—regardless of *Time* and the river. The painful fact is that in *Henry V*, Shakespeare failed to write a top-flight play, and Olivier has failed to present an understandable picture. Two-thirds of its plot is non-sympathetic. And Mr. Olivier's staging of these two-thirds is almost non-comprehensible. Because of this, *Henry V* probably will set the Bard's boom in Yankee-doodledom back ten years. And, if the schoolmarms start insisting that its attendance be made compulsory, we may have rebellion on our hands. A rebellion with the war cry: "Millions for Van Johnson, but not one cent for Shakespeare!"

Time implies that the Olivier picture will be a boon to the fifteen million persons who, according to a recent poll, yearn for more intelligent movies. But we must not confuse education with intelligence. To be enthusiastic over something you do not comprehend is thoroughly unintelligent. A play becomes a pain in the neck when you have to see it with an encyclopedia in your lap, looking up footnotes by the glimmer of the usher's flashlight.

Any youth who wants to explain Olivier's *Henry V* to his girl would have to spend three months boning up on fourteenth-century history, fifteenth-century art and sixteenth-century stagecraft. He may feel that he'd get farther if he used the time in learning a trade.

Olivier planned his production too much for the dons of Oxford and too little for the dames of Omaha. These gals prefer a story with a beginning, middle and end. Aristotle had the same prejudice.

By presenting *Henry V* as a complete movie, Olivier took an oxtail and garnished it to look like beefsteak. *Henry V* is only the last chapter in a long Shakespearean serial. Shakespeare prolonged it as M-G-M has elongated the adolescence of Andy Hardy.

The first play, *King Richard II*, or *Judge Bolingbroke's Bad Boy*, takes us back to 1399, A. D., when Henry Bolingbroke (soon to become Henry IV) wrested the crown of England from the weak Richard II. Bolingbroke's son, Henry of Monmouth (who'll become King Henry V three plays later) refused to celebrate his dad's V-Day. With a candor rare even in juvenile delinquents, he sent word that he could not tear himself away from the London night spots, where he had met some very entertaining people. When a father has just swiped a throne, he expects more respect from his offspring.

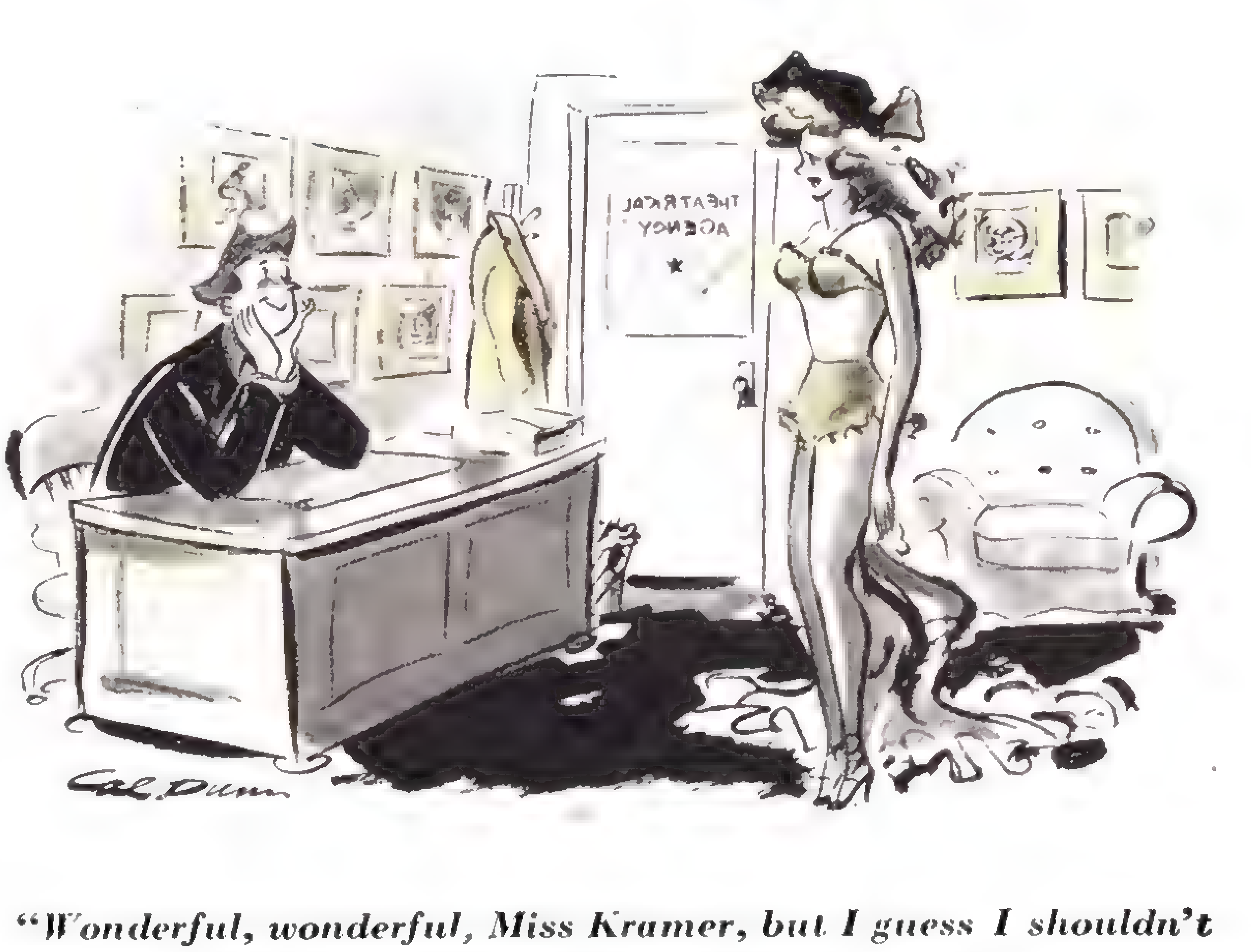
The next show, *King Henry IV—Part I* might be called, *Henry of Monmouth's Growing Pains.* Bolingbroke's conscience had begun to itch and he longed to go on a crusade to atone for having usurped the crown, but he still was worried about that boy of his. At the opening of the play, he compares his profligate heir with the current court favorite, Hotspur, and wishes that the two had been switched as babies.

These are harsh words. However, it must be admitted that in even a lenient Sunday school, there would be no medal for young Henry. A certain character-building influence is exerted by the boy's low associates, but it is a character more apt to land a lad on the gallows than on *Time's* cover in 1946. His pals include Bardolph, a pimply-nosed corporal, and Mistress Quickly, a silly and unprincipled tavern keeper.

The brightest jewel in this diadem of police court personages is Sir John Falstaff, whose belly is a planet of appetites and whose mind is a constellation of quick-witted stratagems. Lying, cowardly and joyous, Falstaff is the first of Shakespeare's monumental characters. Since he appears briefly (and inaccurately) in the Olivier movie, we'll pause a moment in his boozy company.

He was based on an actual man, Sir John Oldcastle, one of England's outstanding pre-Reformation Protestants. The idea of being a Puritan because he was a Protestant apparently never occurred to Sir John. He was a roistering companion of the real Prince Hal up to the time Hal decided that London was well worth a Mass. After being crowned, Hal burned his former friend as a heretic. Popular legend immediately got busy painting the martyred Lollard leader with every vice in the book.

Shakespeare first called his scripture- (*Continued on page 126*)



"Wonderful, wonderful, Miss Kramer, but I guess I shouldn't have wasted your time—the part's gone!"

Scientist and gourmet agree that milk is a delectable nectar to soothe a man's soul, increase his vigor and settle his stomach

The Juice of Life

by THOMAS R. CARSKADON

BENTON

Call it kid stuff if you like, but I'm talking about milk. Milk is the literal juice of life. It is a darned sight more than pap for infants or gristle builder for flabby-flanked adolescents. Milk is a foaming treat for the taste buds of adults and a benediction for every inch of the alimentary canal.

Learn about milk and you will find it is internal armor for the Twentieth Century. It is a pick-me-up by day and a put-me-to-sleep at night. Milk restoreth the lining of the stomach, it maketh the fat person to be lean and the lean to be fat. Milk even helps to supply aging bucks with fertility—Vitamin E.

Not for me any mooning after the classic milkmaid of ancient lore. A fetching wench, to be sure, but did anyone ever take a bacteria count of the sweat of her nut-brown hands? Nope, my vote goes for refrigerated trucks and glass-lined pipes, for Babcock and Pasteur.

Howl down the machine age if you like, but you've got to admit that in this case the machine age produces. Tuberculin tests in the field, refrigeration, pasteurization, transportation—all these deliver to you and me a fresher, sweeter, tastier milk than humans have had since man became a biped.

It is ours to enjoy. Why, in God's good name, so many men are reluctant to admit that they like milk is something I'll never understand. Every poll ever taken shows milk with a far greater preference among men than among women. Dining cars, restaurants, cafeterias attest this, and club stewards from Manhattan's Brook to San Francisco's Bohemian confirm the finding. Milk is a man's drink, and here and now I call upon the American male to come right out and admit it.

And boy, have we got science on our side! I drink the stuff because I like it, but every page of the textbooks backs up the dumb-brute judgment of my deep and discerning pancreas.

Take the matter of a pick-me-up. Comes a time in the span of a day, a week, a month when almost anyone needs a sharp and immediate lift. What causes that "mid-morning droop" or "four-o'clock fatigue" or that "let-down feeling?" See your psychologist for really root causes, if your lows are long and persistent. But for the average dip that the average human may feel in an average day, the physiological chemists have an answer.

Your blood sugar is low. That's the chief physical cause that doctors have been able to find. The energy content of most of the food we eat is broken down in the process of digestion and passes into the blood stream as glucose, or blood sugar.

The supply of blood sugar is lowest, naturally, just before breakfast. After a good meal it goes up and stays up three to five hours. If you have eaten less or worked or worried more than you should, the blood sugar is likely to go down.

That's when you need a pickup, and the smartest of all is a good old glass of milk. In it is lactose, or milk sugar, which digestion quickly breaks down into glucose and galactose so that your supply of blood sugar begins to rise almost immediately. This is true energy, food energy, the very thing that your cells need most. The lactose is backed up by the body-building milk proteins, the milk fats, the vitamins and minerals. Milk as a pickup gives you what you want most—fast action—plus all the elements to do the body-repair job that your creaking carcass really needs.

If there is a touch of the gourmet in you, consider the delights of a cold and brimming glass of milk. Mark well the *cold.* Stewards of New York City's best clubs rate boos or bows by how well they ice the milk. Note again the trinity—very tall, very thin and very cold—and show yourself fit to serve a proper glass of milk at your own board.

Much of the best of American cookery uses milk as a starting point. Who can forget the milk biscuits of Middle America and the milk chowder that blooms from Massachusetts up to Maine? Country-cured ham in milk gravy, the way they turn it out down South, is as close to heaven as I ever expect my stomach to carry me. Rocky Mountain boys warm their innards with milk-and-potato soup and the Pennsylvania Dutch have a stout dish of milk and noodles that seems good to stoke the human machine for five days running.

What is in milk? Milk is about eighty-seven per cent water, with about four per cent each of protein, fats and carbohydrates and one per cent minerals. The proportions vary with the cow, the season and what the cow is fed, but experts accept these figures as a fair average.

Start with the water. Most humans drink too little water, and if you are too stubborn to take it from the tap, getting it in milk is an excellent way to help keep up the body fluids.

Milk really stars in the protein division. Ever hear of amino acids? Well, they are the current Big Thing in nutrition. You know—all the talk was calories in the days of World War I, vitamins between the wars, and now it's amino acids.

Proteins are the building blocks of living tissue. We need them not for laying up fat but for building meat and muscle, for replacing dead, worn-out, diseased or damaged cells, for keeping the body in good health and tone. We get most of our body proteins from protein foods. In the process of digestion, the food proteins are broken down into—you've guessed it—amino acids.

The doctors have identified about twenty-three of these amino acids. Ten are classed as "essential." The body itself, in varying degrees, can build up the other thirteen out of other foods. But not the ten "essentials." These aminos must be present in the protein foods and lack of any of them will endanger health.

Need I tell you that milk contains all the essential ten? Milk proteins—casein and lactalbumin—are "complete" proteins, fairly bulging with all the

BURR SHAFER

"He's not one of my friends—throw him in Mr. Tegler's room"

proper and needed amino acids. The protein of milk is top quality and many authorities rate it as the most completely digested and absorbed of all food proteins.

The doctors have really gone to town on this. Fact is that milk protein is not only complete in itself, but it actually helps the body to use other less complete proteins. Most grain proteins, for example, are lacking in certain of the essential ten aminos. Experiments at the University of Wisconsin showed that if you feed animals straight grain proteins they retain only about thirty per cent for body-building purposes. If you feed them milk proteins they utilize sixty-five per cent. But the pay-off comes when you mix the two. Add even a small amount of milk proteins to the diet and they retain *sixty-five per cent of the combination.*

Do you begin to see that something more than just the pleasure principle is involved when you pour milk on your favorite cereal, when you eat bread and milk, crackers and milk?

Let's proceed with the contents. The heat and energy value of milk comes from its four per cent of carbohydrate—the lactose mentioned earlier—and its four per cent of emulsified and easily digestible butterfat. If you are looking for vitamins, milk has a good selection of A, B-Complex and C, and a little hocus-pocus in the laboratory can easily add D.

“Oh nothing much—what's new with you?”

Minerals? Milk is a supremely good source of calcium. Nobody at this late date needs to be told that calcium is of prime importance for bones and teeth. But maybe you don't realize that when the daily intake of calcium is inadequate, the body just quietly removes calcium from existing teeth and bones. Women know all about this process during pregnancy. Calcium is a factor in controlling the ability of muscles to expand and contract, including the rhythmic beating of the heart. Milk is almost the only readily available source of calcium. Fresh vegetables have it, but to equal the calcium in one quart of milk you would have to eat five pounds of carrots or cabbage, twenty pounds of potatoes, or forty-eight oranges.

Milk has a fair amount of phosphorus and some iron. The truth is that milk is almost a complete food in itself, except for three minerals. With a little iron, copper and manganese added to raw, whole milk—the so-called "mineralized" milk—repeated experiments have shown that many kinds of animals, from dogs to college students, can be healthy and carry on regular activities with this as absolutely their only food.

And how's the lining of your stomach today? Some folks call stomach ulcers the occupational disease of the American male. Most doctors now agree that worry and nervous tension have a lot to do with ulcers. The female—usually more "emotional" than the male—seems to avoid them. One plausible theory holds that she does this by being less inhibited about discharging emotion in open display—by nagging, scolding, laughing, weeping or character assassination, as in any group of females assembled for any purpose.

The man holds to the tradition of the strong, silent male—while his insides churn. Powerful digestive juices are squeezed out into the stomach. Whether from this or other causes—and I'm obviously oversimplifying this presentation—the stomach may start digesting itself. A point of irritation develops, gets tender, gets worse, and in the course of weeks, months or years a whitish, angry ulcer may appear on the lining of the stomach or in the duodenum—small intestine to you.

What to do? The classic treatment for ulcers is, of course, based on a milk diet, plus other measures the physician may prescribe. Recently, experiments at New York University and elsewhere have shown phenomenal results from feeding predigested proteins—our old friends the amino acids, derived largely from milk. And most important, say modern physicians, is relaxing of strain and tension to give the body a chance to build up its strength, to give tissues a chance to heal naturally.

Do you see another moral emerging here? The best way to deal with ulcers is to *prevent* them. Old Doc Carskadon will now toss out a suggestion.

At times of nervous strain, drink milk. Milk will soothe your churning insides, give your outpouring juices something to work on. Milk tones up the entire alimentary canal, contributes to your sense of well-being, helps you to relax. When the going is hardest and the strain is greatest, that's when you most need to pause—particularly between meals—for a cool, calming glass of milk. It can change the whole face of the world!

And don't be afraid that milk is "fattening." It isn't. Let's get down to some hardpan facts here. For the overwhelming majority of human beings, fat comes from one source and one source only. Fat comes from food.

Cut down the food and you cut down the fat. It's as simple as that. Milk is a vast help in this process. It gives you basic proteins, vitamins, minerals and "protective" elements your body needs. With milk as the center of your diet, you can safely cut down on other foods. Reduce the portions of all foods, pass up the gravies and custards, the extra helpings and off-beat snacks. Milk plus fruits and vegetables, cereals, eggs and meat—all taken in moderation, of course—constitutes the safest of all bases for a reducing diet.

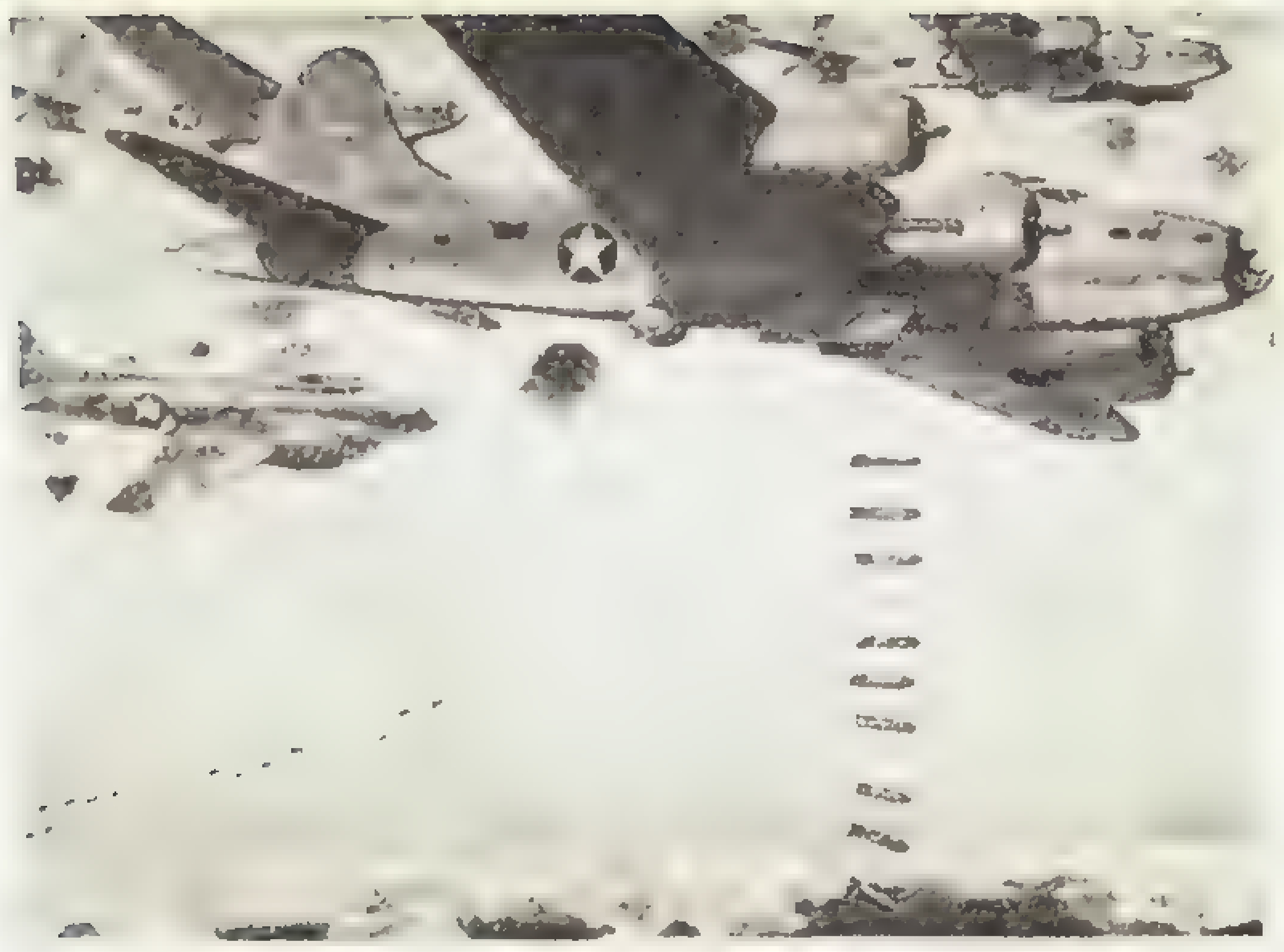
Conversely, milk is a swell starting point for a build-up diet. In this case, instead of cutting down on the other foods, eat more of them. Also, drink more milk! It has great build-up proteins of its own and—as we have seen—it has the blessed advantage of increasing your absorption of other proteins.

It is about time now to demolish some false and hoary legends about milk. In the first place, it is *not* constipating. Milk is almost wholly absorbed into the system and therefore leaves little residue in the intestine. The bulk that the intestines need to work on must come from other foods. Milk has little or nothing to do with the process, except that physiologists say that milk aids the growth of beneficial flora in the intestine and that it tones up the intestinal walls.

Are you afraid to combine milk and cherries or oranges, milk and pork, milk and fish? Bunk—all of it! If you are afraid that fruit juice curdles milk—relax. It does! And thereby saves your digestive juices the trouble. The first step in digesting milk is to curdle it, and experiments have shown that acid fruit juices often form a softer curd than the digestive juices. Furthermore, milk mixes directly and perfectly with sea food in fish chowders and such delicacies as Lobster Newburg.

How much milk do you need per day? The usual recommendation is at least a quart a day for children and a pint a day for adults. If you don't want to drink it all as straight milk, you can get part of your quota as ice cream, cheese, buttermilk, canned milk, or the innumerable milk drinks (any chocolate in the house?) that so lushly spout forth in homes and soda fountains all over the land. Homogenized milk—which has the cream distributed evenly throughout the whole milk—is usually the most tasty for beverage purposes and for general use. Adding dried skim milk to cooked dishes is a particularly efficacious way of increasing the intake of body-building proteins for growing children.

When all is said and done, I'll take my milk straight. That was the overwhelming preference of all the armed services, and who am I to let the boys down? One bedeviled group of fighters, slogging it out in far Pacific jungles, set down their earthly desires in the following order: 1. milk 2. steaks 3. bourbon 4. girls. And I always remember the true incident of a trainload of wounded hurried across a dreary, drizzling France at the height of the Battle of the Bulge. At the seaport these aching, battle-grimed men were taken aboard an American hospital ship. A lunch was spread for them, and at the sight of one item, freely offered and within reach, they could but stare in dumb disbelief. Then with a reverence awkward but deeply felt they said simply, "Look at that goddamned milk!" ###



KNIGHT

For at least two members of the Air Force stationed on Guam, it was much too sudden to start loving the enemy

A Parting Shot

by ROYCE DIENER

When, a week before the end of the war, the first rumors of a Japanese peace feeler were being circulated, radio newscasters made frequent mention of the cessation of B-29 raids over the Empire. They suggested that these raids had been cancelled because of the possibility of peace.

Actually, that wasn't quite the case. A large mission *had* been stopped, but only because of weather. We had planned an eight-hundred plane raid on the "Empire Baker" pattern (a three-pronged strike against Tokyo, Nagoya, and Osaka) but an unfavorable forecast forced us to postpone it for twenty-four hours.

It was not until the following day, just as the planes were being readied for the mission, that we received at Guam, in the Strategic Air Force operations room where I worked as executive, an important message from "topside" in Washington. In effect, it said that, as long as the public felt that the absence of B-29s in Empire skies meant a possibility of peace, there was no sense in throwing a monkey wrench into the machinery. We were ordered to suspend all operations until further notice.

And so, for forty-eight suspense-filled hours, we stood by, jumping every time we heard the attention bell on the teletype machine which was our end of the Washington-Guam circuit. Finally, a message came through. The Japs must have worn out the patience of our war chiefs by their stalling, for the new dispatch we received said tersely:

Give them everything you've got.

Immediately, Operations began to hum. Most of our staff had been working at air warfare seven days a week for almost four years. It was easy, and very natural, for us to fall back quickly into the routine.

The plan was to be "Empire Baker" again. But, because one group—the Twentieth Air Force ground crewmen—had *not* stood by during the brief respite, there were even more planes on flying status this time. Approximately one thousand Superfortresses were now ready to take to the air in the largest-scale bombing mission of the war in the Pacific.

The B-29s took off at dawn. Sitting in the Operations Quonset, which was in the upwind leg of one of the fields, I heard the familiar roar overhead as the Superforts came off their twin strips at thirty-second intervals. Finally, an hour and a half later, the last plane was off. The teletypers and radio receivers in our office began sending as we settled down to business. Fragmentary reports started to come in; the weather was good, all the way to the target.

The first group was scheduled to strike at noon, Guam time, and shortly after lunch we received our first "bombs away" flash. It reported an uncovered target, good visibility, little opposition and excellent results.

In-flight dispatches continued to arrive. They were brought first to the executive desk, where I was sitting, and I would pass them on to the plotting and air-sea rescue units, after extracting information for the general. We had been doing it that way for the past ten months.

It was a little after one o'clock in the afternoon that I suddenly sensed a change. Somehow, everything had become much quieter. As I was about to take a yellow slip of paper that was thrust under my nose, I looked up and saw that the bearer was not the corporal who usually performed this function, but Master Sergeant Lapetina, the top kick of the office. He was making an obvious effort to hand the paper to me in the most routine manner he could muster.

I took the message from him and read it. There was one simple sentence:

Cease all hostilities.

Glancing around, I saw the boys at the teletypewriters looking at me, as if they were waiting to make a relay. What I did next was almost automatic: I yelled to my friend Harrigan, who was the duty officer. We had been together for over two years, having flown our combat missions in the same squadron, back in the atoll-hopping days of Tarawa, Kwajalein and Wake Island. He came walking toward me, bearing two cups of coffee.

As soon as he sat down, I handed him the message and watched him read it.

"Son of a gun," he said. He looked at it for a long while before he continued: "For the last time—as the old bromide goes—*this is it.*"

"Feels kind of funny, doesn't it?"

"Yes. It sure does."

We both sipped our coffee, and then Harrigan offered me a cigarette.

"How many do we have over the target so far?" I finally asked him.

"About six hundred."

"That leaves about four hundred planes to go."

He nodded his head.

"Guess we'd better take it into the general right away," I said automatically.

Harrigan looked at me, but I could tell his thoughts were far away. Perhaps he was thinking back, as I was, to the old combat days, and reviewing all the things we had come through to arrive where we were at this very moment.

"You know what?" he said, bringing himself back to the present. "I was just thinking about Martin and Debonne that day over Truk. Remember?"

I remembered only too well. Martin and Debonne, two of our best friends, had had to bail out of their burning Liberator over Truk lagoon, and we had seen them strafed and killed in their parachute harnesses by a couple of Jap fighters.

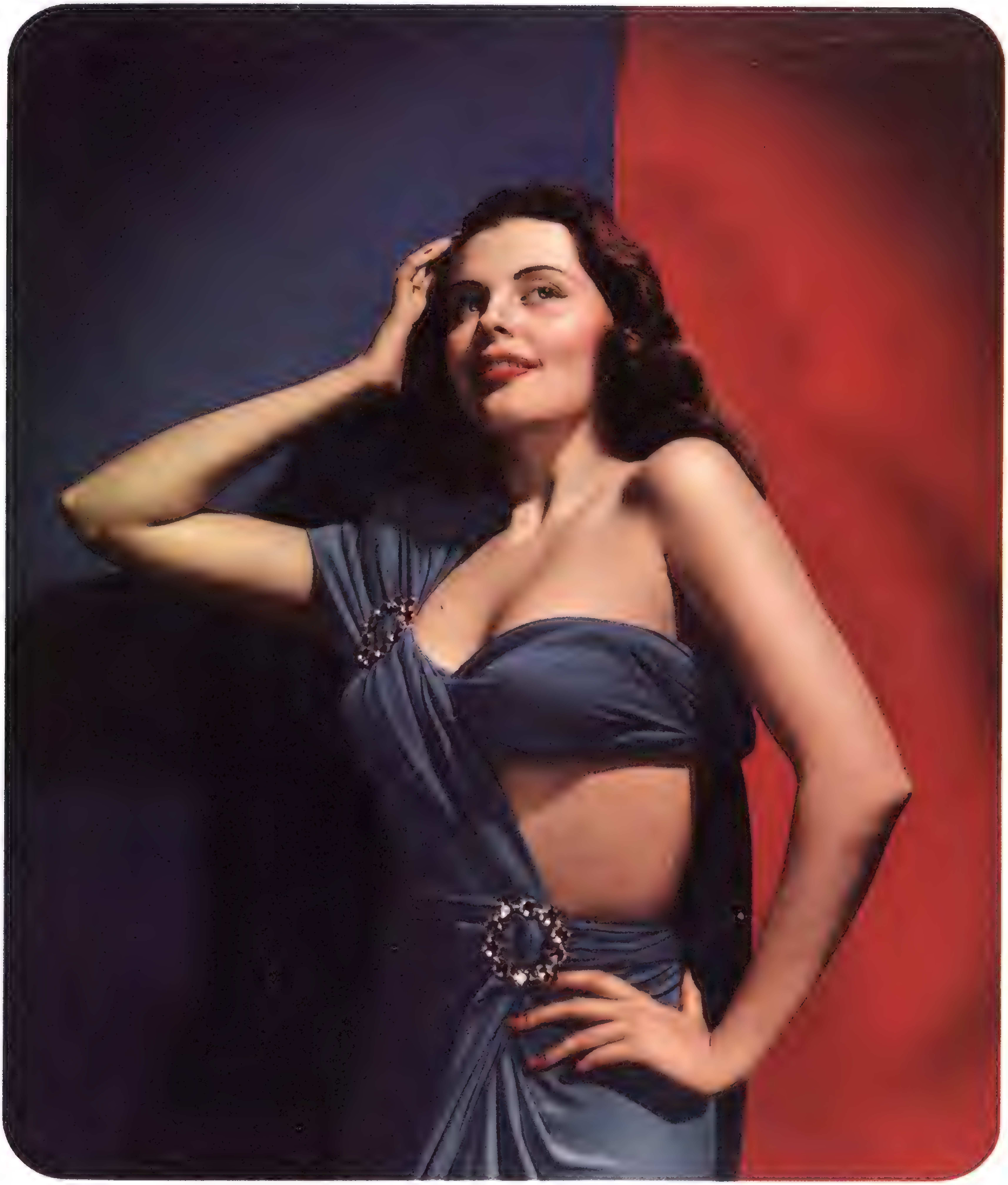
"Yes," I said, "that's all over now."

We sat in silence for almost a full minute. Then, finally, I picked up the message, and started to rise. I was thinking about the B-29 boys, still dropping bombs on Japan. But Harrigan abruptly waved me back into my chair.

"Don't you think I ought to take it right in?" I asked.

"I think," he said with great deliberateness, "that you and I should have another cup of coffee."

We drank that second round of coffee—slowly—to Martin and Debonne. #

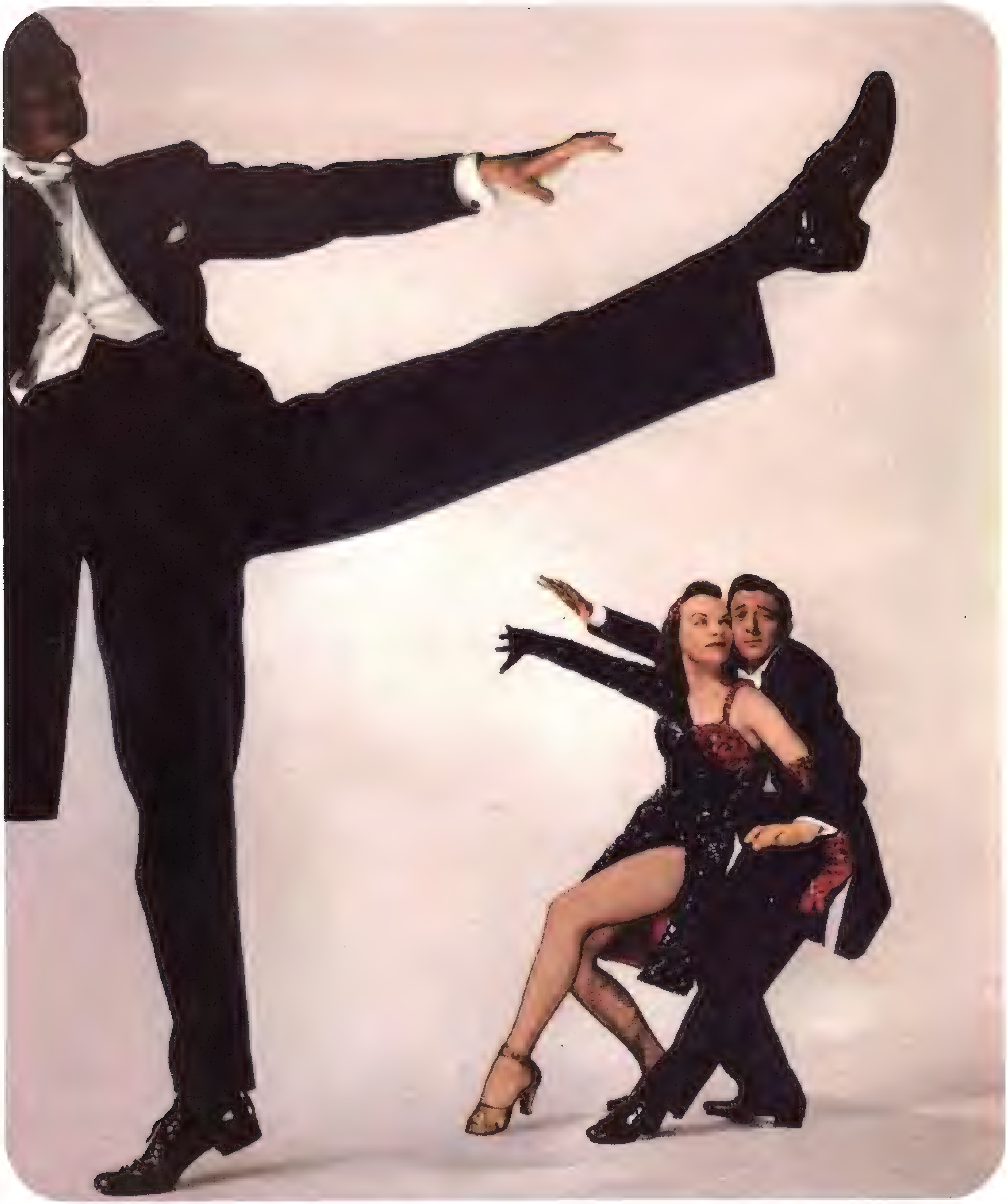


AMERICAN BEAUTY

Arlene Dahl

Photograph by Jon Abbot

Although Arlene photographs as a sultry *femme fatale*, you discover that in person she's a very refined young Dahl-baby, with a velvety voice, who can stop any wolf cold with a long stare of injured innocence. Her bit part in *Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston* brought happy shouts of "where's she been." She's only "been" for twenty years, nineteen of them in Minneapolis growing up, learning to sew, cook, sing and sketch, attending the U. of Minnesota. She came to New York a year ago, declines show-girl parts, models while she waits for a dramatic break. On men: "Too many men show serious interest in a girl before she wants to know it. Keep us guessing." Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5'7"; *Weight:* 125; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 24; *Hips:* 34.



COMIC WITH FEET

Ray Bolger

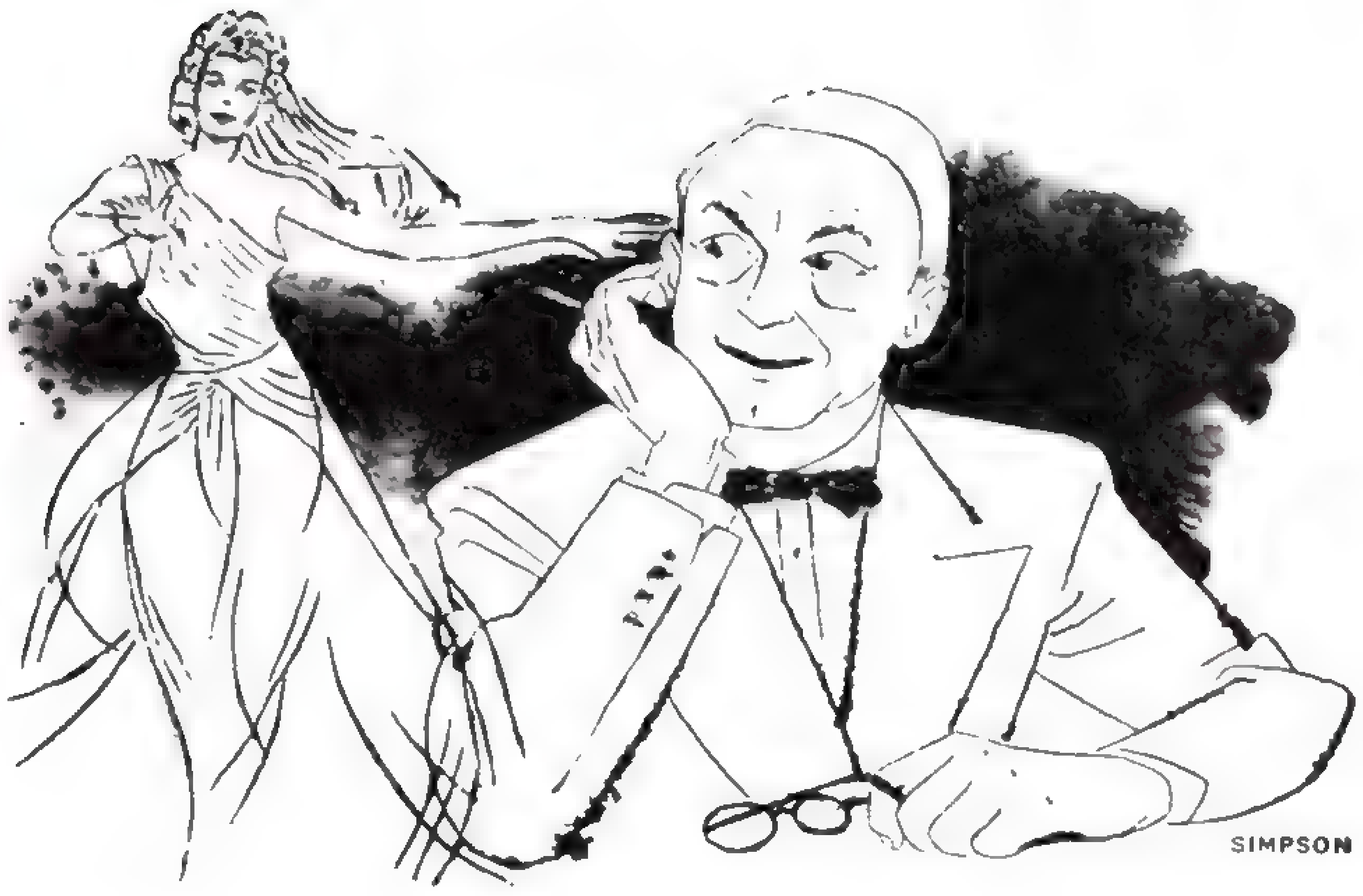
Photograph by Wm. Stone

In *Three to Make Ready*, Ray Bolger applies the soothing poultice of his show-saving talents to a musical in need of such medication. Dressed here for his satirical excursion into ballroom dancing, Ray is flanked by his discovery of the moment, Mary McDonnell, a blue-spangled number he picked out of the chorus. Characteristically, Ray is more excited over the future of his talented protégée than over his return from a 27,000-mile USO tour to become just about the hottest show personality in New York. The clever Bolger legs can be observed bringing joy to nostalgic and young hearts alike with his return performance of the scarecrow dance from *The Wizard of Oz* in addition to other gently-ribbing dance and comedy routines.

Happy Hangover

He timed his lines like the clever actor he was, for some undiscerning people he knew were going to be awfully surprised

by ERNEST LEHMAN



He was sitting with Ginny at a back table at Barbetta's, memorizing the delicate lines around her mouth and the bright fourteen-carat gold of her hair; later they were window-shopping along Fifth Avenue: it was the kind of summer-scented evening that would have made any couple walk hand in hand; he was holding her close on a crowded dance floor; then he was standing in front of her hotel, clinging to her hand as though she were Juliet, which she was, and he Romeo, which he wasn't; and parting was such sweet sorrow that even now, on the morning after, as he dreamwalked along Forty-Sixth Street, still scarcely awake, he could not allow himself to let go of the ridiculous good feeling that intoxicated him, like a happy hangover.

He strolled west, an immaculately-dressed little man in his forties, smiling at the insensitive mobs who rushed about the city on their own dull business, his head high as if in defiance of anyone who would dare suggest he had no reason to hold it high. Today was to be a lovely day.

Paxton always walked slowly. It gave him a feeling of well-being, a sense even of superiority. Only the poor slobs who worked for a living were subject to clocks. That was one thing Paxton liked so much about being an actor, about being out of work so often: he never had to hurry.

Stopping at the florist for his daily cornflower he was gratified to find that unsmiling Mr. Lavelle seemed as obnoxious as usual, even through the rose-colored glow of his mood. Mr. Lavelle always appeared to be sniffing something unpleasant—a neat trick in a flower shop—and Paxton would not have wanted him to appear any different today. For Paxton had made up his mind what he was going to say to him the instant he had entered the shop, even before Mr. Lavelle had accepted his twenty-five-cent piece and tossed it on the till of the cash register with the customary throw-away motion that is reserved by other people for a piece of dirt that has adhered to the clothing.

"Mr. Lavelle," Paxton said, "I shall be placing an order with you some time next week. An order for a bridal bouquet. Do you suppose that I can count on you for something appropriate?"

Mr. Lavelle, arms folded, was looking blankly out of the window. "Who," he sighed, without turning to Paxton, "is getting married?"

"I am," Paxton replied, inspecting his fingernails.

"Oh!" Mr. Lavelle did not allow the rising inflection to go beyond the bounds of disinterest. He looked Paxton slowly up and down and then he turned back to the window. "Something simple and unpretentious, I take it, Mr. Paxton? Something on the inexpensive side?"

"Precisely," Paxton smiled. "I knew I could depend on you to understand, Mr. Lavelle. I'll give you the details in a few days."

Mr. Lavelle made a slight sound that could have been a laugh, or indigestion.

Paxton moved towards the door. "Oh, I didn't tell you. The unlucky girl, Mr. Lavelle, perhaps you've heard of her. Ginny Lester?"

He paused just long enough to see the lemon meringue pie hit Mr. Lavelle squarely in the face, then moved off gaily, feeling as if he had jousted with a brace of Paddy's incomparable whiskey sours. He would have liked to drop in at Paddy's for a quick one, but it was too close to the first of the month and too far from the first of last month and Paddy could be awfully aggravating about a tiny pile of tabs, as though you intended to cheat him out of it. So he didn't go to Paddy's but instead went directly to Vito's to offer his beard to the guillotine.

"The works, Vito," he commanded, sprawling comfortably in the barber chair. "Shave, facial, manicure, shine, and anything else you've got to make me more beautiful than I am."

"Ah huh, an auction today, Mr. Paxton?" Vito swabbed the lather on with broad strokes.

"Not auction, it's audition, as in 'sorry old man but you're not the type.' No, Vito, no audition today. I am currently on a vacation between layoffs."

Vito chuckled as though it were the first time he had heard it. He smelled faintly of garlic and curiosity.

"Your picture took, ah?"

Paxton smiled. They couldn't rush him. He waited for the right moment, until Vito was scraping around his chin, and Oscar was snapping the cloth on his shoes and Irene was buffing his nails; then he said quietly, "I'm going to get married soon."

It was perfect. Everything came to a halt at the same moment . . . the cloth on the shoes, the buff on the nails, and the razor on the chin.

"No, now Mr. Paxton . . ." Vito spread his palms out in protest at the enormity of the joke.

"Yes," Paxton said.

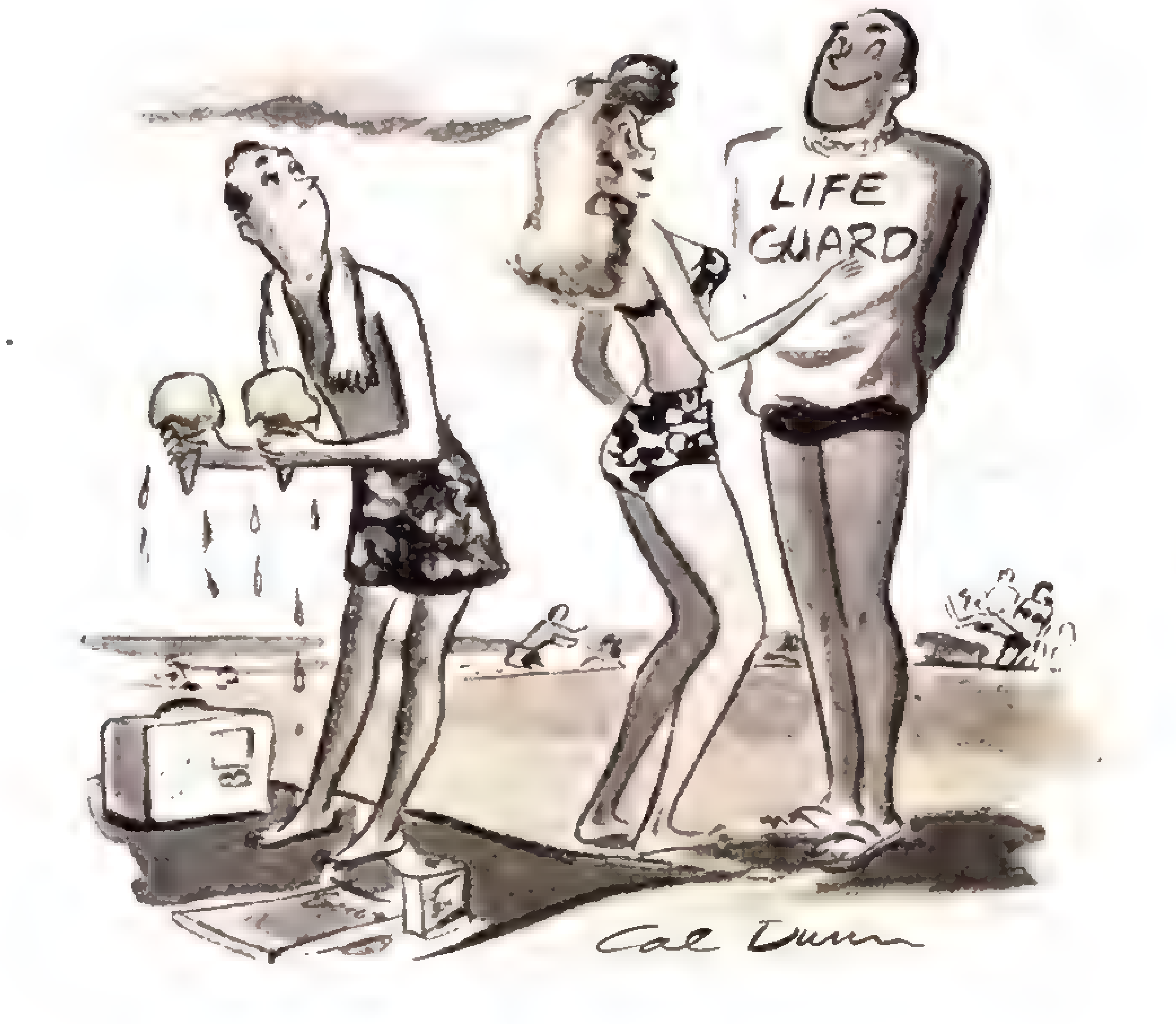
"Who?" Vito asked, exchanging quick glances with Oscar and Irene.

"Ginny Lester," Paxton replied, just as though he were saying Jane Doe.

"No!" Vito exclaimed.

"Yes," said Paxton.

"Such a lovely little girl." Vito rocked his head back and forth like a metronome. "Such a talented little girl, Mr. Paxton." He covered Paxton's face with a hot towel and Paxton could hear him talking excitedly in Italian to Louis, the other barber, and though he could not understand a word he was sure it was pleasant, so he relaxed happily under the heat of the towel. When at last he got out of the chair, he took pains not to look in the mirror because he did not want to waste any part of this lovely day convincing himself that the grey hair was distingué and that the lines near the eyes lent a certain charm. He had no trouble borrowing another ten from Vito, and as he walked across town through the noisy streets he said out loud, just to try it on for size: "Ginny Paxton . . . Genevieve Paxton, my wife . . . no, *Ginny*." They both sounded wonderful but Ginny was best. He started humming *People Will Say* as he pushed his way through the late lunch-hour throngs on Broadway and crossed through Shubert Alley to the theatre. He poked his head through the stage-door entrance, where Charlie was cleaning his nails with a penknife, and he said to him, "Through



these portals you keep out the most beautiful pests in the world."

Charlie looked up and grunted.

"I know you're not supposed to permit it, Charlie," Paxton said, "but I just want to say hello to Sheila Minor. Be a good boy?"

"Why not?" Charlie said, without pausing in his toiletry.

She was sitting before her dressing table, trying to cover as many years as she could with a heavy layer of make-up. Standing in the doorway, Paxton knew that she had seen him in the mirror though she did not speak.

"Hello, Sheila darling," he said. "I thought you ought to be the first one to know." He paused, but she did not say a word.

"I'm getting married," he said, and the powder puff stopped for an almost imperceptible instant, then resumed.

"To Ginny Lester," he said.

She began to laugh quietly, staring hard into the mirror.

". . . at the Little Church Around The Corner. Next week, darling. I thought you'd like to know it from me."

She just sat there laughing, a little louder now, without mirth . . . sparring with a powder puff against the lines in her face. He could still hear her as he walked down the stairs; it was a strange kind of laughter, like crying with the tears strained out.

"Thanks, Charlie," he said as he made his way out of the theatre.

"Why not?" answered Charlie, still working on his thumbnail.

He went to the Automat and had a good lunch and over a cup of black coffee he thought for a moment of calling Ginny, but then he decided not to because there was so much he wanted to do first. He wanted to drop in on Max at Acme Loan and watch the beads of perspiration start forming on Max's forehead when he saw him coming. He wanted to go up to O'Keefe's office and be brushed off by Miss Davenport and told that O'Keefe was terribly busy but they'd get in touch with him if anything turned up, and then he'd tell Miss Davenport loud enough so that O'Keefe would come running out of his office to follow him to the elevator. Oh yes, and he'd sit in the park for a few hours to get a little sun on his face and think about golden hair and pale blue eyes and the magical sound of "Mr. and Mrs. Horace Paxton," like lyrics to a beautiful tune. And he would have a fine dinner at Sardi's and then make the rounds and . . . oh, there was so much left to do, it would be foolish to spoil a perfectly lovely day by calling Ginny now.

He finished his coffee and left the Automat and walked slowly up Broadway towards the park. There would be plenty of time to call her. Perhaps tomorrow. Perhaps tomorrow he'd even get himself to ask her. There was no need to hurry. There never was. That was one of the things he liked about being an actor. ##

Belief in the Dutch wife's explanation depended on whether or not you thought a Nazi commandant capable of restraint

Some Talk of Virtue

by JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

MATULAY

The waiting room was unheated. The stove was rusty and dirty. The passengers sat and stared at it as if they hoped for a miracle. But there was no coal in Holland for railway waiting rooms.

The Dutchman sitting next to me moved closer. He was a short, squat man with a flat, tallow-tinted face. His legs couldn't reach the cement floor. They swung some six inches above it.

I glanced at him and he smiled. "It is very cold," he said. "One waits a long time for trains but there are no fires."

I agreed with him. He spoke with a slight accent. He informed me that he had spent five years in New York. He imported bulbs.

He was gently inquisitive regarding my occupation. Was I connected with some relief organization? I denied the insinuation. He wasn't satisfied. Gently he probed. Foreigners were rare in Holland. Finally, to ease his mind, I told him that I was a story writer wandering 'round Europe in search of copy for American magazines. My home for the moment was in the south of France.

"A story writer?" he cried. "Why, there are a million stories right here! I mean in the Netherlands! Wonderful stories!"

He edged closer. A light came into his dull eyes. He became strangely alive. "In my town," he began, "many things have happened that would make fine stories. Sometimes I wish that I could write. I am sure that if they were written down they would make splendid reading. Yes, I know they would."

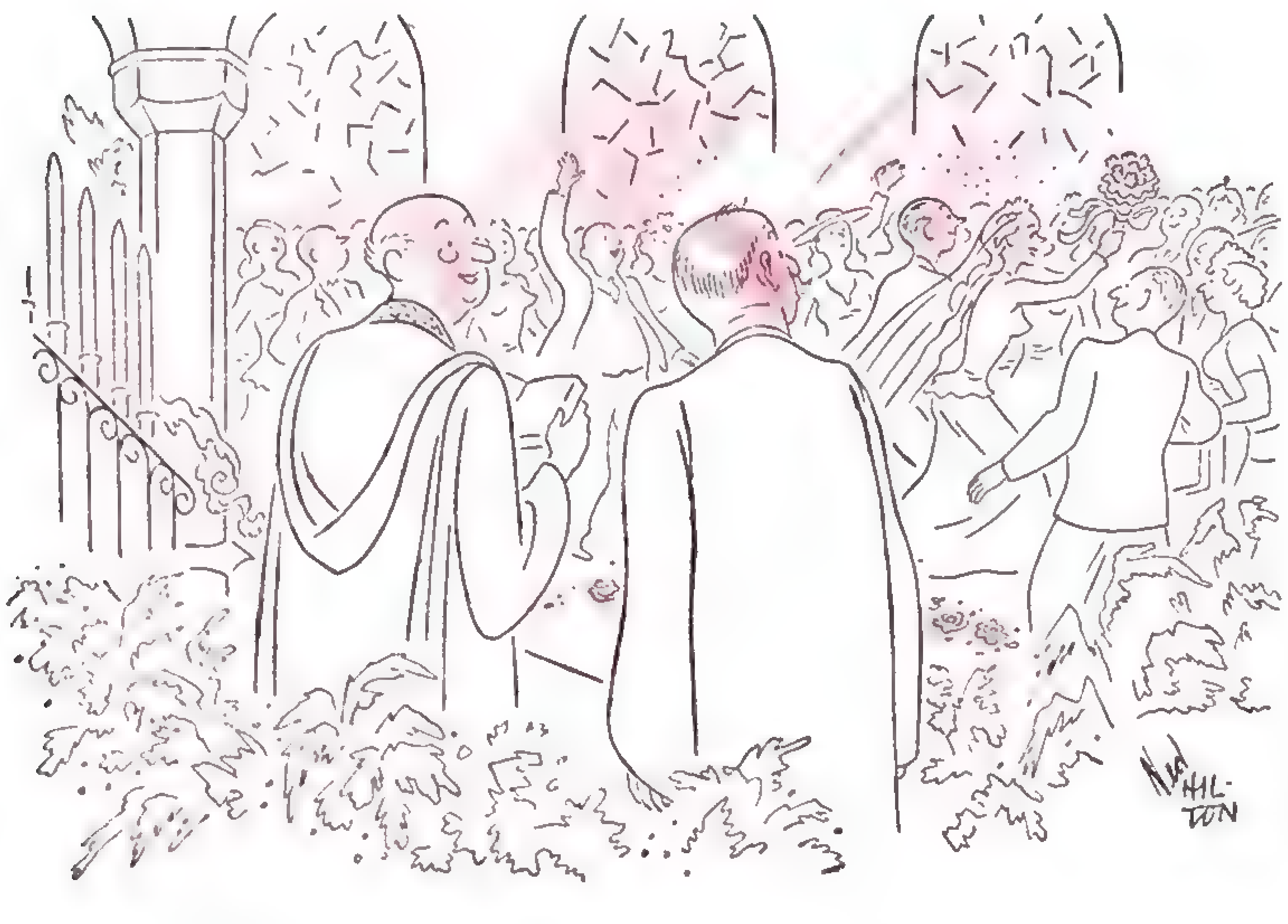
Many times I had heard statements of a similar kind only to find after listening for weary minutes that the supposedly great incidents were balderdash. I buried my head deeper in my overcoat and prayed for the train. At the city to which I was heading there was a good hotel with food and warmth.

"I will tell you," said the Dutchman, "of the day when six of the leading men in my town were arrested by the Germans. Six of the biggest men. Fine gentlemen with homes and families. They were just gathered up without any reason and thrown into prison. There was snow on the ground. A metre of snow. It was very cold. Let me tell you about that day. They were Mijnheer Bredius, Mijnheer Einthoven, Mijnheer De Vries—"

"Their names don't matter," I interrupted rudely.

"But they do," he asserted. "They are important to my story. How many did I name? Three? Well, besides those three, there were Mijnheer Bolk, Mijnheer Van Vollenhoven, and Mijnheer Slotemaker. Six of the biggest men in the town, as I have said to you.

"Their wives were startled. They were afraid for the lives of their husbands. They got together at the house of Mevrouw Einthoven. She was a clever



"Know what I like about her marriages? No rehearsals"

lady. She suggested that the six wives should march up to the prison and demand to know why their husbands were detained. It was nearly dark and it was snowing heavily. The six put on their capes and went up the hill to the prison.

"They were brought in to the office of the German captain. He was a big-bellied fellow named Furstenberg. He is dead now, but on that evening he was very much alive. And he was drunk, very drunk.

"The six ladies wished to know why their husbands were locked up. He laughed at their questions. Laughed and slapped his fat thighs. Then, suddenly, he stopped laughing and looked hard at the women. A thought had come into his fat head.

" 'What would you do to get your husbands out of jail?' he asked.

"The wives looked at each other, then Mevrouw Einthoven answered for the six. 'Anything at all,' she said.

"That drunken devil got out of his chair and walked around the desk. 'Good,' he said, 'spoken like a true wife. Listen. There's a dinner for some officers this evening right here in the prison. Some girls were to come but the heavy snow has stopped them. They were to wait on the table and amuse the officers. We had fancy costumes for them. Now would you six women fill their places? I don't mean anything very wicked, but would you prance around a little and act gay?'

"That brute hopped about to show what he wanted them to do. Danced and snapped his fingers with his hands in the air. Hummed a tune as he did it.

"Those six women were shocked. They were good women. Good wives. Three of them had little children. But their husbands were in the underground cells of the prison. It was snowing. The cold was intense. They began to cry.

" 'There, there,' cried Captain Furstenberg, 'You needn't yelp about the proposition. We can do without you. I gave you a chance to get your husbands out of jail, but if you don't wish to take it, don't muck up my office with your tears. Your husbands might be sent to Germany in a day or two.' He called a soldier and told him to show the women out.

"The six had reached the door of the office when Mevrouw Bolk said, 'Wait, let us think.'

"They stood there in a group, whispering and weeping. Furstenberg took no notice of them. An orderly came in and the captain spoke of the inmates of the prison who were to be shipped to Germany. He mentioned the names of three of the Dutchmen whose wives were in the office.

"Mevrouw Bolk came back to the desk. 'Please tell us exactly what you wish us to do?' she said.

" 'I told you,' snapped Furstenberg. 'I want you to dress up in bright costumes that I'll give you, wait on the officers, serve them with drink and food, and—well, act gay and laughing.'

" 'Nothing more?' she sobbed.

"Maybe it isn't for me to say, but I think you two got off to a bad start"

"Furstenberg laughed. Mevrouw Bolk was very fat and he thought her question funny. 'No,' he said, 'not for you.' And when he said that he looked at Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven who was slim and young. She was the only one who was slim. You know we Dutch eat a lot and we get fat. The French call us *Têtes de fromage*—cheeseheads—and cheese is fattening.

"Furstenberg looked at his watch. 'Hurry up,' he said. 'The dinner will soon be served. The Lord knows what will happen to your husbands tomorrow.'

"The women talked with each other, then Mevrouw Bolk told Furstenberg that five of them were willing to do what he wished them to do if their husbands were released immediately afterwards. One of their number refused.

" 'Which one?' asked Furstenberg.

" 'Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven.'

"Furstenberg swore. He said something that was not nice. Then he marched the five women into the corridor and put a soldier to guard Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven till he came back. She was afraid. She begged the soldier to let her go home, but he was a stern man and took no notice of her appeals.

"She was there some fifteen minutes when the German commandant of the district came into the office. He asked where Furstenberg was and the soldier told him.

" 'And this woman?' asked the commandant. 'What is she doing here?'

"The soldier stammered out the reason. Five of the women had been taken to amuse the officers at dinner, but Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven refused to go.

" 'Get out,' said the commandant to the soldier, then he closed the door and spoke to Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven.

" 'Is your husband in prison?' he asked.

" '*Ja*,' she whispered.

" 'And you will not wait on the officers and amuse them with a little song and dance?' he asked.

" '*Neen*,' she murmured.

" 'Your husband need not know,' he said.

" 'But I would have to tell him,' she said.

" 'Well? If you did?'

" 'He would tell me that he preferred death,' she said. 'Death would be better than to have me dressed in a funny costume prancing around for German officers. I know him.'

"This commandant is dead now. The British shot him after a court-martial. He was a licentious dog. There was such a heap of evidence against him that the officers did not discuss his guilt after they heard it. They just nodded yes, and he was taken out and shot in the yard.

"Captain Farstenberg forgot about the woman he had left in his office. He sat down with the officers and it went out of his head. He was very drunk. The commandant did not send for him. He led Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven to a seat near the fire and he talked with her."

The Dutchman paused and looked at me. "Is it interesting to you?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "What did they talk about?"

"Virtue," he answered. "The virtue of women."

I showed surprise. His eyes were on my face to note the reaction to his answer.

"*Ja*, this was Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven's story which she told in the village that evening and in the days that followed. She and the commandant talked for three hours. About virtue. Nothing else. He wished her opinions and she gave them to him.

"At the end of that time the commandant sent for Captain Furstenberg. The captain was drunk, but he straightened himself up when he saw the commandant. He was told that he had done wrong. He had not the power to release the husbands of the women. That rested with the commandant. He was told to bring the five to the office and when they arrived the commandant told them that their husbands would be liberated at once, also the husband of Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven. And they were.

"Now this is the strange part of my story. Those five women who served at the dinner table do not believe what Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven says about her talk with the commandant. It is strange. They listen, then they turn away with smiles. I have watched them."

He paused and studied my face. There was a slight movement in the waiting room. Someone had said that the train was due.

"I am not going in your direction," said the Dutchman, "so I will ask you a question before we part. You have traveled a lot and I wonder what would you think about Mevrouw Van Vollenhoven's story?"

"I'd believe it," I said.

"You would?"

"Yes," I answered. "That commandant, if he was the licentious brute you say he was, was playing with a novelty. I guess the matter of leaving the lady alone gave him a bigger thrill than he could get by interfering with her."

"I'm glad you think so, sir," said the little Dutchman. "Yes, I'm very glad. This is your train."

He pressed his card on me as we shook hands. I did not glance at it till I was on the train. It read "Paul Van Vollenhoven." ⌗

Merchandisers of big-game excitement, Arizona's Lee brothers are specialists in bagging bear, lion and native tigre

SZANTO

Hunters, Inc.

by JACK TOOKER

Right in our southwestern backyard—now—there are men on the trail of wild animals so formidable that the average American never dreams they exist outside of jungles or zoos. Lion, bear, jaguar, and the fabulous onca are prey for hunters in Arizona and across the border in Mexico. They are at once a challenge and a menace to Americans jaded by going after the smaller, more placid stuff.

In Arizona are the four Lee brothers—Ernest, Vince, Clell and Dale—one of the most noted and experienced teams of professional wild-game hunters in America. For less money than it would take to get to Africa, let alone hunt there, the Lees guide hunters through two or three weeks of adventure matched only by jungle fiction and send them home with enough pelts and trophies to keep them bragging for years.

The Lees have built enormous good will for their guide business because they get results. If you go into the mountains with them after a lion or two, you'll come back with your prize or else you'll come back without the Lees. They are that kind of men, determined and resourceful. Sometimes their bag exceeds even their own expectations. On one expedition into Mexico, for example, they returned with fourteen lions and two bears. Aside from the extraordinary catch, it was typical in every way of a Lee expedition. Against a background of steep and rocky mountains, the brothers had guided their clients to the game and helped them bring it in.

In addition to conducting hunts, the Lees breed and train and sell hunting dogs as a kind of by-product to their business. Noted outdoorsmen say their own pack of bear and lion hounds is among the best to be found anywhere. The brothers are also called upon to make an occasional extra-curricular trip to nail a predator killing cattle on the range.

The Lees' hunting is characterized by a brash indifference to the safety of their own skins. Once, while hunting tigre, or jaguar, along the Yaqui River in Sonora, Mexico, an especially ill-tempered cat made a last stand in a cave. All the hounds but one followed him underground. Dale and Vince crawled in, one with a flashlight and the other with a gun. The flashlight was of no use, for the dogs had stirred the dust until it clouded the cave. The brothers backed out, called the dogs to clear the way, but the pack refused to budge; they were too close to their quarry. So the men had to go in again and pull the hounds out by the hind legs. They then blocked the entrance with their bodies to keep the dogs from re-entering.

After a moment, they crawled back in until they could hear the tigre growl. Vince lay prone with the gun ready while Dale focused the flashlight. The eyes of the tigre shone like greenish moons far back in the darkness. Vince fired at the eyes. Two quick shots dropped the beast before he could launch an attack.

After they dragged the body out into daylight, one of the party asked, "What would you boys have done if that jaguar had tried to come out?"

Vince looked at the man in amazement and replied, "Why, he couldn't come out. There was just barely room for Dale and me."

Tigre are always a feature of the Mexico hunt when the Lees cross into Mexico. Dale is the official tigre caller. His instrument is a large cow horn with a small hole drilled through the lip and a slot cut in the outside curve about four inches from the tip. With this bazooka-like instrument, he makes the peculiar grunting noise and gurgling growl that lures the tigre.

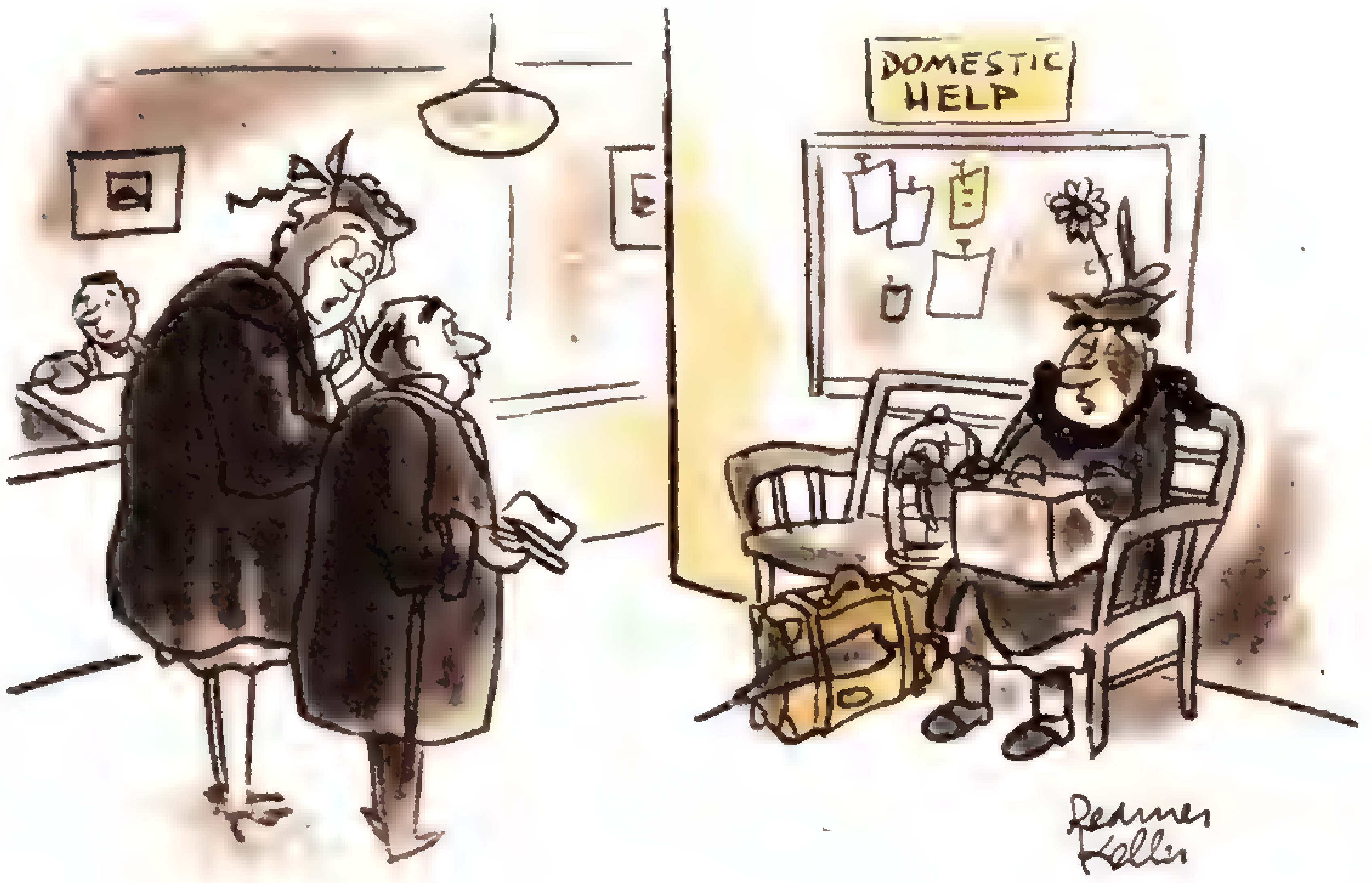
It is in preliminaries like tigre calling, tracking, or encircling a wary prey that the Lees demonstrate their fantastic skill. Even an amateur can shoot big game, but it takes real hunting to find it. Given a few scraps of evidence such as an odd track or two, the time of day, the humidity, the terrain, and perhaps the fact that the hair is stiffening on a certain dog's back, a Lee is likely to inform you that a grizzly weighing at least 800 pounds passed by eight hours before on his way to a water hole where he fooled around for a while before taking to a tree where he is now dozing about 2,000 yards behind you.

While the kill may not be the most difficult part of hunting, it is the most exciting and that's where the customer comes in. The Lees make it a rule to give the client first shot. Usually the lion is all treed and waiting for you to prove that you're a steely-nerved he-man and a dead shot with a rifle. But sometimes it's not so easy. A wounded and maddened bear can be formidable when he breaks through the circle of dogs, and it takes rapid, accurate shooting to stop him.

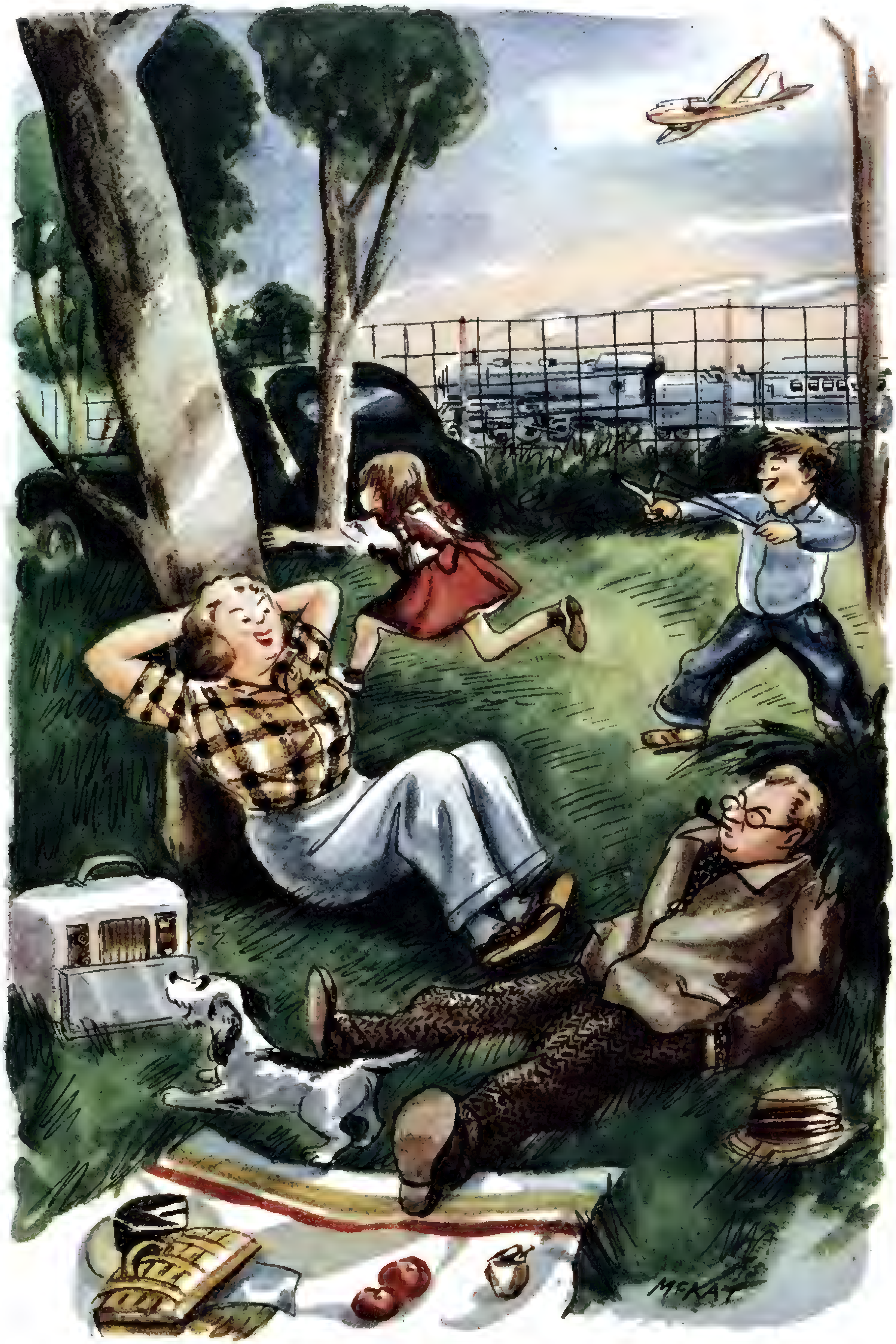
When a lion or jaguar or onca crawls into a hole no larger than his own body, the kill is especially dangerous. This is close-quarter work and often a brave-talking sportsman will turn the kill over to the Lees. It is a thing of wonder that the four brothers—after crawling into scores of caves and poking around in countless crannies after snarling, clawing cats—still have eight arms among them.

The Lees are courageous, but they are not foolhardy. On one hunt Ernest, the oldest of the four, rode up under a lion treed in a tall pine that grew in a bed of boulders. His horse had one fault: he liked to buck at unexpected moments. The lion jumped out almost on top of horse and rider, and the mount bucked as the only logical outlet for mortal terror. The big boulders made it dangerous. Ernest pulled leather unashamedly—a sissy trick to Western horsemen—to avoid a spill on the hard rock. The lion got away.

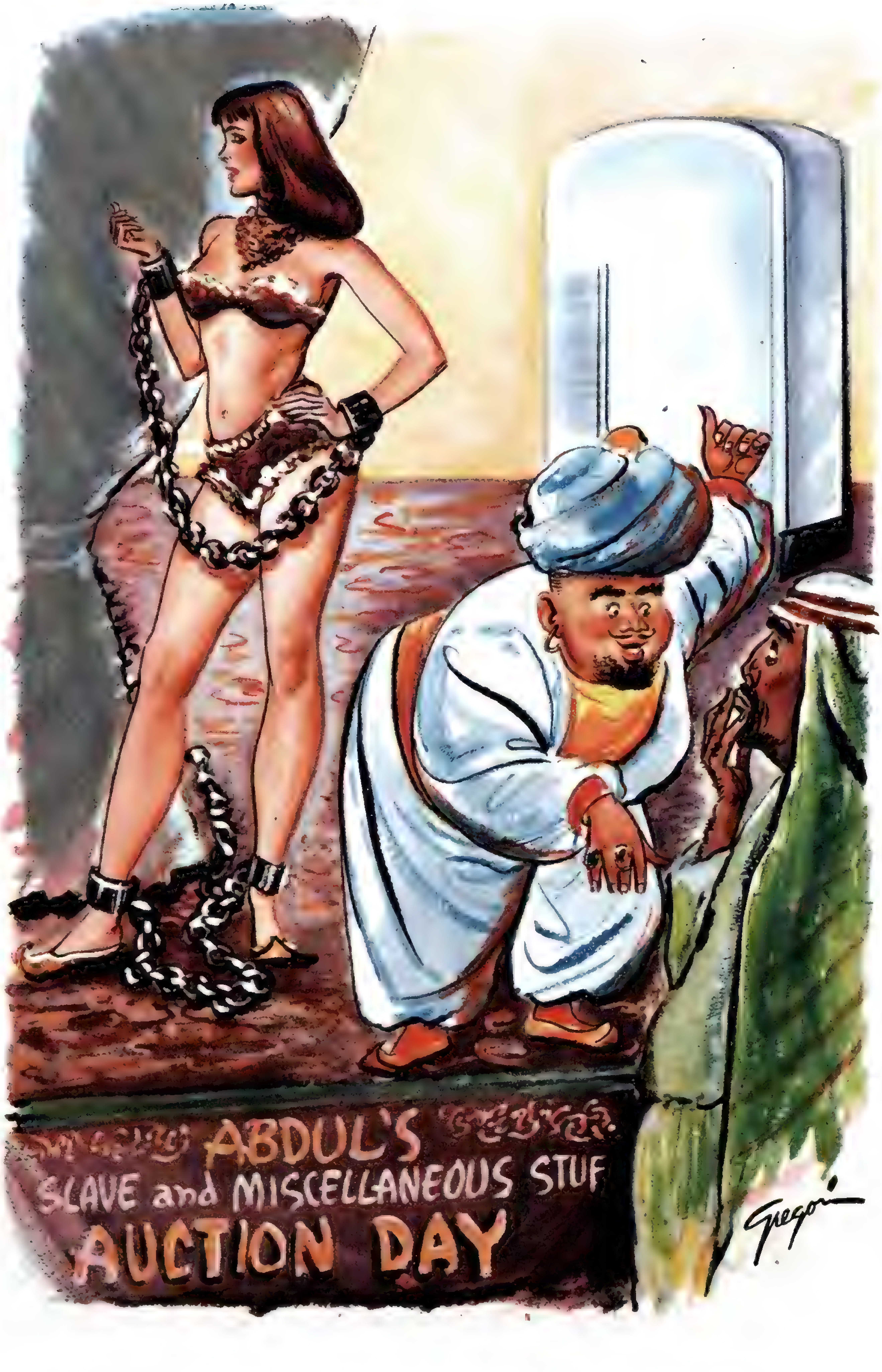
Dry trailing, the Lees will tell you, is the hardest of all, especially when the scent is old. A track twelve hours old in dry weather is harder for the hounds to follow than one twenty-four hours old in wet weather. And as if it weren't difficult enough tracing a scent, the animals themselves often pull unnatural tricks which further foul the hunter. On one occasion the Lees found both lion and bear were sleeping in trees, a (*Continued on page 153*)



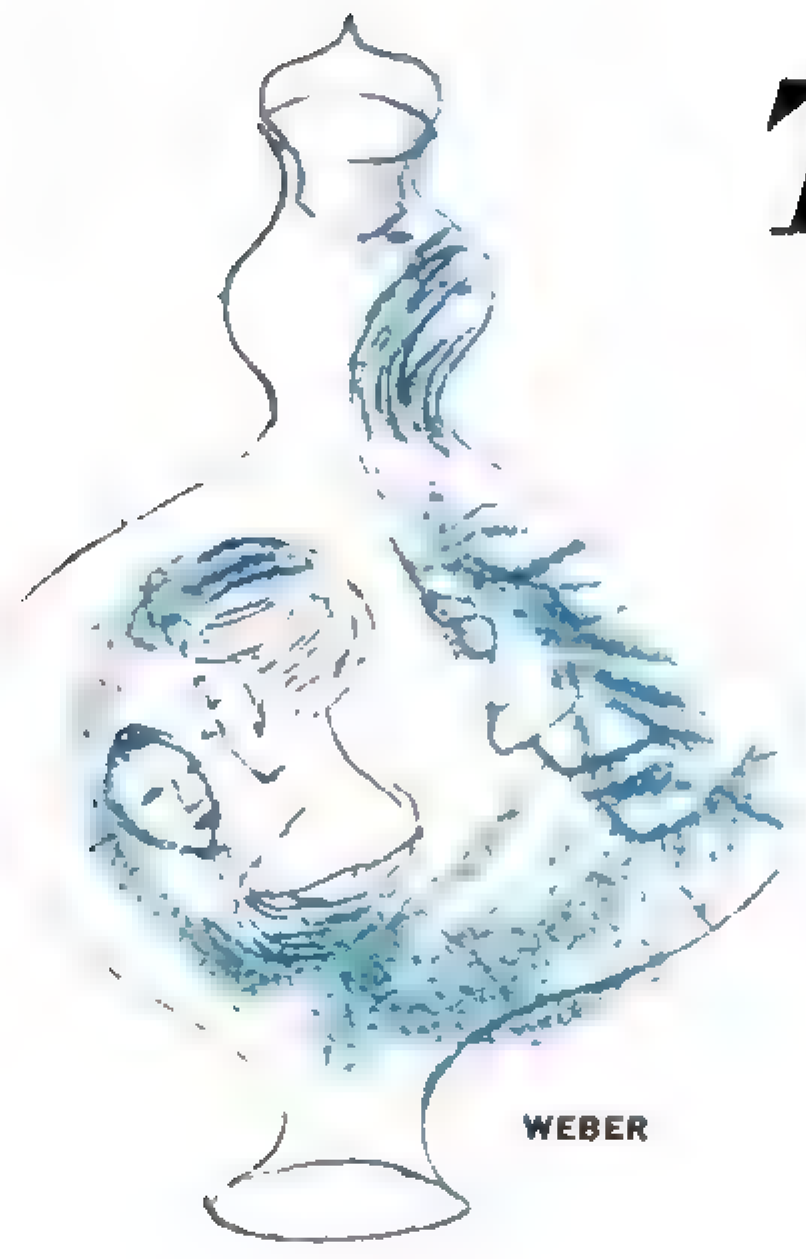
"She's probably a good maid, Herbert, but don't you think she'll probably clash with the wallpaper?"



". . . it's so peaceful in the country"


ABDUL'S
SLAVE and MISCELLANEOUS STUF
AUCTION DAY
Gregori

"If you want to see some frenzied bidding, wait till I put up that new refrigerator"



The Tattler's Tears

Her superstitious foibles had proved amusing in the past, but that was before she fell for the Tibetan monk routine

by KERN L. PERC

SAM HARDER glared at his own set features in the rain-streaked window of the dingy coach. His rigid back was a deliberately insulting barrier to the tacit overtures of the blonde across the aisle.

Maybe she thinks I'm playing hard to get. Well, I'm not playing, baby! Not this night.

Oh, damn women, anyway! All women—excepting Peg. And damn Jim Hendricks and his gruesome jokes. And double damn the Tattler! I'll put an end to that once and for all, if this clanking collection of junk ever gets me home!

He just had to make time now and the slow rattling of the train was enough to drive a guy nuts. Never before had he been so anxious to get home to Peg that he had cut a trip short. But never before had the Tattler business come to such an ugly head.

Thinking about it and thinking about Peg, he went soft inside like any adolescent. He turned from the window, loosened his collar and slowly, deliberately, kissed her picture, half turning it in the leather case so the blonde could see.

Peg! Bless her cute, kittenish, gullible little carcass! For all her exasperating superstition, she was still as good a wife as a man could want. Come to think of it, until now he had found her superstitious foibles quite amusing, even that time in the restaurant when she had thrown salt over her shoulder into a near-by diner's eyes. But this time—this Tattler business—it was no longer funny. If only she hadn't believed in the silly thing!

For five years now he had tolerated the Tattler. It had become a sort of ritual with them every time he returned from a trip. Peg never failed to trot out the Tattler and exult: "See what a good girl I have been while you were away!"

Jim Hendricks had sent the Tattler as a wedding present while on one of his lengthy rambles through Central Asia. "Lama's tears," he had called it.

"I got this from a Tibetan monk," he had written to Peg.

"This" was a tiny, weirdly-shaped crystal vial containing less than a spoonful of clear, colorless liquid. "Rain water!" Sam had scoffed, until he noticed his bride's sweetly serious concern.

"I didn't buy it," the letter had said. "It was not for sale, but given for a service I had rendered the old fellow. As your tie-up with Sam makes me a confirmed bachelor I have no need of it, so I am passing it on to you. May it always keep you faithful—both of you! For in the event (heaven forbid!) of infidelity, the Lama's tears will turn to blood!"

And then a postscript had added: "Maybe minor strays from the connubial fold will turn it only a pinkish tinge."

"Minor strays!" Sam squirmed deeper into the jolting seat as he recalled the cuddlesome brunette in the Minneapolis hotel, the petite chorine in Kansas City.

Every time he had come home the Lama's tears—"Tattler's tears," Sam had dubbed the vial, then just plain "Tattler"—had, of course, shown no change, remaining pristine pure, clear and colorless.

Maybe it had served a useful purpose, at that. It had kept superstitious Peg believing in him, anyway. That is, until this last trip.

Just before leaving two weeks ago, he had smuggled the Tattler from Peg's dresser, taken it into the bathroom and let the Lama weep down the drain, and then filled the vial with mercurochrome.

All the way out to Chicago he had grinned at his mental picture of Peg's consternation when she would hold up the Tattler for his inspection three weeks thence. "Oh, Peg!" he would moan dramatically. "How could you do that to me!"

And then, after a suitable period of frantic protestations of love and undying faith, he would show her what a faker the Tattler really was. He'd probably have to have the mercurochrome analyzed by a chemist for her complete satisfaction, but he'd convince her. And then, blessed thought, he would throw the damned thing out with the garbage!

It wasn't until he'd left home that it occurred to him that his lesson in common sense might boomerang. Suppose Peg was accustomed to taking a daily peek at the Tattler, as a sort of barometer of *his* fidelity? Suppose the shock made her destroy it, instead of keeping it to confront and confound him? Where'd he be then? What would his mercurochrome story avail against her immutable superstition?

Sam Harder glanced at his wrist watch as he turned his key in his apartment door. Twenty after midnight. I won't ring the bell. I'll just wake her with a kiss, and then we'll have this Tattler business out!

But Peg wasn't there. Must be staying with friends. He dialed the Burkes, the Harrisons, the Parkers, the Wilsons, and got sleepy answers and no information. Maybe she's doing the night clubs; but no, Peg wasn't much for that; never did like to be the odd girl in the party. Maybe she—that damned Tattler! No, she wouldn't leave him without a note, a message of some sort.

He yanked out the top drawer of Peg's dresser. There it was!

He gripped the vial savagely and sat on the empty bed, breathing easier now. At least she hadn't destroyed it. That simplified matters. Now, if she'd only come home . . . Should have phoned her . . . God, this place was lonesome!

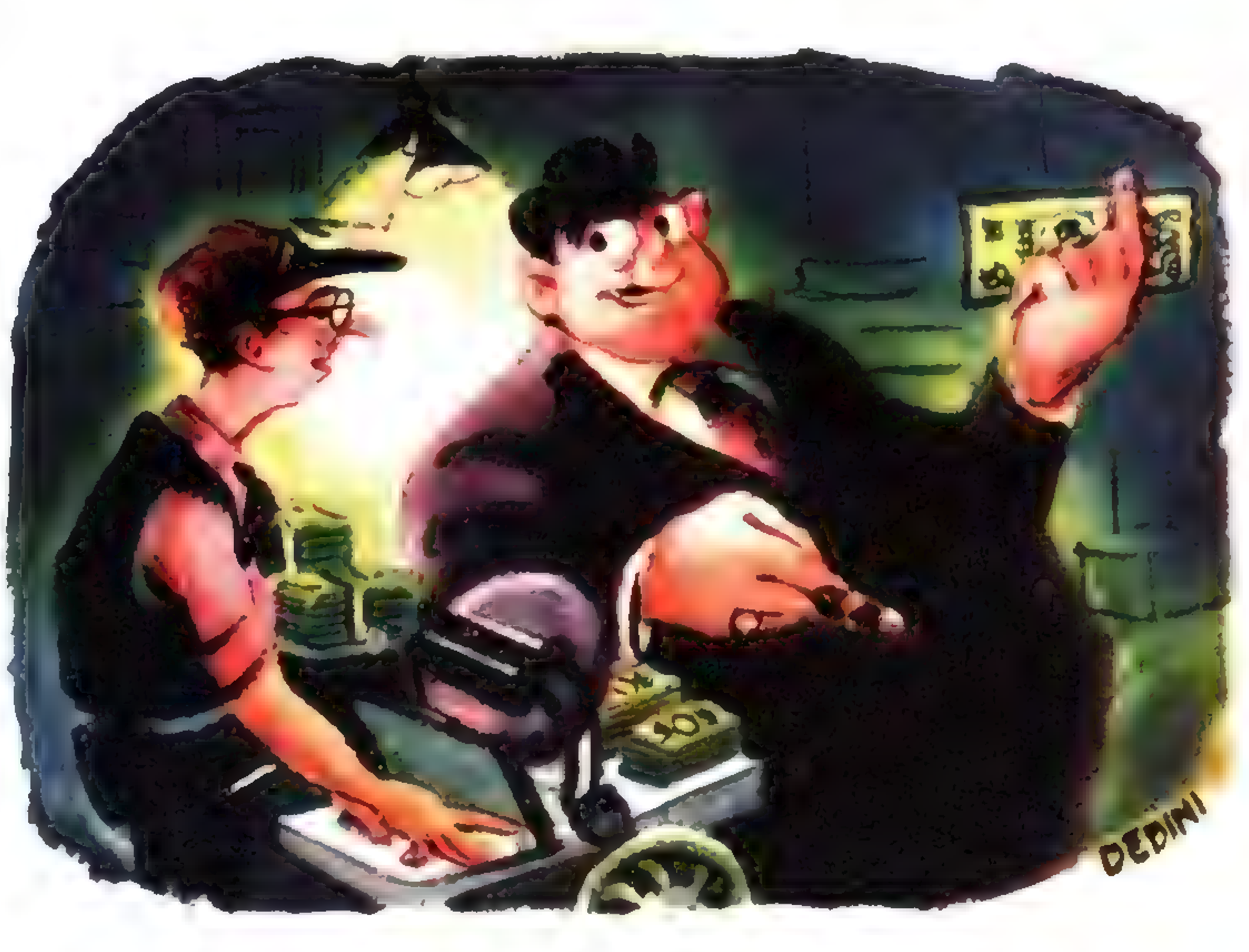
Peg's bunny-furred mules were beside the bed. He nudged them affectionately with his foot, then stooped to pick up the silver pin one had concealed. No, not a pin—a tie clasp, a man's sterling tie clasp bearing ornate initials, GJM.

Sam stared stupidly at the clasp, then slowly unclenched his right fist and held the Tattler toward the bed lamp.

It was true to the name he had given it. At long last the Tattler had told its tale!

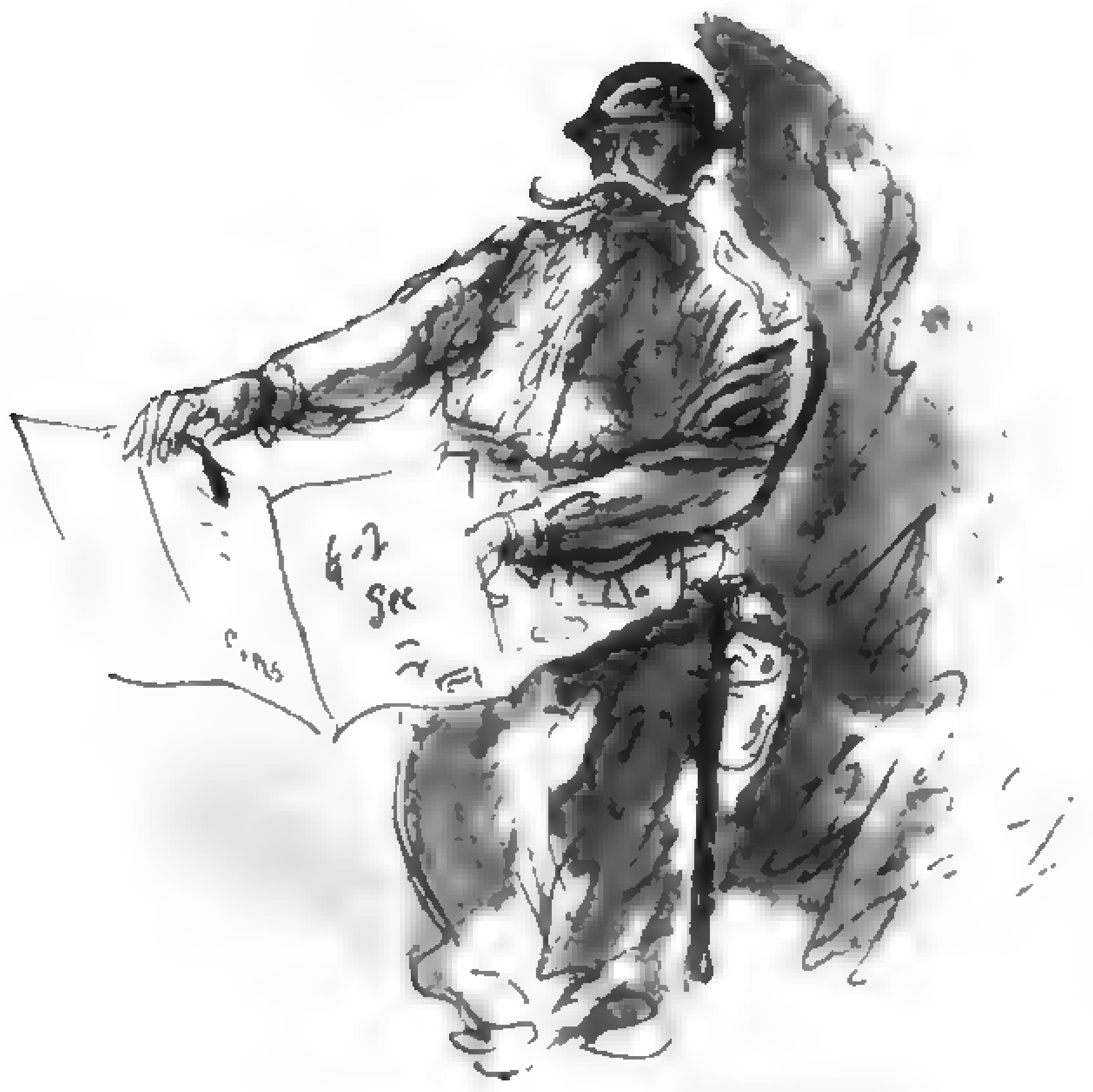
There would be no need of chemical analysis now.

Sam twisted the weirdly-carved stopper and slowly shook into his palsied palm the clear, colorless drops of water. ‡‡



"That was a nice gesture, Willie—but on the next batch put Lincoln's picture instead of mine"

It was the magnificent mustache—huge, and black as anthracite—that was the key to this man's evident greatness



GREENHALGH

There Was a Man

by RICHARD F. BAUM

It was late at night and there was nothing more for me to do, but I sat up and stared at a situation map whose grim story I already knew by heart. I was worn out and exhausted by the nervous tension of my first three days of combat. I couldn't seem to rest. Sleep was out of the question. We had been warned that the Germans would probably resume their attack at dawn.

The Army blanket stretched across the window didn't prevent the winter air from seeping in. I shivered slightly and shoved my hands under my thighs to keep them warm. At my elbow a candle dipped and wavered in the drafts, now shadowing and now brightening the cluttered room and the religious chromos on the walls. On a couch in one corner the battalion commander was asleep and snoring, his wool cap pulled down over his ears and his field jacket thrown loosely across his shoulders. In another corner slumped a damp pile of cartridge belts, musette bags and entrenching tools.

A few hundred yards down the darkened street, enemy shells were dropping at irregular intervals on the main crossroad of the town. Their explosions sounded muffled and farther away than they actually were. Snow had been falling for hours upon the stubble fields and wrecked villages of the Alsatian plain, swelling the darkly streaming waters of the near-by Rhine. I wondered what reserves of infantry and armor the Germans were hurrying across the river.

Beyond the door I heard our sentry challenge someone in a low voice. In a moment the door swung open and a tall, helmeted figure, bundled in a bulging overcoat and caked with snow, strode into view and gave me a brief salute.

"Come on in," I said.

He halted in the feeble light of the doorway and reported slowly, "Lieutenant Serrel, of the 849th Tank Destroyer Battalion." Remarkably full and rich, his voice incongruously suggested leisure and good food.

"Glad you've come," I said. "We've been expecting you."

He strode to the table, eased his bulky frame into a chair, and with great deliberation unhooked his pistol belt and removed his helmet and placed them neatly together on the floor at his feet. These arrangements completed, he straightened in his chair and sat erect and, with head held proudly high, gazed upon me with an air of massive calm.

Seeing his face clearly for the first time, I nearly blurted out, "What the hell kind of clown are *you?*"

Lieutenant Serrel's face and shoulders faded out of focus and disappeared behind a monstrous handle-bar mustache, a mustache that seized my attention and monopolized my consciousness. Huge, black as anthracite, this mustache sprouted thickly from his upper lip and there divided into two horizontal wings that flowed out across his cheeks, drooped downward in graceful arcs well beyond the outlines of his face, and at the tips curled briskly upward in outer space with undiminished vigor. This mustache had a total spread—I immediately thought of it in terms of antlers—exceeding ten inches. It was a mustache that a bartender of the Gay Nineties might conceivably have aspired to, but one which no man on earth could possibly have equaled.

BROWNING

Hands of a Pioneer

The blunt, strong fingers of Martha Graham suggest the spirit of frontier women, and as a pioneering iconoclast of the Dance, she feels a kindredship to those covered-wagon travelers. Throughout her brilliant career she has been pushing aside tradition, pushing on to a truly native American art form. While not everyone cares for "modern dance," those who do hail Miss Graham as a genius, both as dancer and choreographer. Her classes, from which she draws her troupe, regard her with the selfless reverence of disciples. She grew up in California and first became known with the Denishawn group. She broke away to pursue her own creative ideas, and her first recital in 1926 unleashed a hurricane of controversy. But even critics opposed to her aesthetic revolution now ungrudgingly award her high respect.

No wax or other artifice impelled its graceful lines. Soft and glossy, scrupulously trimmed and trained, its black hairs described their balanced curves without one hair diverging from the plan. Each hair fitted perfectly into the artistic whole. It was the longest and most perfect handle-bar mustache that I had ever seen, in or out of the movies.

The rest of Lieutenant Serrel came back into focus. His dark hair plumed up an inch above his forehead and was then brushed back in flowing lines. Under thick brows his deep-set eyes brilliantly reflected the candlelight. They shone obsidian black in the pinkness of his plump but strong-jawed face. The carriage of his head was proud. He reminded me of a print I once saw of Buffalo Bill in that hero's dignified old age.

The mustache tugged at my attention and I turned away uneasily. I felt that that mustache was so overwhelmingly outlandish that Lieutenant Serrel would be embarrassed if I regarded it too closely. And I couldn't look at him at all without my eyes instantly seeking it out and fastening upon it as they might fasten upon some horrible scar or tumor.

I stole a glance at him, hoping that he would by some smile or gesture admit the absurdity of that mustache. I thought he might somehow acknowledge that he wore it only as a joke, and grant me permission to be amused. No such acknowledgment was forthcoming. To my dismay he even denied me the right of trying to ignore the monstrous growth. Fixing his brilliant eyes on mine, he raised a pudgy hand and fondly stroked the mustache along its entire, fantastic length and cavalierly curled first one tip and then the other between his practiced fingers. And then he gazed upon me with profound placidity.

I fought to escape the fascination of that mustache and the suspicion that Lieutenant Serrel was insane. "Anyway," I said to myself, "he's got some tank destroyers."

"We've been hurting for tank destroyers," I told him. "The Krauts have tanks in this area and we lost our last anti-tank gun this morning. Are your destroyers very far behind you?" I asked anxiously.

"I brought them with me," he said. When he moved his lips to speak, the widespread wings of his mustache quivered like the wings of a sea gull balancing in air. "My destroyers are in town now."

I felt like shaking his hand for that.

"How many have you?" I said. "Four?"

"Three. The jokers killed one several days ago."

I gathered that "the jokers" were the Germans.

"Have you plenty of ammo?" I said.

"*Beaucoup.*"

I nodded at the colonel sleeping on the couch. "This is the first sleep the colonel's had in two nights. I'll zero you in on the situation before we wake him up."

A shell detonated a little way down the street, and we heard a crash of lumber and masonry and the tinkle of falling roof tiles.

"That one was closer than most," I said. "They've been interdicting the crossroad in the center of town. Your destroyers aren't parked off in that direction, are they?"

Lieutenant Serrel gravely stroked his incredible mustache. "I generally avoid crossroads," he replied.

I wondered if the mildness of his voice conveyed a faint reproach.

"Our situation," I began, "is the most utterly fouled up mess there ever was, bar none. The Krauts jumped us two days ago and by now there's not much left of the battalion. We have less than forty men apiece in two of our rifle companies. The other rifle company has one officer. This morning—no, yesterday morning," I went on, checking my watch, "a troop of cavalry came in and they're on the line tonight, dismounted and short of machine guns. Corps sent some engineers down to lay mines across our front last night and they laid the mines, all right, but they didn't tell us where they laid them. Our telephone line—" I was conscious that my voice was rising and beginning to roll rhetorically,"—has been knocked out by the artillery you've been hearing. Our only communication is by radio and the radio can't pick up the units on our flanks. The patrol that went out to contact them is already two hours overdue. We've lost contact with the rear, and at the moment I don't know what headquarters we're supposed to get our orders from. The Krauts have been attacking, we expect another attack tomorrow, and," I concluded my recital, "the Krauts are no doubt moving men and armor across the Rhine right now."

Home on the range—or in the air

Meet the Stinson "Voyager 150" nestling modestly behind the horse. The new version of the personal airplane is all dressed up in its postwar 1946 fittings. She's a four-place job with a maximum speed of 133 mph and a cruising speed of 125 mph. The 150-hp Franklin engine takes her off at sea level with a run of 550 feet. The "Voyager 150" lives up to the name too, with a fuel capacity of 40 gallons, a range of 500 miles, and a service ceiling of 14,000 feet. She's a practical job for the hedge-hopping businessman and, being not only luxuriously fitted but also cabin soundproofed, she's a delight for sport. The radio speaker, standard equipment, is placed in the cabin dome. If you want a work ship as well, the two rear seats can be folded away and the Voyager takes off with a 944 lb. payload.

Thoughtfully smoothing his astounding mustache, Lieutenant Serrel deliberated upon my words for several seconds of silence. At length he rumbled deeply in his chest and, as another shell wrecked another building down the street, his voice issued from his throat in tones richly musical.

"Normal," he said serenely. "Yes, altogether normal." He paused and continued, "It was that way in Sicily, it was that way in Italy, it was that way in Normandy. And I've heard tell," he said, mentioning the only campaign that he seemed to have missed, "that it was the same in Africa. Yes, I'd judge—normal."

I shifted the candle to throw a better light on the map and began to give him the details of the enemy's position and ours. Several times he put a finger on some point of the map and briefly questioned me, "Will this ground hold tanks?" or, "What's to stop the jokers from breaking through right here?"

When I had finished he drew a deep breath and settled his bulk more comfortably. His head held high, his jaw and that widely flowing mustache thrust proudly forward, he tilted back his chair. He surveyed the map from some height and distance, as though it presented a problem whose difficulty piqued his curiosity but whose importance scarcely merited his concern.

In less than a minute he announced his plan of deployment. "I shall place a destroyer here," he said, tapping the map with the end of a pencil, "and another one here, and my third one here. From those positions I will cause the jokers considerable trouble. The maximum trouble, I believe."

I awoke the colonel and he came groggily toward the light, rubbing his eyes. After a brief discussion he assented to the plan. "You're putting yourself well forward," he told Lieutenant Serrel, approval in his voice. "Good."

Lieutenant Serrel rose from the table. "My men and I are tired, and a few hours sleep would be welcome. I shall move into position at once, and get some rest. If the jokers attack at dawn, my destroyers will be ready."

"How about a drink before you go?" I handed him a bottle. "It's only schnapps, and pretty raw. But it's better than nothing."

"Thank you. Yes." He glanced around the disorderly room. "Have you a glass handy? Whenever possible, I like to do things well."

I found a tumbler for him and he poured it half full of the transparent liquor. One hand deftly lifting his mustache from contact with the rim, he raised the glass to his lips. He swallowed deeply twice, and set down the empty glass.

For several seconds he stared reflectively into an invisible distance. "I should say," he observed, wiping his mouth, "that that was vitriol. Are you quite sure it is only schnapps?"

I assured him that it was.

"Then I shall no doubt survive." He buttoned his coat and arranged his pistol belt around his waist. "If I may make a suggestion; this country is flowing with sound wines and cognacs . . ."

I felt somewhat apologetic about the schnapps, but I tried to defend my offer of it. "There hasn't been much time to think about our comforts. Things have been happening pretty fast around here."

"You've had your first engagement now," he said easily. "You'll find that there will be more time from now on."

An issue of the *Stars and Stripes*, folded to display an article that I had been reading, caught his eye. He read the headline aloud, "WAR MAY END IN MONTH." He yawned and reminisced, "I remember a similar article which I read in Sicily, a year-and-a-half ago." His voice rose from the unfathomed depths of his calm. "It made enjoyable reading."

He put on his helmet, settling it firmly with both hands. "I shall return to contact you in the morning, unless the jokers attack in strength. In that event, I shall, of course, be overrun." Eyes sparkling like black diamonds, he raised his head and that magnificent mustache confronted me in its full width and splendor. He stroked it once, curled first one tip and then the other carefully between his fingers, and his hand flung up and outward with a flourish. And then he turned and moved with heavy tread through the doorway and into the threatening night.

The colonel stirred on his couch. "Was I dreaming," he asked, "or was that a mustache?"

"Sir," I replied, suddenly relaxed and gay, "guard your words. Speak softly. That was no mere mustache. That was Danton at the guillotine; that was Crockett at the Alamo! That mustache was splendor and pride and glory!" ###

Car Around the Corner

Doors disappear, seats embrace and the driver sits center in this preview of a family sedan you soon may be driving

The world of streamlined pleasures, big and little, is almost upon us. And in anticipation of that wonderful new day, Count de Sakhnoffsky offers his design of a family automobile tailored for comfort and efficiency. The sleek, two-door model opposite incorporates equipment features which may soon make a symphony out of the call of the open (touring) road.

The steering wheel, located center rather than left, may strike some as revolutionary, but actually Sakhnoffsky first suggested the change in a French publication back in 1927, and it has, of course, become S. O. P. in present-day racing cars. Its immediate advantage is its antidotal effect on the occupational blindness which now plagues drivers of cars so wide that judging activity to the right of their vehicles has become a matter of instinct and guesswork. The centered wheel guarantees ferret vision both left and right and has the not insignificant blessing of permitting the masculine operator to be flanked by twice as many blondes.

Still concentrating on problems born out of widening cars, Sakhnoffsky comes up with a sliding-door idea which squelches all danger of having a car door ripped off its hinges by passing trucks. The Sakhnoffsky door is electrically operated and slides back into the body rather than swinging out into space. The sound of doors slamming (coupled with last-minute worries over whether Aunt Sophie managed to get the darned thing shut tight) is eradicated, much to the satisfaction of the chronic nerve sufferer.

New wrinkle number three is invested in the design of the driver's seat. The heretofore victimized family chauffeur will come into his own inheritance of solid comfort when he deposits himself on the dream seat Sakhnoffsky has designed for him. No more aching back on long hauls; no more creaking knees on short ones. The present seat is padded to support the knees, moulded to embrace the back. Two hinged armrests add frosting to the cake, and the legless design makes a lark out of cleaning the auto floor.

The dashboard of this vision vehicle parts company with the commonplace, thick, overelaborate designs by sticking to compactly grouped fundamentals. And the front end which features recessed headlights, such as are now employed on the DC-3 Douglas planes, suggests the section of an airfoil—a trend in harmony with the twin goal of efficiency and sleekness.

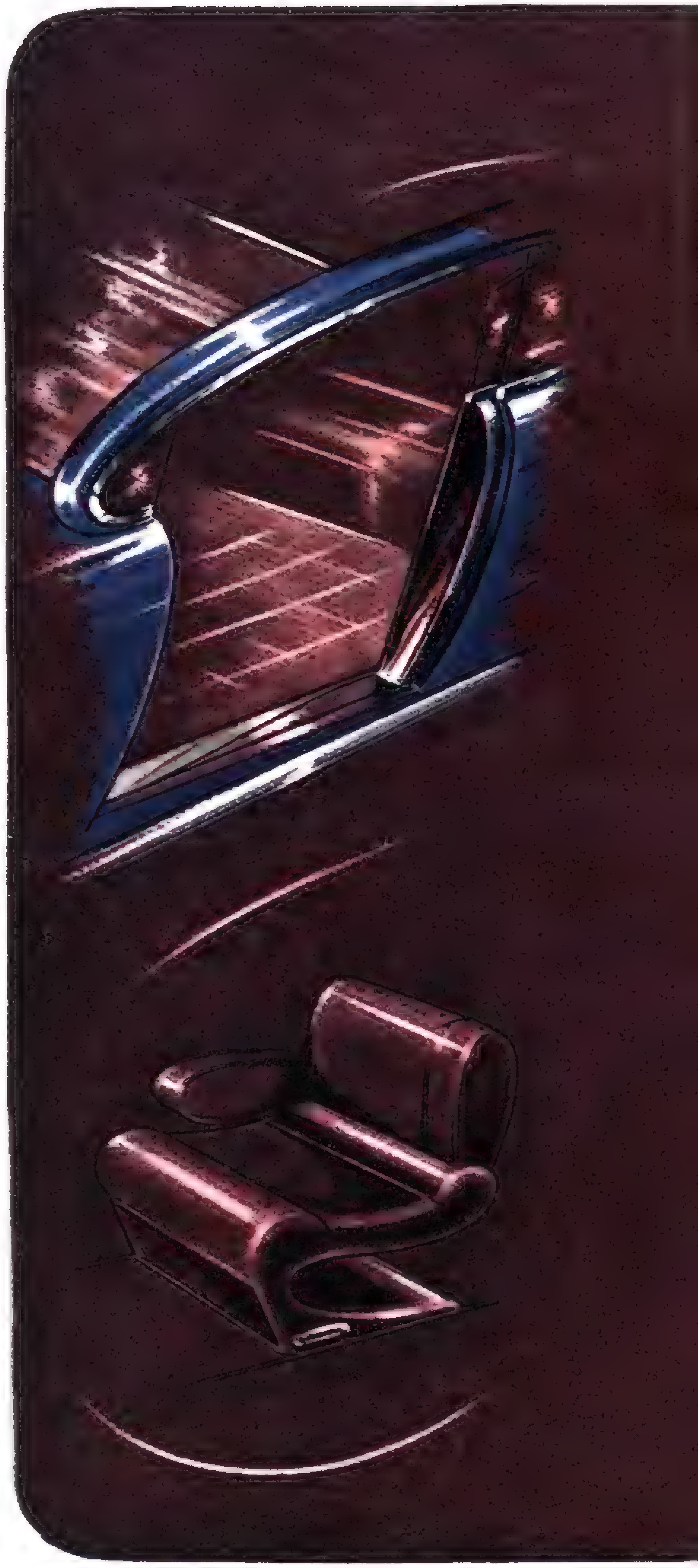
Sakhnoffsky resurrects the already-aging urge toward a dash of plastic in every automobile, and goes other designers one better with his foolproof version of the all-plastic top. The latter idea has been kicking around drafting boards ever since the first model was displayed at the Chicago World's Fair of 1933 and has never been adopted because of its Achilles' heel: it can't shake off intense summer heat. In the present model, the plastic windshield is swept back into the roof, but there is also a sliding panel, similar to the British sun-roof, which can be manipulated either manually or electrically, in order to furnish the desired degree of protection for the driver and the share-the-riders alike. #

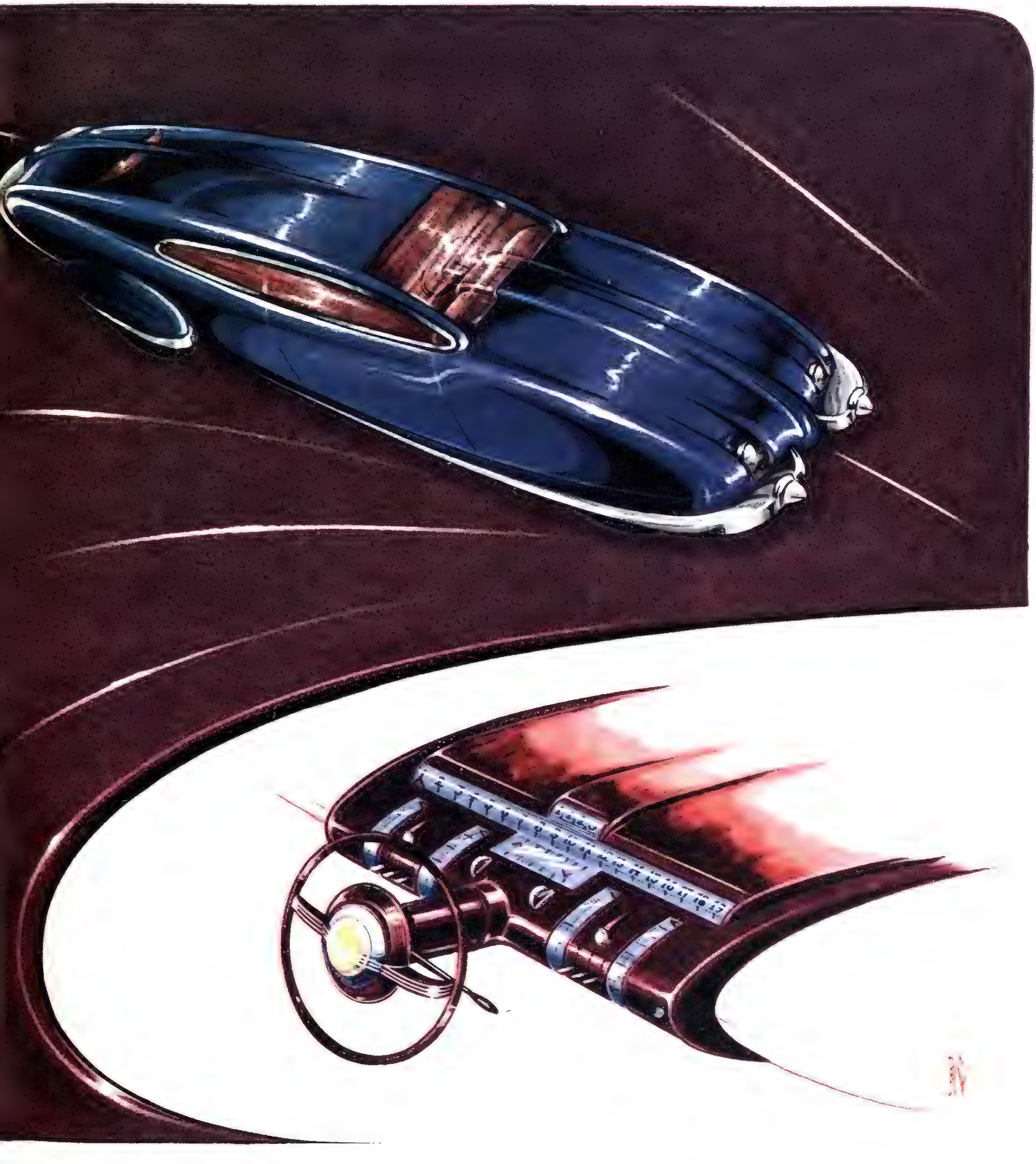
Mechanical Prophecies, No. 3

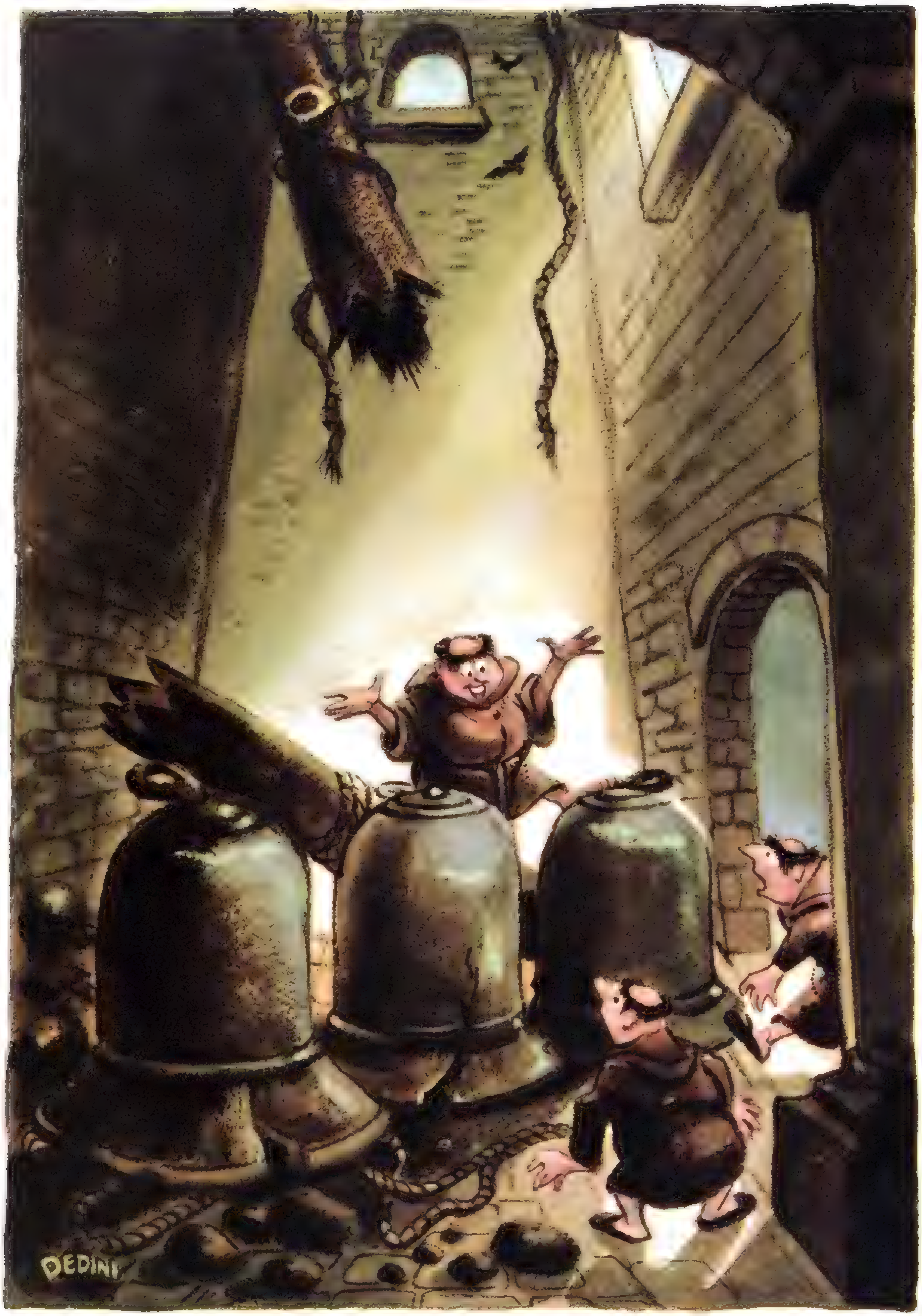
AUTOMOBILES

by COUNT ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

This month, casting a speculative eye once more on the problem of the horseless carriage, Sakhnoffsky offers a promise of surcease to the troubles of the harassed Sunday driver with his design for a two-door family sedan. As ever, he keeps both feet planted firmly on solid ground at the same time that his psyche goes soaring. The mechanical corners he has turned in this display may well be those the industry will turn tomorrow.







"Three to one, Brothers, which bell is Father Fabian under?"

SOYER

How the great *torero* lost his pigtail and his reputation at one stroke was a story to pique the taste of any writer

And Now Delilah

by NEIL PATERSON

I came across the card while I was clearing old letters out of my bureau prior to getting married. It was a small, gilt-edged business card and it read:

Sr. Tomas Sansón
A. and J. Garcias, Exporters of Finest Amontillado Jerez
Representative in Portugal.
15, Rua Nova do Corpo Santo, Lisbon.

Tomas Sansón. Had I bought sherry from him? The name meant nothing to me at first. Then I recalled an odd incident, which once had puzzled me, and now, suddenly, was explained. I understood it all now, and it seemed incredible that I had not seen the point, this superbly ironical point, before.

It started with my slapping a Nazi consul. That sounds interesting, but it is not. I slapped him because I happened upon him at a time when he deserved to be slapped, and on behalf of a lady. My action was disinterested. I did not know the lady, and I must confess that when I slapped the consul I did not know he was either a Nazi or a consul, although it would not have made any difference.

It was not fashionable then, of course, to slap Nazis in Portugal and of course there were immediate repercussions. But I had better begin at the beginning.

This all took place in Estoril back in 1938. I was living in the Hotel Splendid as a guest of the management who, having read some of my bullfighting stuff and having been impressed, I presume, by the exaggerated tributes of the literary critic of the Lisbon *O Tempo*, had commissioned me to write a handbook on the *Costa do Sol*, a sort of glorified brochure to tempt the English to the Sunny Coast of Portugal and in particular—provided they had enough money—to that Millionaires' Home-from-Home, Europe's de Luxe, most Ultra-Modern, Sumptuously Palatial Hotel, the Splendid. You must pardon the capital letters. It was of course that kind of brochure.

I enjoyed Estoril. I even enjoyed writing about it. I was temporarily one of the very idle rich myself. Even the fat men with beautifully-manicured hands did not offend me. I was grateful to them for providing me with the spectacle of their sleek, gleaming, chromium-plated cars and their sleek, kept women.

It was the finest holiday I had ever had, and I was in no hurry to end it. I wrote in the period between my *cha*, or after-siesta tea and dinner, and I had, if I remember rightly, finished only half my booklet when the lady, regrettably, appealed to my finer if somewhat dormant instincts, and I koshed the consul.

Well, of course, there was a high old hullabaloo. The following morning I was paid the full amount specified in my contract and asked to leave the hotel within twenty-four hours, this latitude deriving from the management's knowledge that I had a case against them if I cared to press it. I didn't want any more fuss. I agreed to leave and it was on the evening of the same day—my last in Estoril—that the incident which I am going to tell you about took place.

Everybody in the hotel knew of the strong-arm affair, and everybody was talking about it. The consul, it appeared, was cordially disliked, and I was peppered with congratulations. I was the local lion and, for the spell of this one evening, enjoyed all the advantages of notoriety. Make no mistake about it, there are advantages to notoriety, one of them being, I found, that members of the opposite sex whom you have admired but who certainly have not noticed you, now noticeably admire you.

I had danced a couple of times with the girl in green. She was Spanish, tall, up to my nose, had black hair and blue eyes; she was from the North. I had thought her a lulu, and now, after dancing with her a couple of times, I knew that I had been perfectly right: she was all of a lulu, and I do not mean anything derogatory by that. Madeline, whom I am going to marry, is also a lulu.

"Lisa," I said in Spanish, "let's go out."

She gave me a look which was not the sort of look that usually passes between the sexes. It was impersonal and comprehending.

"Come on," I said. "Let's get some air."

"All right, but it is necessary for me to be wrapped."

"I have my car."

"Good. But I nevertheless require a wrap."

She put her head against my cheek and we drifted over to the doorway. "Wait for me in the bar," she said. "I wish also to repair my toilet but it will not be of long duration. Wait at the end of the bar where you can view the staircase, and when I descend I shall make a sign to you. It is clearly understood, darling?"

"It is clearly understood," I said. "I shall await you with a conflagration in my veins."

It is possible to say that sort of thing in Spanish.

"I shall return with all velocity," the girl said.

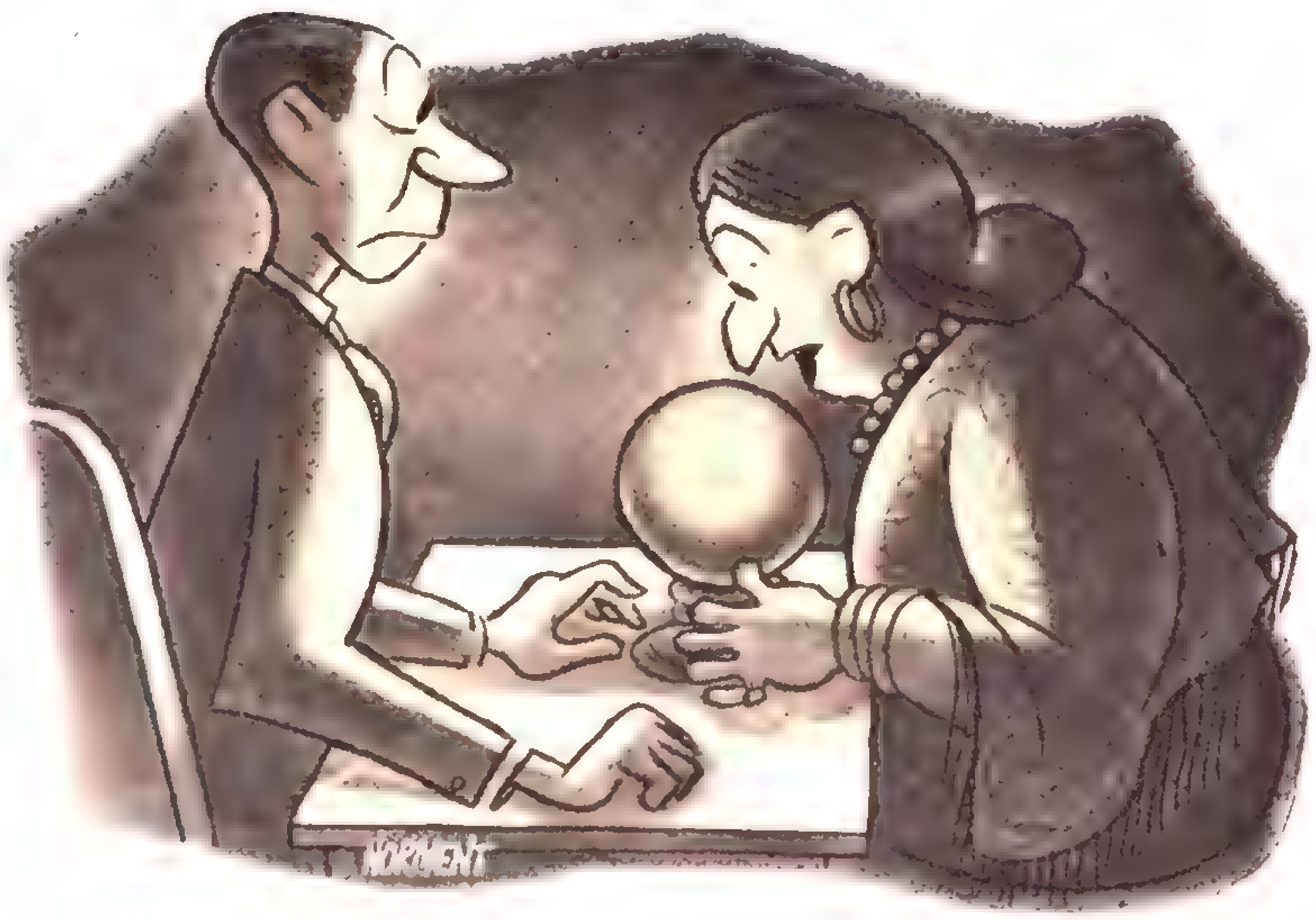
I went into the cocktail bar at the near side of the dance floor, ordered a Martel and leaned back against the crescent-shaped counter where I had an excellent view of the dance floor and of the staircase beyond.

It was there that I was joined by the gentleman whose card I was to find in my bureau.

I was accustomed on this particular day to the attentions of strangers and I did not especially notice the little man when he offered me a drink. I can remember only that he was small, that he had a nondescript but clean-looking face, that he was dressed in the faultless black of the businessman, and that his voice was crisp and slightly Castilian. I remember, I think, every word of our conversation from the time he caught my interest by mentioning Pedro González.

"You must beware," he said, "of the fate

(Continued on page 141)



"I see wealth, success, happiness and a tiny grey cloud labeled penal servitude"

The cogent cavalier must be more alert than a Boy Scout, more observant than Romeo, more discriminating than Kipling

Happiness Is a Hat

by HERB GRAFFIS

CARROLL

So far as I know there is no masculine counterpart of Dorothy Dix. That is a great pity as young men get in sweet heat just as young women do. Their confusion is just as confounded. It stays with them longer. It is not unusual for a man to be paying alimony to two women and sniffing the bait in other amorous traps. No other man can tell men anything authoritative about women. The only thing men actually can learn about women they have to learn for themselves, and man's observation of women is notoriously vague and deficient.

About all most men remember about women is that women are women and a good part of the time that belief is based on limited information.

One woman can pass another hastily on the street and without consciously observing the other wench can describe her in garb, build, hair (genuine or artificial coloring and style of coiffure) and other details, practically to the filling of the fleeting specimen's teeth and the scars of her operations. The completeness and accuracy of the flash inventory excels any performance by Sherlock Holmes or J. Edgar Hoover's youths.

But a man can live with a woman for years and under cross-examination testify only to the approximate color of her hair, her weight and height. When he's all flushed and foolish in the early stages of loving rapture he is even less able to describe his inamorata.

How would the police ever have been able to pick up Juliet on Romeo's description? Here's the only information they'd have:

> WANTED FOR POTENTIAL JUVENILE DELINQUENCY—Juliet Capulet. Age: (Data from Miss Capulet's nurse) "At Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen." Other identification data (from Romeo Montague): "She hath Diana's wit. O! She is rich in beauty. She is too fair, too wise. The all-seeing sun ne'er saw her match since the world begun.
>
> " 'O! She doth teach the torches to burn bright.
> It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
> Like a rich jewel in Ethiop's ear;
> Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.' "
>
> Then Romeo thinks he tells all by saying: " 'Juliet is the sun.' "

Now how could any copper ever apprehend one maiden out of the thousands in Verona on identification details as loose as that? Other men in other cities and of other times are as vague as Romeo when describing women. Police will tell you that women suspects or criminals are recognized on information given by other women, not often on data given by men, even men experienced in some branch of the police trade.

Why are men so foggy in observing women? Dorothy Dix, Mister Anthony and the Answer Man or others who, on newsprint or the air, solve all problems, haven't explained that one. The pessimistic Arthur Schopenhauer exposed the thorough flop men had made in appraising women when he wrote:

> "It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulse that could give the name of the fair sex to that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race."

Another who fancied himself as an authority on women, strangely enough, was Rudyard Kipling who wrote fluently exposing his ignorance of them. He declared very positively:

> "The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins."

If you want to miss on a lot of good numbers and get yourself embarrassed or slapped, or worse, work on that false premise of Mrs. Colonel and Judy O'Grady being subcutaneous twins. They are absolutely antipodal, hate each other's guts (which Mrs. Colonel possibly would call the viscera or entrails), think contrariwise, and by instinct, glands and social conditions are diametrically opposed to one another.

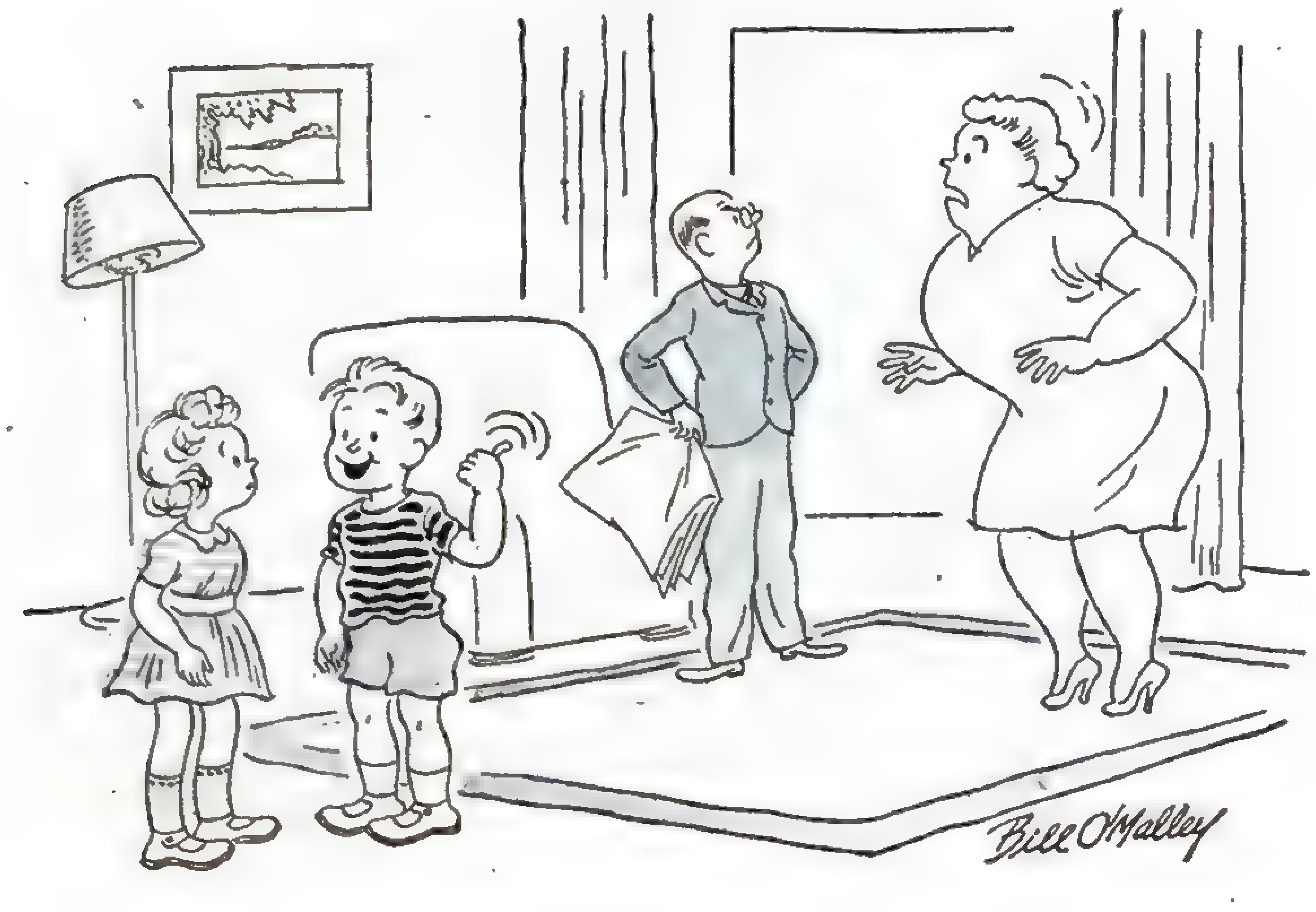
Should you employ the same procedure on Judy O'Grady that you would in trying to set yourself in with the colonel's lady, Judy probably would go around giggling to her intimates that you embroider your own underwear. And if you do the reverse, governing your relations with Mrs. Colonel by what experience has shown you gets across with La O'Grady, the colonel's lady probably will act toward you as though a brisk workout with Lifebuoy lather under a hot shower would do you a world of good.

For instance, you might send flowers to the colonel's lady, after first making certain that the colonel is many, many miles away. That would be thought perfectly too too sweet by her. But the O'Grady girl might figure you sent flowers because you had a charge account at the florist's or were too lazy to shop, or too cheap to buy her something more expensive, or too dumb to slip her the cash.

You would—as many a guy has—make the mistake of classifying the women wrongly in the Judy O'Grady or colonel's lady departments. There are as many classes of women as there are women.

You can classify women only after long, careful and complete study of specific points of temperament, talk and looks, and even at that rarely get them tagged correctly.

But you will be reasonably sure of rating as a superior sort of gentleman if you'll develop observation and memory of the feminine externals. More hell has been caused by men forgetting women's birthdays, their wedding anniversaries, and such calendar highlights as Easter and Mother's Day, than has been described by theologians. If a fellow cannot remember his wife or doll's birthday and does not have a competent secretary to remind him, the best way he can make sure of being reminded is to sign a note due on that day or arrange to have an insurance payment come due simultaneously with the lady's Great Day. Such financial obligations usually come due when a man is out of money and otherwise worried. Then in morbidly making a summary of his woes he is certain to think of



"Father said his first word today"

women. Consequently, by close and inevitable association he will think of a lady's birthday or the fact that he is married. It helps a bit if a gentleman will get his wedding date tattooed on himself in a conspicuous spot.

Christmas, of course, never is forgotten by the man because he expects to get something himself. But those other days that should be remembered by the cavalier are troublesome because he does not expect to be on the catching end of any presentation of gifts, hence subconsciously is in a negative attitude.

However, where a gentleman can make himself mentioned as a genius is by training himself to heed and remember the externals of ladies instead of pondering in his impulsive, natural manner on their internals.

For instance, he can teach himself to be mindful of his lady's hats. They usually are the most glaring thing about women.

Nothing so absolutely condemns a man as a stupid cad in a woman's eyes as his not noticing her new bonnet. He should not remark simply, "neat," "pretty," or "jeezus!" He should stare at it first as though he were witnessing a traffic accident. Women can't be so obtuse they don't know most of their hats look godawful; therefore if your initial gaze at a hat is an imitation of that of a kid looking happily at an Airedale pup his old man has just brought him, the dame will know you are doing a clumsy job of faking. She knows a man does not love a woman's hat at first sight, but must be educated to endorse it.

Look at the hat as though you were making up your mind. Then say something such as "really artful. And strikingly becoming." I know it will make any guy feel like a swish and a dirty liar to say that, but what the hell, you will have to get used to it to succeed in being a master of the polite make. If you can run in some such line as "Isn't that a Legroux number?" or use some other French milliner's name, like Reboux, Suzy or Lucienne, it works well, but you should be careful how you use that line. The lady might expect you to pay for similar items at a future date.

USED TRUCKS

"Do you have a nice, two-room truck?"

Of course, the tough thing is to know when the hat is new. To do that you must catalog women by their hats: animal, vegetable and mineral. For the purpose of easy classification birds may be considered animal.

Then work the association routine. For instance, if the lady's hat is of the vegetable kingdom, think of her as having a tomato face or a face resembling some other vegetable or fruit you like. Or if she has trinkets on it, think of her as being hard to get, keep or leave, and hard naturally reminds you of minerals, which are the feature stuff of her chapeau. If she happens to be wearing a hat with fur or feathers on it, that is the animal theme and just think of her in association with a cat which has canary feathers on its whiskers. If her hat is a fancy rag hat, tie her up with the "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" phrase.

When once you acquire the habit of observing and swiftly cataloging women and their hats together you will have no trouble in noticing any new hat a woman gets and committing some complimentary perjury about it. You will be thought rather unique by less considerate fellows, but never mind that, even if they are very candid and use a synonym for unique in telling what they think about you.

Then faces.

The female face consists of brow, eyes, eyebrows, eyelashes, mouth, teeth, cheeks, chin and ears; covered by skin, unguents, finely-ground rock and pigments; and partially surrounded by hair of natural or man-made color and curl. The female face is subject to change without notice.

Many female faces have at least one feature to deserve favorable comment although a gentleman should be discreet and not wax too enthusiastic with his remarks. For instance, one should not say to his lady friend, "What a hell of a bunch of beautiful teeth you have, my dear"; or "Darling, you really have a gorgeous schnoz . . ." A complimentary but quick once-over listens genuine to the lady. Too much is too much. Furthermore, by looking at each feature of the lady deliberately so you will have a basis for your compliment, you will impress upon your mind the detailed specifications of her face.

Due to men's neglect to register the details of women's looks quite definitely, a man sometimes commits the error of going out with the wrong woman. Although it may be merely a case of mistaken identity, resulting from his superficial knowledge of how women look and his inability to remember them apart, that explanation won't do him a bit of good when he is discovered by his wife, a house dick and other witnesses.

One of the most common misconceptions of men is that of believing that most beautiful women are not very bright inside their heads and that many women who look as though nature was sore about something when fashioning them are above the feminine average in intelligence. That accounts for a general but sophomoronic habit of men telling beautiful women they are smart and rather intelligent women they are beautiful.

It is a variation of the smug and cute saying of Beau Brummel who related that he was successful with women because he treated the charwomen like duchesses and the duchesses like charwomen. That was interesting theory but it didn't work reliably. Lord Chesterfield, who was an exponent of the Beau Brummel policy, got a backfire of it when Queen Caroline got angry and treated him like the ashman. Nor did it work for his illegitimate son to whom Chesterfield's brilliant letters of advice were written. The son, Philip Stanhope, married a girl who was on the charwoman side of the society scale and that was carrying the duchess treatment too far to make Chesterfield happy.

You have to finesse women better than by a plain reversal of the comment you think they expect. Other men have been ahead of you in telling the plain woman that she has a patrician nose or the lower lip that launched a thousand ships, or is otherwise distinguished by an element of beauty. Give her an appraisal like the camera-eyed detective who can walk into a subway rush and put the finger on a man he arrested in 1908 for spitting on the sidewalk at Walla Walla. Then you'll be able to say to her, the next time you see her, "I haven't been able to forget your bewitching dimple" or the tantalizing squint of her eyes or the enchanting wart on her chin, or anything that is specific but which has a nice adjective in front of it.

Or if the doll really is beautiful, concentrate on some standout point instead of giving her the routine generality about her eye-warming aspect. Even the dumb beautiful ones get numb to the patter about their prettiness.

If, by design or accident, the female says something especially bright or interesting, keep her on that subject long enough so you'll remember it. Then you're in with her as a guy who knows cleverness when he hears it and you've made it score deeply enough with you to remember the next time you see the chatty one.

When you are casing the female fuselage pay more attention than to classify a woman rapidly as slatty, swell or tallowy; short, medium or rangy. Give her an orderly going over, starting with the neck and working down to her soles and shoes. I thought this would be dangerously rude until I saw experts work it. Without exception, the female subjects showed unmistakable signs of liking it. They thought they had the guy fascinated.

You will be surprised to see how much there is to be remembered about differences in necks, arms, hands, elbows, lungs, fannies, knees, legs and feet of ladies of almost all ages that would interest you particularly. If you have difficulty in remembering names it will help you a lot to shoot your survey immediately to some especially distinctive feature of the lady before you and say her name while your stare is riveted on her salient feature.

Actually genius sometimes is shown by specialization. I know a captain of waiters in a restaurant patronized by the society, cinema and general gossip sets who is a lung specialist. He is always bowing as though each female customer were the Empress Catherine of Russia. His gaze seldom gets above the

(Continued on page 150)

Intimate glimpses of Frank A. Munsey: shrewd publisher with a complex psyche, he was often hated, seldom understood

Weary Gray Wolf

by STANLEY WALKER

The phrase was coined by Elinor Glyn one morning in Paris forty years ago. The green-eyed, cosmopolitan author of *Three Weeks* encountered Frank Crowninshield, the editor and boulevardier who at that time was Frank A. Munsey's European agent, and inquired archly, "And where is your weary gray wolf today?"

The lady was speaking of the rich Mr. Munsey, American publisher, who was currently tasting the more respectable of the variegated pleasures of Paris—tasting them cautiously and a little sniffishly. It was an apt enough phrase, though it by no means encompassed the many-sided character of this ruthless, restless and misunderstood man. This gaunt, long-jawed timber wolf was a devourer, right enough, but he was much more than that.

It should be remembered that Frank Munsey came from Maine; he had in him something of that hard quality of the Maine rocks, and his personality was overlaid with a sheen of Maine frost. He had a deep affection for his home state. Maine colleges and hospitals received substantial remembrances from him; he picked out likely young men from Maine and gave them a start in life; he was a sucker for hard-luck stories of men from Maine; it was dry Maine jokes that pleased him most, though he was rarely a jesting man; the virtues which he held highest were the Maine virtues of thrift, respect for personal property, hard work and a reasonable sobriety.

Frank Munsey, ex-farm boy, ex-grocery clerk, ex-telegraph operator, came to New York in 1882 with forty dollars in his pocket. He was wearing an ill-fitting suit, carrying a satchel full of manuscripts, and his brain was fermenting with the notion that he was going to become a magazine publisher. It was Arthur Brisbane who, some forty years later, wrote of Munsey with a mixture of contempt and admiration "Forty years, forty failures, forty millions."

Until his death three days before Christmas, 1925, Munsey cut a wide swath. He had suffered many failures—but his successes were spectacular. His funeral at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, to which he had contributed 100,000 dollars notwithstanding a skepticism toward religion, was in the grand manner.

The Munsey will took care of many institutions and individuals generously, and then it astonished the country by leaving the residue to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The exact amount of the bequest cannot yet be given accurately, but it is in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 dollars—a princely gift from a man who throughout his life had shown little personal interest in art.

Different persons saw Munsey in different lights. In his middle years, as an operator in Wall Street, he earned respect as a daring but canny trader. He dabbled in real estate with a sure touch. The politicians of the Republican Party knew him for an individualist, but an individualist who was generous when a war chest was being raised. Chain-store operators knew him as a shrewd and long-headed innovator. Rival magazine publishers respected his ability, if they disapproved of his social attitudes. High society, into which he had first been drawn as the new-rich protégé of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, knew him as an aloof, polite and highly-eligible bachelor. Working newspapermen usually regarded him as a calculating manipulator who never winced at buying up weak newspapers, strangling or merging them, and thereby throwing hundreds of men and women out to shift for themselves. To these people he was a monster. To a very few others, he was a pleasant companion, a never-failing refuge in the dark hours.

I worked for Mr. Munsey for more than four years as a reporter and rewrite man, though we were never what might be called chummy. In 1919 when I joined the staff of the old New York *Herald*, the paper was doddering, and I was warned that it might be sold at any time. Frank Sullivan and I were the last reporters hired on this grand old paper. In January, 1920, the dreaded announcement came that Frank Munsey had bought the *Herald* and planned to merge it with the morning *Sun*. Some of the *Herald* men immediately jumped to other papers; others waited to see what would happen, and most of these were shortly discharged. A few of us—whose salaries were low enough to please Mr. Munsey's sense of what was fitting and proper—remained on the staff.

Under Munsey I loved my work, but, like many other employees, I carried with me a feeling of dread. Munsey was unpredictable. He almost had me fired once because I had got a date wrong in a story of a real estate transaction, and I was saved only when I proved that the date had been wrong on the documents from which I took the facts. Later I wrote a few stories which attracted his eye, and in the course of four years I actually got four five-dollar raises. I thought at the time that I was underpaid; now, I am sure I was treated fairly and even generously. Almost all I know about the technique of newspaper work I learned in those driving years, when I worked with some extraordinarily able and helpful men for whom, to this day, I have an almost maudlin affection.

My most revealing experience with Mr. Munsey came one sleety night when Ervin Wardman, one of the top editors, asked me to hurry up to the Ritz-Carlton, where Munsey lived, and pick up a corrected proof of a long editorial which the Chief himself had written. When I reached Mr. Munsey's apartment, he had not yet arrived. His valet met me and asked me to come in and sit down. After a time the valet, apparently thinking I needed to be amused, asked:

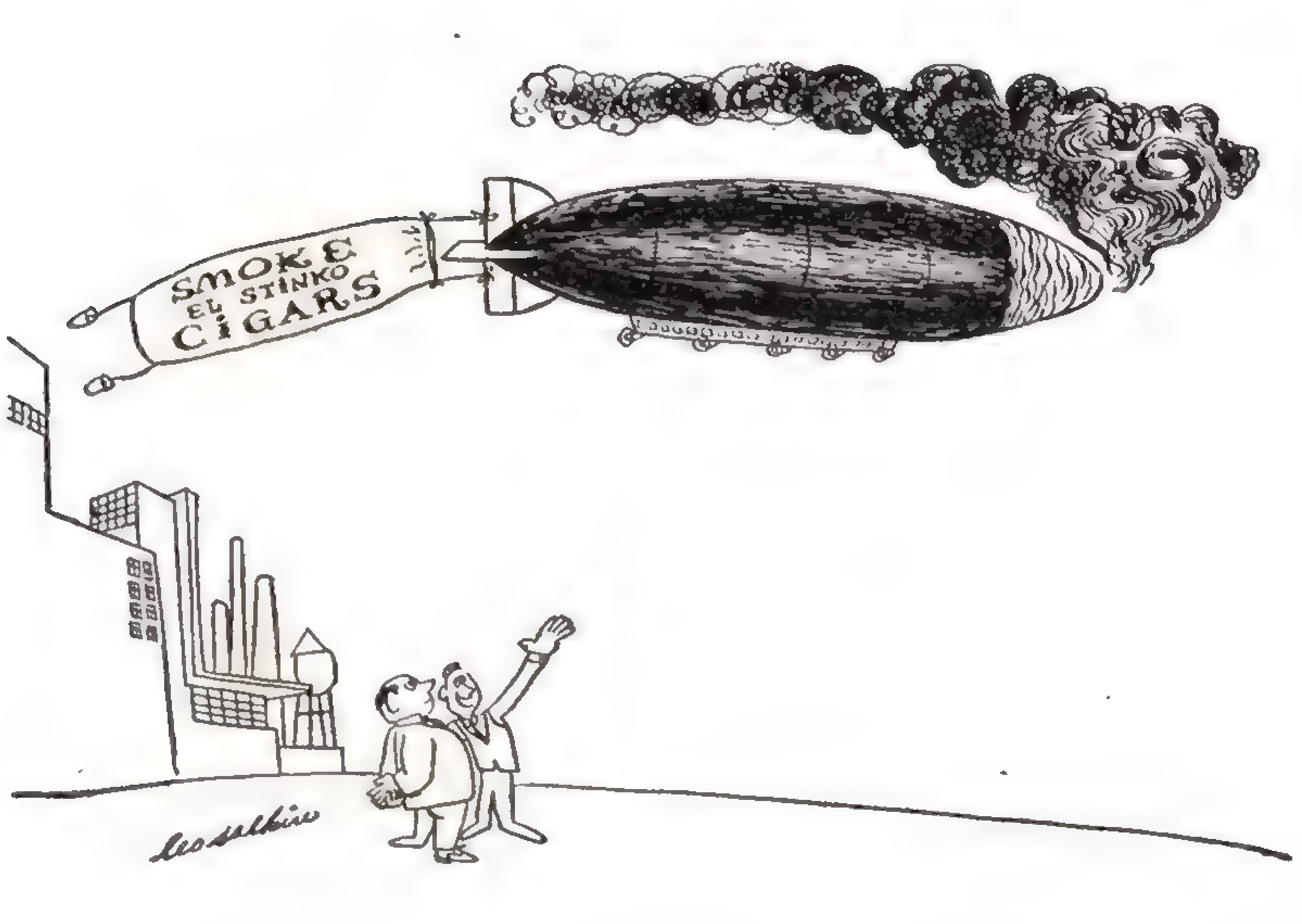
"Did you ever see Mr. Munsey's clothes?"

"No," I said. "Except those he wears around the office. Mostly gray."

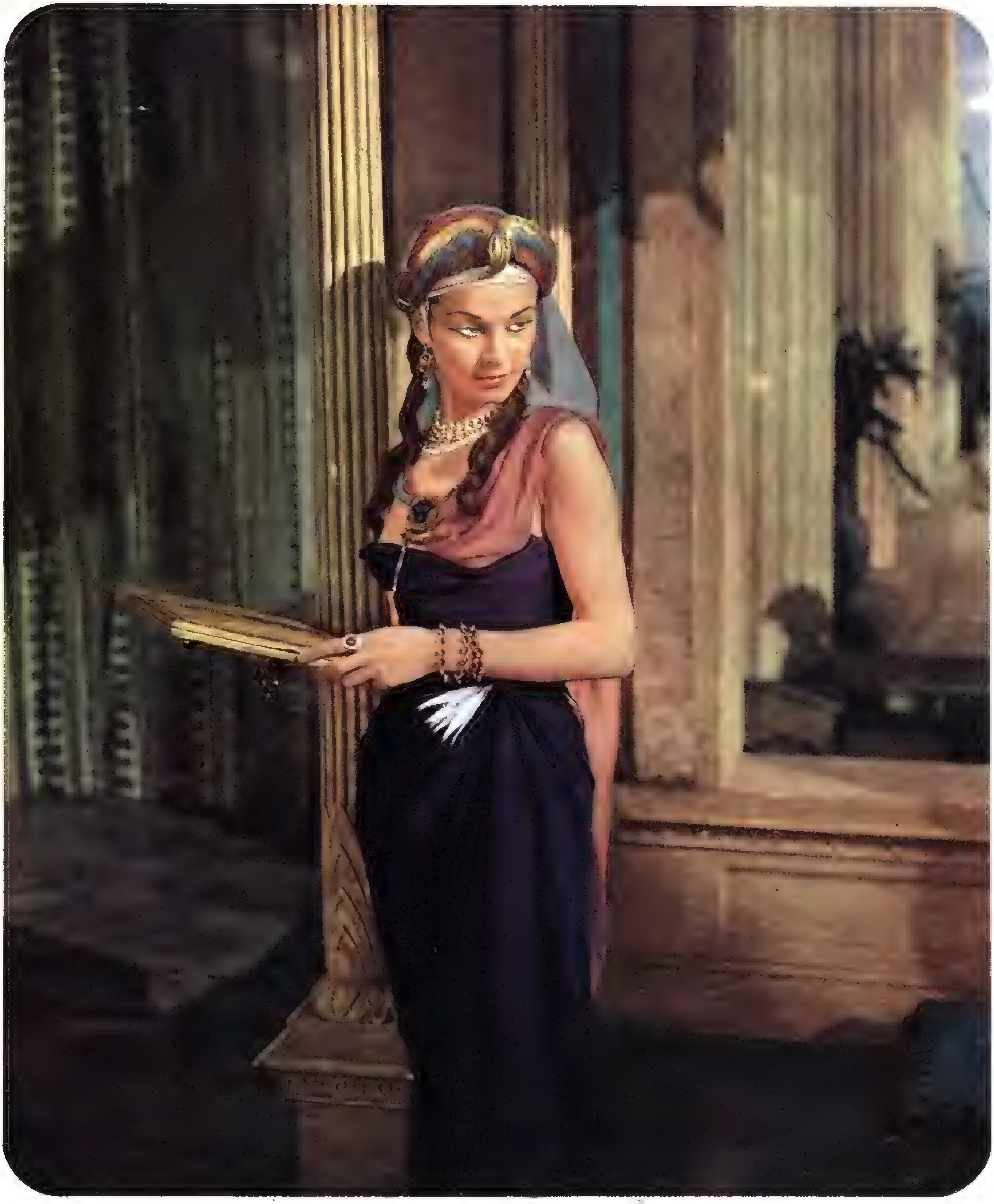
"Come here," said the valet. He opened the door of a large closet. It was filled with suits.

"Ninety suits," said the valet, in awe. "Ninety suits. Some of them he hasn't even worn. And he has fifteen more coming from Brooks Brothers on Monday."

I forget what I said. I (*Continued on page 156*)



"This is the stunt I was telling you about, boss"

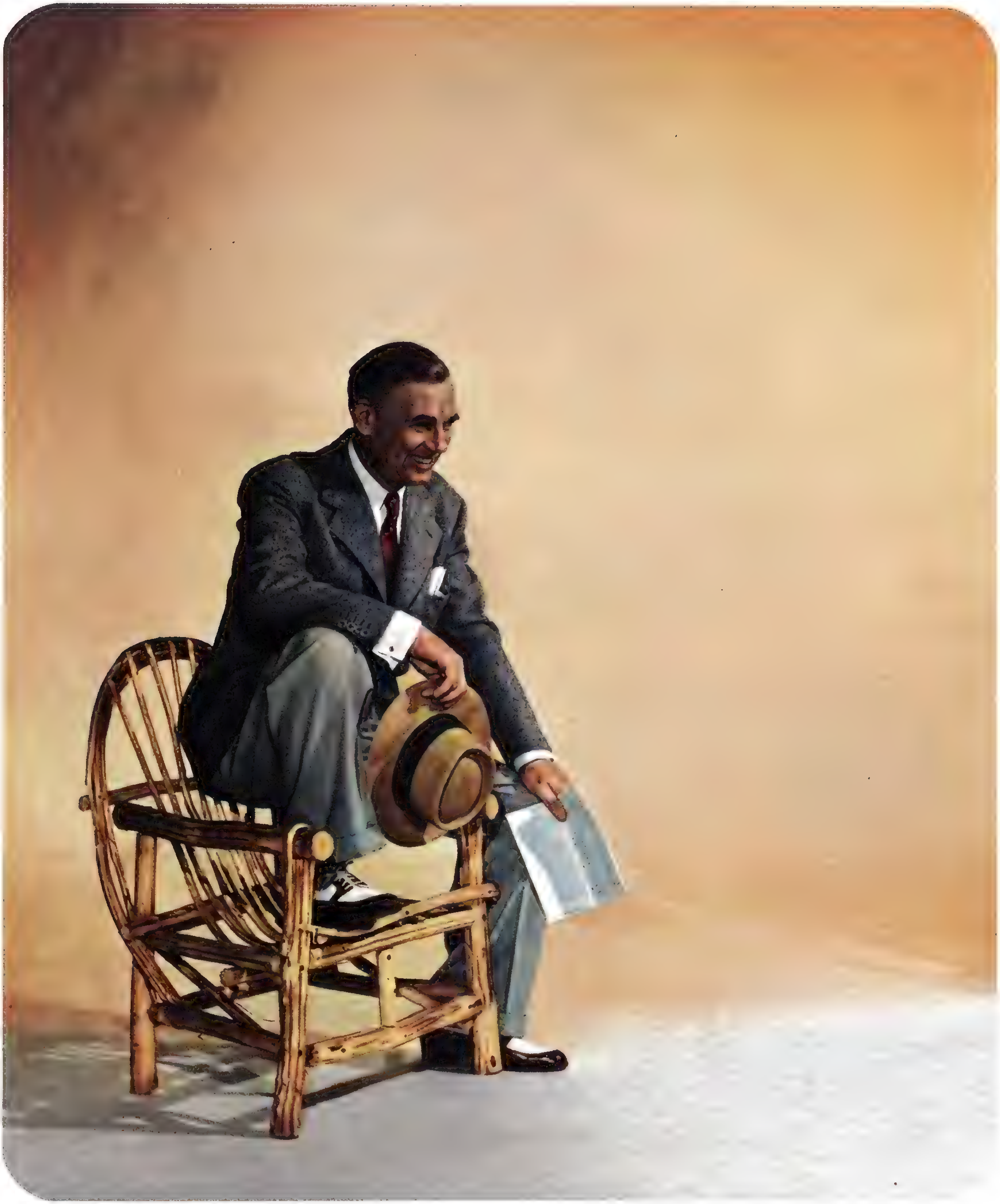


CLEOPATRA

Vivien Leigh

Photograph by Wilfrid Newton

Green-eyed Vivien Leigh leaps from the magnolia-Old South vixen department into the full-fledged siren big leagues with her role in the British *Caesar and Cleopatra.* Having served her she-devil apprenticeship as Scarlett in Hollywood's most expensive epic up to that time, she emerges as history's svelte temptress holding out the apple to an eager Caesar in the costliest motion picture ever made. Gabriel Pascal spent five million dollars and five years on this vehicle for the Oscar-winning Vivien by G. B. Shaw himself. Born in India, the black-haired screen Cleopatra began her career starring in French plays in an Italian convent. Wife of actor-producer Lawrence Olivier, Miss Leigh, as you can see, is an enticing "serpent of the Nile."



BROADWAY LUMINARY

Walter Huston

Photograph by Edward Rinker

Seen here as Walter Huston-at-the-races, Mr. Huston has also appeared recently as a pistol-twirling character in the long-withheld movie *The Outlaw*, and as a romantic rustic in the Broadway play *Apple of his Eye* (for which he was nattily costumed in overalls). His jacket is of a small-pattern, lightweight tweed, made three-button style (worn with the bottom button left open). With it he wears doeskin slacks, a white shirt and a small-figured tie, brown and white moccasin shoes. He wants his clothes to be simple, prefers blues and greys, displays a fondness for white or light tan shirts, and plays golf in a sports jacket. One of his ambitions which remain unfulfilled is to own a separate pair of braces for each pair of trousers.

FAULKNER

Beware that Baseball!

Spectators injured at ball games often are dealt a double dose of misfortune when they take their bruises to court

by RENZO DEE BOWERS

This season, 20,000 spectators will come or be carried away from the nation's ball parks stroking black-and-blue bruises which give mute testimony to a fact lawyers have known for some time: A baseball stadium can be as unsafe as a soapy bathtub or a waxed floor. Some of these victims will take their bruises to court, whereupon they will discover another truth the lawyers know: It's almost as easy to throw a no-hitter against the American League All-Stars as it is to collect damages for injuries suffered at ball games.

There are as many ways of being hurt in a ball park as there are of losing a horse race. Joe DiMaggio may clothesline one into your lap. The would-be Carl Hubbell alongside may bounce one off your spring bonnet. Nobody's immune, except the fan behind the protective screen. A few years back, Bob Feller's mother was carried out of a ball park after being struck by a foul nicked off one of Bob's own pitches.

But the most unkind cut for the stricken fan is usually dealt him in court when he sues for damages. Consider the following sad cases of fans who were struck, who sued, and who were struck again.

In Indianapolis, a woman successfully dodged a ball fouled into the grandstand but was far from successful in dodging the pitching efforts of a fan who caromed his relay off her head and knocked her cold. So she sued and was granted a fat settlement by the jury, only to have the Appellate Court set the verdict aside and add further injury by saddling her with the court costs.

Why this abuse of a seemingly defenseless woman? Well, said the court, when she took a seat in an unscreened section of the park, she assumed certain risks—one of them being that a ball might be hit into her section, another being that the fan behind her might have a scatter arm. So she went to the legal cupboard and came back like Mother Hubbard.

A sixty-four-year-old man in St. Louis got a dose of the same legalistic medicine, despite his plea that he had intended to sit in the screened section but became confused. The court left him rubbing a serious bump on his head and pondering the following decision:

"In baseball, the patron participates in the sport as spectator only. But in doing so, he subjects himself to the dangers necessarily and usually incident to the game and inherent in it. This does not mean that he 'assumes the risk' of being injured by the club's actual negligence. It means that by voluntarily entering into the sport as a spectator, he knowingly accepts the reasonable risks and hazards of the game and those incident to it."

The old gent who got the business cited above pleaded confusion because he knew that the spectator seated in an unprotected section of the stands is licked before he starts in court. The law recognizes that most injuries to spectators happen to fans who are not behind screens. All it demands of the ball club is that it have as many screened seats as seem reasonable for the business it does. And the victim who deliberately avoids the screened section is really in a bad way. He, says the court, is guilty of contributory negligence.

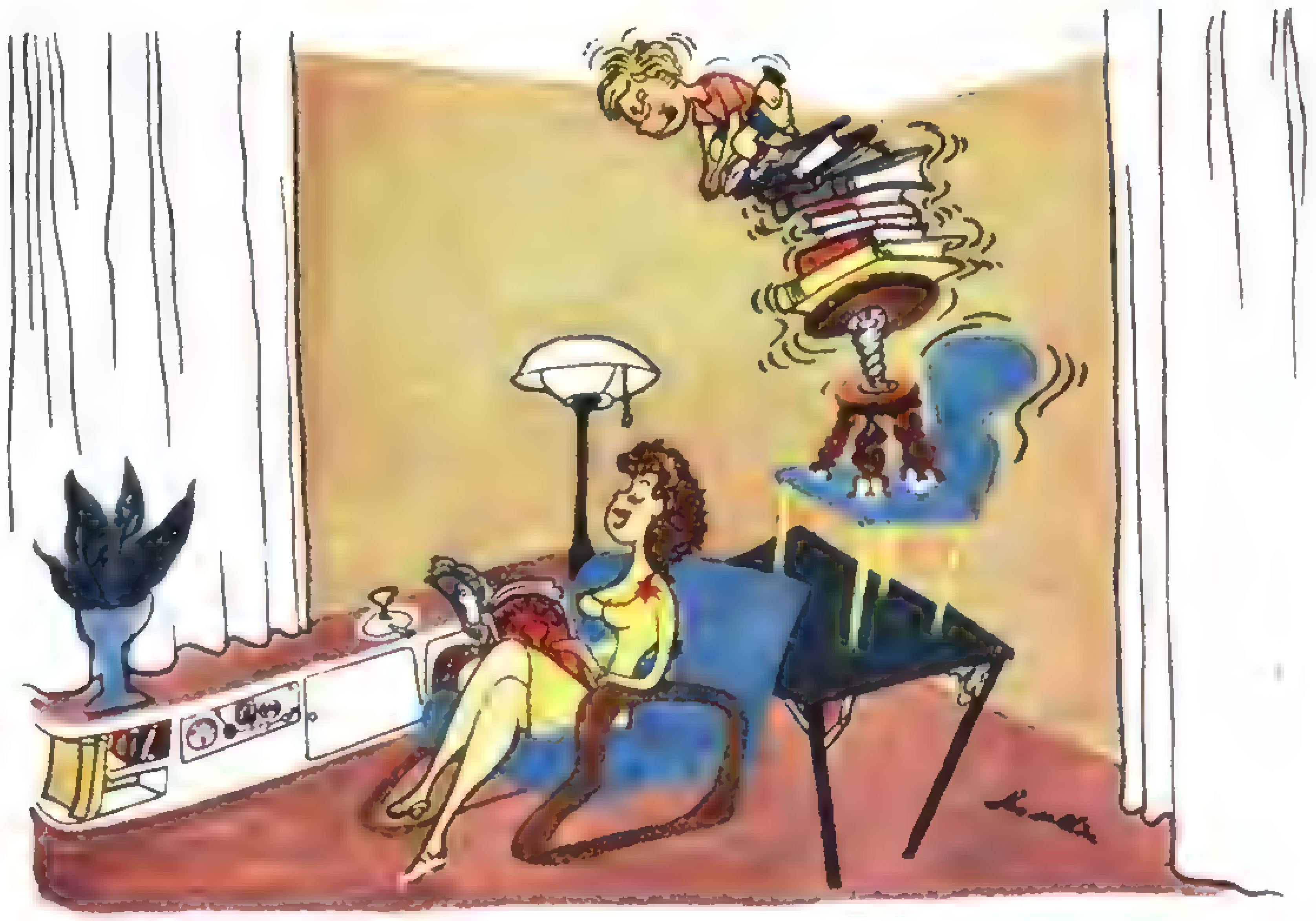
A Seattle fan tripped over the negligence bugaboo when his enthusiasm for the home team drove him to a seat on the exposed rooter's bench out in the open. Enter a foul line-drive which clouted him on the head and put him to sleep. When he came to and could sign his name to a complaint, he took his aches before the bench. Said the judge: ". . . He continued to occupy a seat in that unprotected portion until he received his injury . . . There was a place in which he could have taken a protected seat. . . . But, no! He chose to sit elsewhere. If there was a chance of danger, he chose the more dangerous one with full knowledge of the risk of injury." And that was that for him.

Another fan who got his lumps both at the game and in court was the unfortunate Portland, Oregon, gentleman who was clouted by a batted ball while actually sitting six feet behind a screened area of the grandstand! In order to seek him out, the ball had to curve around the screen, a feat it performed with nasty assiduity. Completely ignoring the laws of physics, a kind-hearted jury voted him 3,000 dollars in damages, but the Oregon court decided—in a manner to make Newton proud—that the foul ball's remarkable curving feat could not be blamed on the ball club. The plaintiff took his swollen nose home to soak in cold water.

Tough as the law is on the risk-taking spectator, it can be just as tough on the ball club which neglects to keep "its premises in a reasonably safe condition for its patrons." A Tulsa fan collected handsomely for injuries received at a big-league exhibition game because the court found the park to be negligent. He was sitting in the bulging bleachers, when the game became especially exciting; the fans stamped their feet and yelled, and his section of seats broke down, dropping him fifteen feet to the ground below. He sued the ball park for two broken ankles and a shaking up and was awarded 5,000 dollars. The park was negligent in not keeping the bleachers in good repair.

A one-in-a-million chance paid off for still another spectator who was seated behind the screen only to have a foul ball zip through a hole and hit him in the face. The ball club argued feebly that the man was guilty of contributory negligence in sitting in a spot exposed to foul balls that might head for the hole in the screening. But the court cracked the club's knuckles by pointing out that the hole was the result of negligence on the part of the owners and that the fan could hardly have been expected to know about it in advance.

The fan may take whatever surcease he can from the above success stories. But anyone acquainted with seating arrangements in most ball parks will see the wisdom in the advice of one line-drive victim who, after a rebuffing in court, promised to bring glove, mask and chest protector along the next time the home team played. ##



"Yes, yes, darling—momma knows you're an atom bomb"

Even the most enlightened Westerner can sometimes be baffled by the stark realities of Oriental superstition

The Flying Head

by TAO KIM HAI

GREENE

AM I a murderer? For forty-five years now I've asked myself that question and have never been completely sure of my guilt. If it had been a simple lack of surgical skill, a case lost on the operating table, an accident, I could understand . . . But if I killed, it was with intent to kill. A blast from both barrels of a shotgun is not just an accident.

Long ago, fresh from a Paris medical school, I landed in Saigon full of confidence in my skill and with good will toward the lowly Annamese *nha-quê.* There I was in Cochin China, a servant of the government, with the pompous title of chief medical inspector of a southwestern province. One day I received an emergency call from the outlying village of An-Hung, which means Peace-and-Prosperity, but where the villagers were dying like flies of a mysterious epidemic. Accompanied by a faithful orderly who served me as assistant, secretary and interpreter, I set out for the village by sampan.

As the sampan moved smoothly along, all manner of preconceptions crowded through my mind. Plague? Cholera? Perhaps both at once? Ba, my orderly, respectfully shared my presumptions. As we approached the village, I called his attention to the highly unhygienic presence of several latrines along the bank of the canal where the village housewives washed their dishes in the water, and to the huge green flies abounding in the district.

We had obviously not been expected so soon. The crying of the children, the wailing and the funeral soliloquies of the women, the terrifying incantations of the sorcerers rose from both banks of the canal.

Our sampan stopped before the town hall at the foot of a magnificent mango tree. The council was sitting on the veranda, deep in a heated discussion, while next door two sorcerers were exorcising a sick man stretched out on a mat unprotected from the wind. Suddenly infuriated by the sight, Ba rushed upon them, and I caught up with him barely in time to prevent him from choking one of the healers. There was a general panic and everyone ran for his life. We were left, Ba and I, to carry the invalid back into his house.

As a matter of professional duty I examined the patient myself. Nothing wrong with his lungs; heart normal; pulse ninety-two. I diagnosed his case as dysentery.

When I came out of the sick man's house, the members of the town council were lined up before the door to greet me. I put on a show of great dignity, and stalked across to the town hall escorted by two umbrella bearers, discreetly followed by the entire council. When I had taken my seat in the place of honor on the divan of precious wood, I turned on them.

"Is this the way, gentlemen, you protect the health of your fellow citizens? How many of the sick have been cured by your sorcerers?"

With all the respect due a great French mandarin who is also a great sorcerer capable of cutting your belly open and sewing it up again, the president of the council replied humbly, "Mighty mandarin, we must admit that we have been unable to save anyone attacked by this disease. We have been waiting for your coming as the parched rice fields wait for the beneficent rain."

Somewhat mollified by his reply, I growled, "How many have died?"

"Eight have died in these eight days."

"And what do the *ông-tuong* of your sorcerers say to that?"

Our sorcerer-hostage thought it prudent to tell the truth. His *ông-tuong* had not been able to discover the author of the epidemic either among the *ma* (phantoms) nor among the *koui* (devils).

"And among the microbes?"

The sorcerer went on unheeding, as if talking to himself, "Perhaps we may have to attribute the misdeeds to a *ma-lai.*"

"And what is a *ma-lai?*"

"It's a stupid superstition, Doctor," my orderly explained, bursting out laughing. "You know that in Annamese a *ma* is a phantom, and that *lai* means half-breed. Well, when a living woman has dealings with a phantom, she gives birth to a *ma-lai*, which is always female. This half-phantom offspring acts like a human being in the daytime, but at night . . ."

Here the *huong-kouan*, the member of the town council whose duty it was to assure the peace of the village, interrupted. An old woman, he said, had suddenly appeared from nowhere some ten days before, and spent her time roving about the village. It might very well be . . . He had not time to complete his introduction before the accused was brought in, propelled by four vigorous arms.

She was a little old Annamese woman, bent over her cane as if she carried a heavy load. Her head was unnaturally small, her face ravaged by smallpox. She had a flat nose and a twisted mouth smeared with the blood-red juice of betel. One eye

RAVITZ

Over the waves in a Luders L-16

With A. E. Luders, Jr., at the helm, a Luders L-16 scuds along the coast of Long Island, her blue nylon jib bellying in the breeze. The big news about this sailboat is a hull of molded plywood which requires little caulking or painting. To build, the plywood is laid up five layers deep, and the whole assembly baked. Out of the oven pops a boat seemingly molded of one piece of plywood, with a mahogany finish. The L-16 is 26 feet overall, with a 5-feet-9-inch beam, and draws 4 feet of water (she has keel instead of a center board). The cabin has sitting head room and two folding berths. The L-16, pride of the Luders Marine Construction Company, races as a class at North East Harbor, Maine; Indian Harbor, Connecticut; and Chicago. Other L-16 groups are slated for Bermuda and Detroit areas.

was completely gone. Unable to straighten her back, she peered up malevolently at her captors and at me with her one fierce eye, groaning as unintelligibly as a tracked beast.

My orderly stepped forward. "Doctor," he crowed, "it seems I shall have the honor of introducing you to your first *ma-lai*. The example may not be authentic, in spite of the evident opinion of our friends, but it will serve to explain the phenomenon to you. A *ma-lai*, as you see, is an ordinary old woman. It is no more a ghost than you or I."

As he spoke he took hold of the old woman and turned her around like a peddler displaying his wares. "Only, Doctor, at night her head unscrews itself. Yes, unscrews as easily as the stopper of a carafe, and rises from her body, dragging all her entrails up through her neck after it, and flies away to feast on blood drawn from the lobe of a victim's ear. But the secret of her power is this: when the *ma-lai* has eaten, one's intestines, large and small, gradually dissolve."

In spite of the old woman's resistance, Ba unbuttoned her collar before proceeding. "You will notice, Doctor," he said, as he pushed the collar back from her skinny neck, "the distinctive mark of the *ma-lai*: a circle around the throat, that shows that our marionette is really in two pieces."

Then we saw, just above the protruding collarbones, a red line that encircled her neck. The whole council drew back in horror. Ba lost a little of his assurance. He went on as if fascinated. "There is where her head unscrews," he said. "Her neck doesn't even bleed, when her head leaves. But if anything happens to prevent her head from returning, then her body bleeds, and our *ma-lai* is dead."

Of course a young doctor of medicine, a Parisian, is not apt to be taken in by such an old wives' tale. But the poor old woman was in a lamentable state, and the hostility of the villagers against her had been brought to fever pitch by the sight of the red mark around her neck. I told the *huong-kouan* that he could shut her up in a room in the town hall for the night.

GLANTZ

Cook's Tour: Nestor

Epicures with cosmopolite palates beat a retreat to New York's Casino Russe where the famous Samuel Polozune, otherwise known as Nestor, concocts his pungent delicacies before their eyes. His skillet wizardry stems back to long apprenticeship in Kiev restaurants where the knowing still gather. Americans savored his first masterpieces at the King Edward Hotel in Canada. For the past four years at the Casino Russe he has been winning delighted devotees to his delectable Chicken Kiev, Blintzes, and Kiev Cutlets. A unique achievement is his recipe for Shashlik, which the waiter beside him bears reverently. "Cut three pounds mutton into thin little pieces and slice one-quarter pound bacon. Impale the meat on thin wooden sticks four inches long, alternating the mutton and the bacon. Salt and pepper sparingly. Cook in saucepan until half-done. Pour away fat, add one-half tablespoon of butter and three green onion leaves chopped fine. Baste constantly."

Considering the incident closed, I started out to make my official tour of inspection. Half the villagers were sick, and all had the same symptoms: abdominal pain and dysentery.

After taking our supper on board the sampan to avoid all possible contamination, we talked over the situation and considered ways of remedying it. Ba suggested that I make an autopsy of the latest victim, so we hastily transformed a room of the town hall into an operating room, and I requested the freshest corpse. It was an adolescent of about fifteen, with prominent chest and hollow abdomen. Not an astonishing condition after an enforced fast of several days. I dissected him. Believe me or not, I swear to you there was not a single section of intestine left intact. The inside of his abdomen was a formless jelly.

I looked closely at the ear lobes. There was nothing on the right. On the left there was a small mark which looked like an insect bite. Nothing, really, out of the ordinary.

That night the sky was stormy. The new moon peered out from behind clouds swollen with menace. The glowworms swarming over a pair of trees farther along the canal made them shine like two monstrous eyes in the darkness. I was alone at the front of the sampan, stretched out in a deck chair. My boatman was asleep under the roof covering the stern of the boat, and Ba was in the town hall guarding the old woman against the possible vengeance of some superstitious villager. My shotgun was leaning beside my chair. At night, near the mouth of the Mekong, there was always danger of pirates, for the open sea beyond offered easy escape after a foray.

The heat was oppressive, and although I was worn out, I could not fall asleep. I dozed, and dreamed of cold winter nights at home, and of the comfort of sleeping in a warm bed. For such a night I would gladly have given a full bottle of the absinthe with which I was vainly trying to quench my thirst. Yet there I sat sweating under my thin silk pajamas, in the open air.

I thought about the circle around that dirty neck. Maybe it was only a fold in the flabby skin. But it was very distinct. What an idea, to have a red circle tattooed around your neck.

The bats were attacking the ripe mangoes in the tree between the town hall and me. The fruit fell with a thud on the ground, or with crystalline plunk into the water. A vampire bat as big as my head flew past, so near that his wings fanned me. Somewhere a cat screamed. Or was it the cry of a newborn child? And why did the dogs keep up that keen howling?

It was dashed clever, that story about the head unscrewing itself. What a hideous head the old thing had, too, with its flat nose, its crooked mouth, and its one fierce eye. Hadn't she understood that I only wanted to protect her? I hoped that her cell had been securely locked. But there was no way of locking the hole that had been left for ventilation. It was too small and too high for anyone to crawl through.

An unearthly wailing sounded in my ears. A mosquito? Or a ghost? An owl hooted in the distance.

I became aware of a black ball wandering aimlessly through the air. It hovered and disappeared. There it was again, moving among the branches of the mango tree, like some aerial octopus trailing its tentacles behind it. As it passed through a ray of moonlight, it looked like the head of the *ma-lai*. I saw it coming toward me, hesitating and hateful. No, it was impossible; I was dreaming . . .

A hot, fetid breath fanned my face. My eyes started open. It *was* the woman's head.

With a leap I rose and seized my shotgun. The black ball was flying off. I aimed hastily. Two shots went off simultaneously.

"What is it? What is it?" my boatman stuttered, startled from his sleep by the shot. But I was already across the gangplank, running toward the town hall. With both fists I pounded on the door.

"Open the door! *Open the door!*"

No one answered. I pounded and shouted again. There was a long, intolerable wait, made even more intolerable by my repeated and unanswered calls. When at last the door opened, I found myself confronted by the dumfounded faces of Ba and the *huong-kouan*.

"Quick! Light a lamp! I want to see if the *ma-lai* is still there," I demanded.

A kerosene lamp in one hand and the key in the other, I moved toward my prisoner's cell. I opened the door and went in, with Ba and the *huong-kouan* close behind me.

In a dark corner of the room I saw the old woman's body but her head had disappeared, cut off even with her shoulders.

The three of us passed the rest of the night wiping up the blood from the floor and wrapping the beheaded body in an old mat. I made Ba and the *huong-kouan* swear that they would never reveal the mystery of that tragic night. In my capacity of chief medical inspector, I delivered a burial permit. The whole village was so relieved at the disappearance of the *ma-lai* that it never occurred to anyone to wonder how she died. Only the *huong-kouan* and my faithful Ba ever suspected that medical measures alone may not have ended the epidemic. #

Violins to compare with Strads are turned out by this American craftsman who blends wood and varnish with an ancient magic

Maryland Melody

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

SIMPSON

FASCINATED Howard Street merchants in downtown Baltimore have been scratching their heads for years at the droll business behavior of one of their fellows—Nicholas Vasich, violinmaker.

Comes summer, and Nick packs his bags. He places a small card in the window, reading in simple abandon:

"Out to Lunch. Come back in September."

Then he vanishes for two-and-a-half to three months, either to bask on the sands of Delaware or Maryland, or to let the sun tan him to butternut as he lazes on the end of the wooden wharf at his cottage, "Fiddlesticks on the Magothy."

While other shop owners marvel and envy, Nick chuckles to them: "Everybody is chasing money, but money is round and it rolls away. Chase only enough to get by on. The day you try to get more than you need, you find you will never have enough."

Nick, who has knocked about Europe, Asia and the United States, assumes a Puckish grin when he talks of the scramble for coin. "Once, when I was in China," he said, "I put 2,500 dollars in my money belt when I sold a violin to a wealthy Chinese. That is the highest price I ever received for a violin, but it had been purchased for a collection of old instruments, not to be played on. I do not make antiques, so I left China."

Still twinkle-blue-eyed at fifty-four, Nick, a native of Zvornik, in central Yugoslavia, winces at the word antique. With such artists as Mischa Elman, Dave Rubinoff and Cecelia Hansen drawing skilled bows over Vasich-made violins, and with Fritz Kreisler, Albert Spalding, Jascha Heifetz and others praising the tonal quality and expert craftsmanship of his models, Nick asserts the "antique market" has long been a sore problem.

No, not in a competitive way. Nick honors Stradivarius for revolutionizing the making of violins. He would be the first to pay him tribute. It is an offshoot of the fame of Stradivarius—the age-old dream of sudden riches—that besets Nick and other modern makers.

Nick laments, "People are forever finding old fiddles and, believing they have located a gold mine in the attic, they run to the nearest fiddle maker to have it appraised. They are often red-faced with joy. They have heard that they might get from 5,000 to 100,000 dollars for an old violin. They want you to look inside where it says Stradivarius. Then I have to explain, trying not to crush their hearts, that it is merely a Stradivarius model, which every fiddle maker makes. Usually, the fiddles they bring in aren't worth a dime."

The Stradivarius legend has been mildly annoying to modern craftsmen like Nick who have turned out instruments sometimes considered superior to the golden-toned products of the Cremona genius. Though the public seems to believe a great virtuoso generally has a Strad tucked under his chin when he is performing the Mendelssohn concerto, this is not necessarily true.

Nick and his fiddle-making peers have been phenomenally successful in developing violins of superlative tone even without a tradition of craftsmanship. For the Stradivarius secret was buried with the seventeenth-century master, and to this day experts disagree on the source of the superb tone in his fiddles. Whatever the secret may have been, Nick and some others claim they produce violins that duplicate or excel the Stradivarius tone.

Nick has another explanation for the immortality of the Italian master's fiddles. What happened, says Nick, is that Stradivarius demolished an old belief that only high-arch models could be made to sound properly. Stradivarius attempted the moderate arch, and by so doing he took the instrument out of the chamber-music league and gave it enough power that when such thunderers as Beethoven and Wagner came along they used the modern-arch violins to compete with brass. Without Stradivarius' improvements, Nick agrees, the violin might be classed today with a zither.

Nick holds that an original Stradivarius is not equal in construction or tone to some made these days by competent, professionally-trained fiddle makers in the United States. He admits to their value as collectors' items, however, because of their age and the undying mark left by Stradivarius on the "king of the instruments."

But isn't an old violin supposed to have better tone than a new one?

"No," Vasich insists. "The real requirement is that the wood in the violin be old so that the tone is full and sweet."

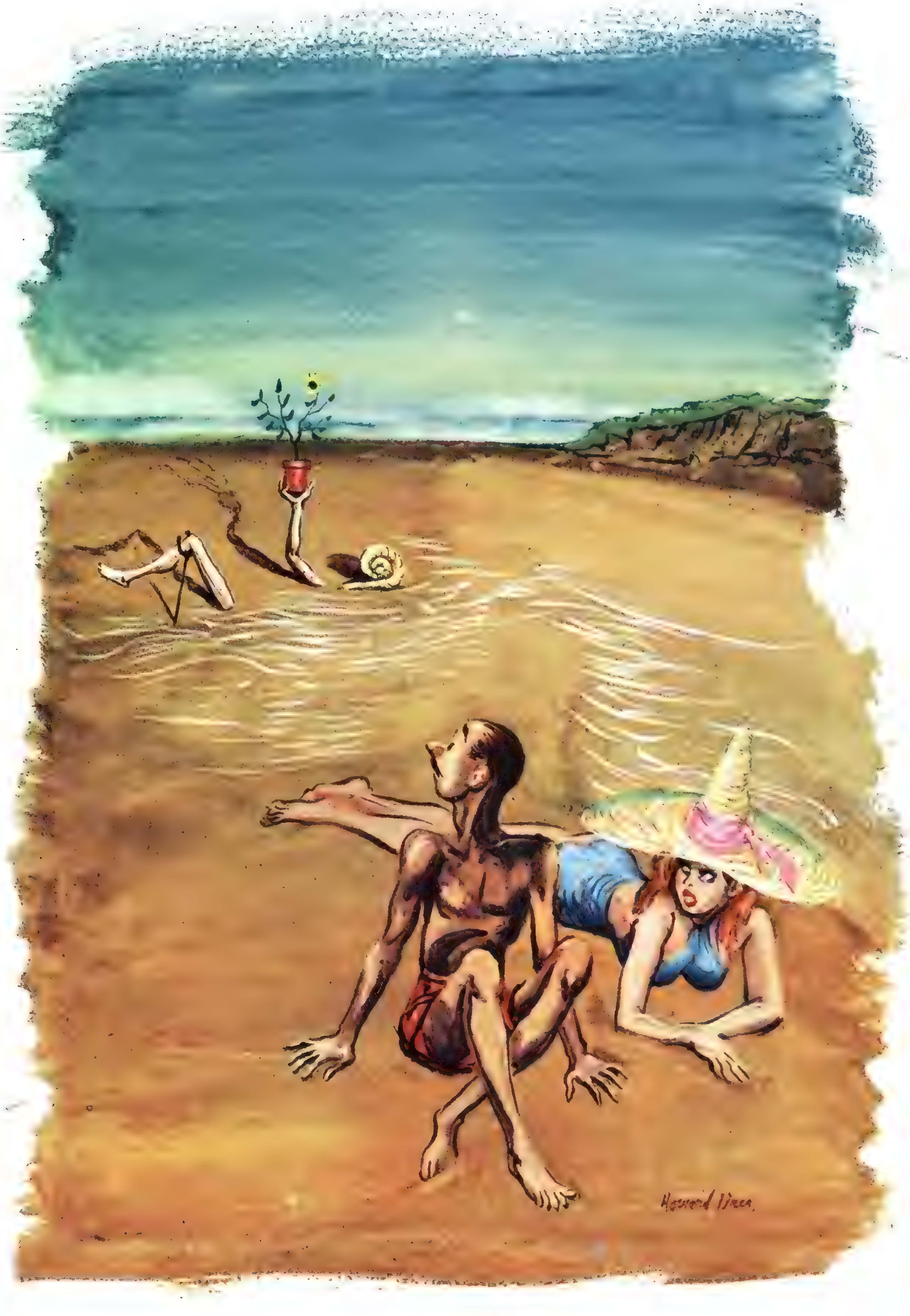
Nick has wandered over central Europe searching for the old maple that he needs. American maple isn't suitable. Nick demands maple that's been cut at least 100 years, so that it will ring when he thumps it with his knuckle. He has prowled old buildings in France, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and other central European countries in his quest. Once, in Bavaria, he found his exact specifications. It was a heavy maple beam in the parlor of a home. It took some dickering, but Nick managed to convince the residents that they were contributing to the art and music of the world. They permitted Nick to have it ripped out and cut up. Nick then paid to have another beam put in its place.

Nick's last visit to Europe was in 1938. He ran out of old maple in 1942, and he fell back on repair work alone to get him by during the war. As soon as transportation is available, Nick will be off for another supply.

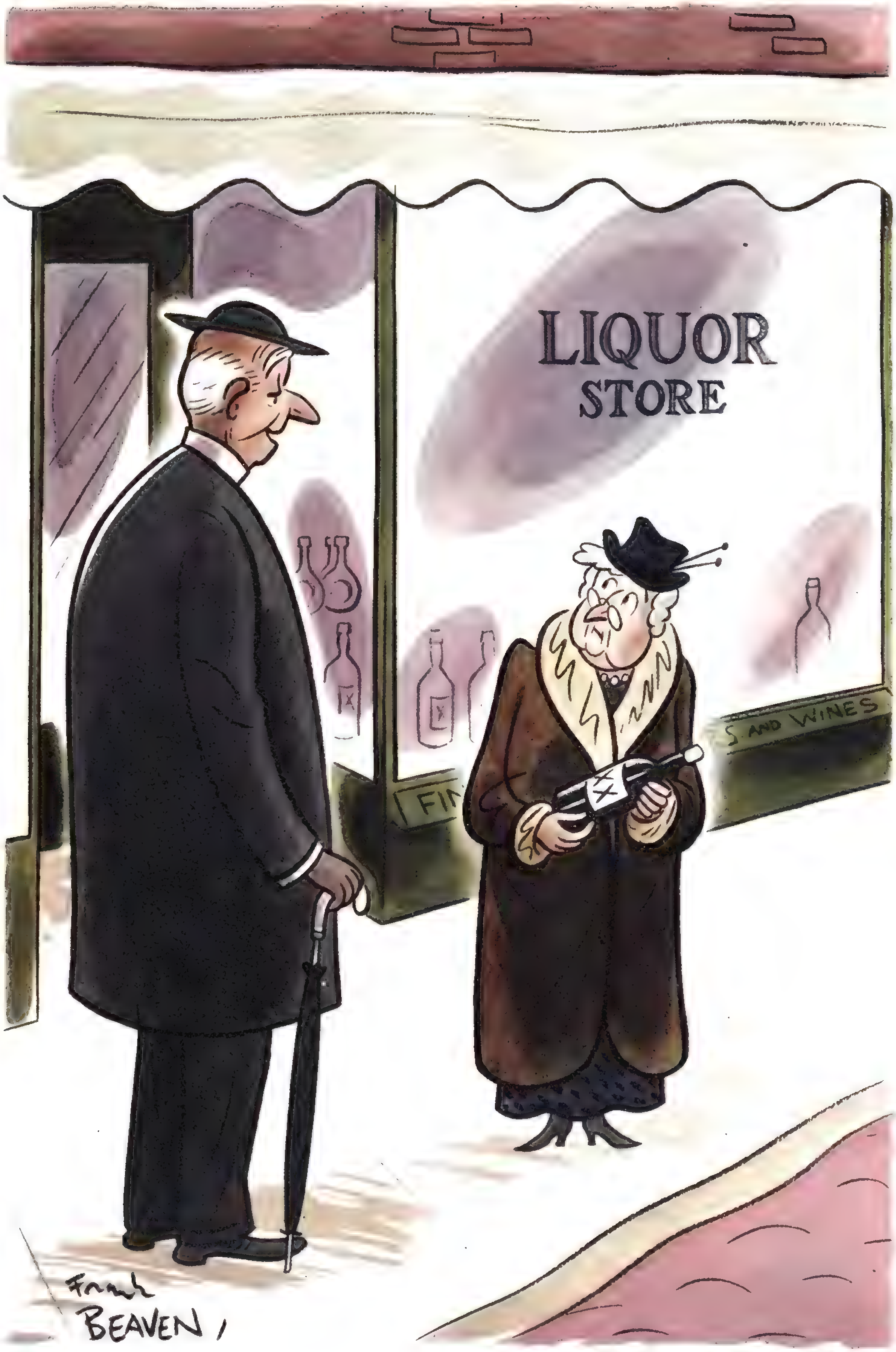
It takes Nick a month to make a violin, about half of which is actual working time. Some waiting is necessary, such as when side pieces are being soaked before being placed in a hot iron and pressed to shape. Patience and dexterity are demanded, particularly when the eight gradations of thickness are chiseled out for the face and back of the instrument. In all, there are seventy-six pieces in a Vasich violin.

"The secret of making a fiddle," said Nick, "is the joy you get in making something that you love. Your body sings, and the songs go into the fiddle, and they give it life." ⧻

"Whom shall I say is calling?"



"Isn't that Salvador Dali?"


LIQUOR
STORE
FIN
S AND WINES
Frank
BEAVEN

"Summer cold, Mrs. Rogers?"

A paying guest in John's bar gets the dope from a true philosopher about right, love, money and drink

Hello, Saroyan Bill

by DAVID YELLIN

It was eight o'clock at night and for over an hour I had been watching Saroyan Bill at the opposite end of John's bar in downtown Frisco. His name wasn't Saroyan Bill, in fact, I didn't know his name, but he looked like a character out of Saroyan, and all the time I was sitting there drinking my drinks and watching him leaning over the bar on his elbows and staring at the top of the bar and not moving or looking anywhere, yet feeling that he was everywhere in the room, I knew he felt like a Saroyan character whether he ever had read or heard of Saroyan or not.

I walked over to him and said, did you ever hear of William Saroyan?

No, he said. But I love him.

Have a drink, I said.

No, he said. I don't drink. And he looked up at me and he didn't see me and yet he was right inside of me and knew me all my life and he was saying hello, in there.

Do you want to know why I don't drink, he said.

Yes, I do, I said.

Why don't you order yourself up a drink, he said.

All right, I will, I said. And I ordered a bourbon and water on the side and he waited until the pinched-face bartender brought me my drink and change of a five spot which I peeled off of my large roll of bills. I noticed that the bartender didn't ask Saroyan Bill for his order.

He's a very sad individual, Saroyan Bill said, nodding at the pinched-face bartender; he doesn't like the owner of this place, a Greek, and he's Italian, but it's his wife's brother so he's out of luck. He doesn't drink either, Saroyan Bill said, but not for the same reason I don't. I never do anything out of spite. Spite wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance to grow inside of me, I have no dark corners, there's no dampness inside of me, take a look down here, Saroyan Bill said, opening his mouth wide and urging me to look down his throat. I looked but I didn't see anything different than I had seen before when I looked down anybody's throat. Yet there *was* something different. Saroyan Bill said it was his furnace burning down there that glowed and made me look away, and that nobody has been able to look down his throat for as much as ten minutes without having to turn away.

Have a drink, Saroyan Bill said, and I'll tell you why I don't drink.

I ordered another shot of bourbon and took a healthy swig, and decided to ignore the water this time, wiped my mouth with the back of my hand and turned to Saroyan Bill and indicated by the great language of silence that I was ready to hear his story.

Look at this bar top, he said, it sees more life in one night than any guy with a string of a million pencils could put down in four hundred and sixteen years. The bartender brings you a drink, flops the glass down hard and careless to show you he's busy and has other worries on his mind, and the bar gets wet and he comes along every once in a while with a dirty rag or his apron and wipes away the puddles. But before he wipes away the puddles, they see inside a man's soul, maybe the same puddle can see inside two souls or three before it goes dry. Everybody who looks into the puddle on the bar top sees life because they've got the look of life in their stare and that's why it comes back to them.

It was two nights ago, Saroyan Bill said, I was standing right here in this same spot, and a girl in slacks was sitting right where you are on the same stool. She was small but so big I couldn't see anybody else in the whole room. She was dark and her tiny nose was turned up and it was laughing at everything. But she was sad, her body was sad because her body was lonely.

Everything will be all right, sister, I said.

You're damn right it will, she said.

I would like to make love to you tonight, I said.

So would a lot of men, she said.

No, I said, this is different. I don't want anything from you. I want to give to you. You're lonely, I said.

You have a magnifying glass up your nose, she said, or do you smell that good all the time?

You need love, I said.

You shouldn't drink, she said.

I know, I said, and I won't.

Why not? she said.

I don't have any more money, I said.

I'll buy you a drink, she said.

All right, I said. Though I'd rather have your love than your money. If you're not ready now, I can meet you later, wherever you say, I said.

I can't now or later, she said. I have to go to work in a few minutes, I'm on the night shift and the only reason I'm going tonight is because it is paynight. And I need the money.

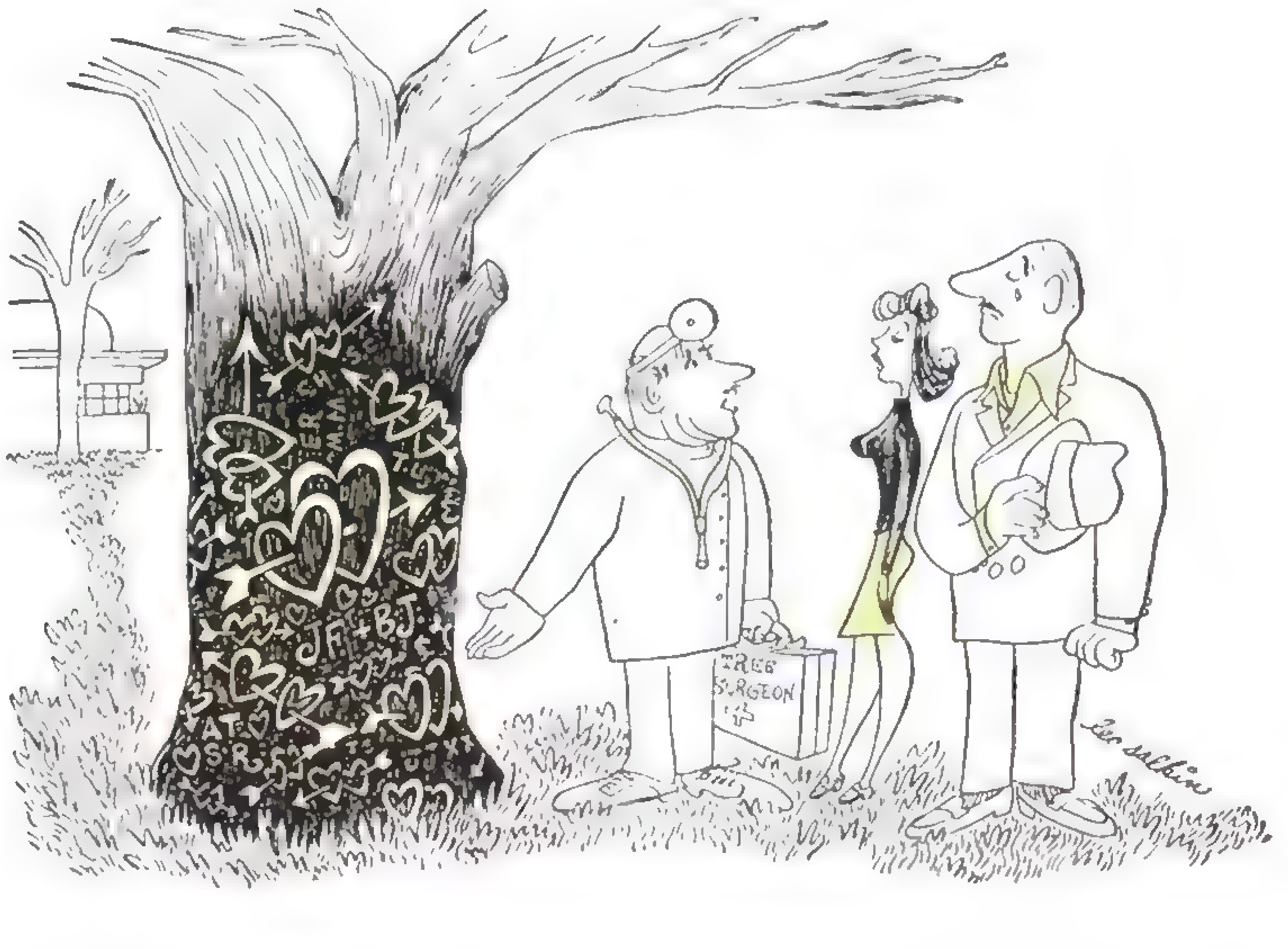
Good, I said, I'll meet you after work. Then you'll have money and love and you'll be the richest person in the world. People with money never have love, and people with love never have money, but you'll have both love and money. What time and where shall I meet you?

You shouldn't drink, she said. Really, you shouldn't.

You should love, I said.

Here's a dollar, she said, my last dollar in the world before I get paid tonight. Spend it any way you want, though I know you'll buy drinks with it, but if that's what's right for you, then it's right. There is nothing more right than right, she said.

Right is the most wonderful thing in the world, I said. It's so wonderful because then there's nothing inside of you pushing you



"It died of love"

out and nothing outside of you pushing you in. You need love, I said.

You shouldn't drink, she said. Really, you shouldn't.

So she went away and I bought two drinks of Scotch because they were fifty cents each and I drank one and I gave the other to Cy the bartender and told Cy to give it to the girl I love when she came in again. Cy tells me she was in this afternoon and he gave her the drink and she drank it and told Cy to thank me and told him that when she left John's bar the other night, she hitched a ride out to the plant because she had given me her last cent and the man who gave her the ride is now her husband and she never went to work to collect her pay that night or is she ever going to go because she and her husband with the car are very happy in love. And Cy tells me that she was wearing a dress and a very fancy hat with a veil.

So from now on, I'm not drinking any more, because it is no more than right, since she took my advice, that I should take hers. The girl I loved that night took my advice and got her love, even though she didn't get her money too, which is what she would have had with me that night, but that's how it is in this world of love and loneliness which only I and all the bar tops in the world understand.

Well, I said to Saroyan Bill, I think you're right, especially about right, and I took out my roll of bills and gave it to him and said, so long, Saroyan Bill, keep the money, it's all yours.

Now that you don't have money, Saroyan Bill said, taking the roll, you'll find love and you need love.

That's right, I said to Saroyan Bill, and I walked out of John's bar in Frisco and I saw Saroyan Bill motion to Cy the Italian bartender and he peeled off a five spot and tossed it on the wet bar top. ⁂

Three shots that cost Snead a title and made heroes out of Hagen and the author

Single Shots and Consequences

by TOMMY ARMOUR

Golf headlines—set in type half as high as a mashie—have been written to praise or damn single shots fired by big-name golfers. And that's probably as it should be, because 300-yard hits and thirty-inch misses are the spectacular show-stoppers of golf. Witness the 72-point hollering over Ben Hogan's recent failure to sink a tournament-winning thirty-inch putt in the Augusta Master's.

What the average golf fan doesn't know, however, is that fabulously good or bad golf shots just don't happen—even to experts. They are children of circumstances. Sometimes they grow out of desperation and tournament pressure. Sometimes they're played because the golfer "doesn't give a damn." But they all have histories.

One of the most celebrated of all single shots in golf was a so-called fluff of Sammy Snead's on the last hole of the National Open at the Philadelphia Country Club. Sammy fired a tremendous wood shot which failed by inches to clear a bunker and cost him a staggering 8 on the hole and the championship.

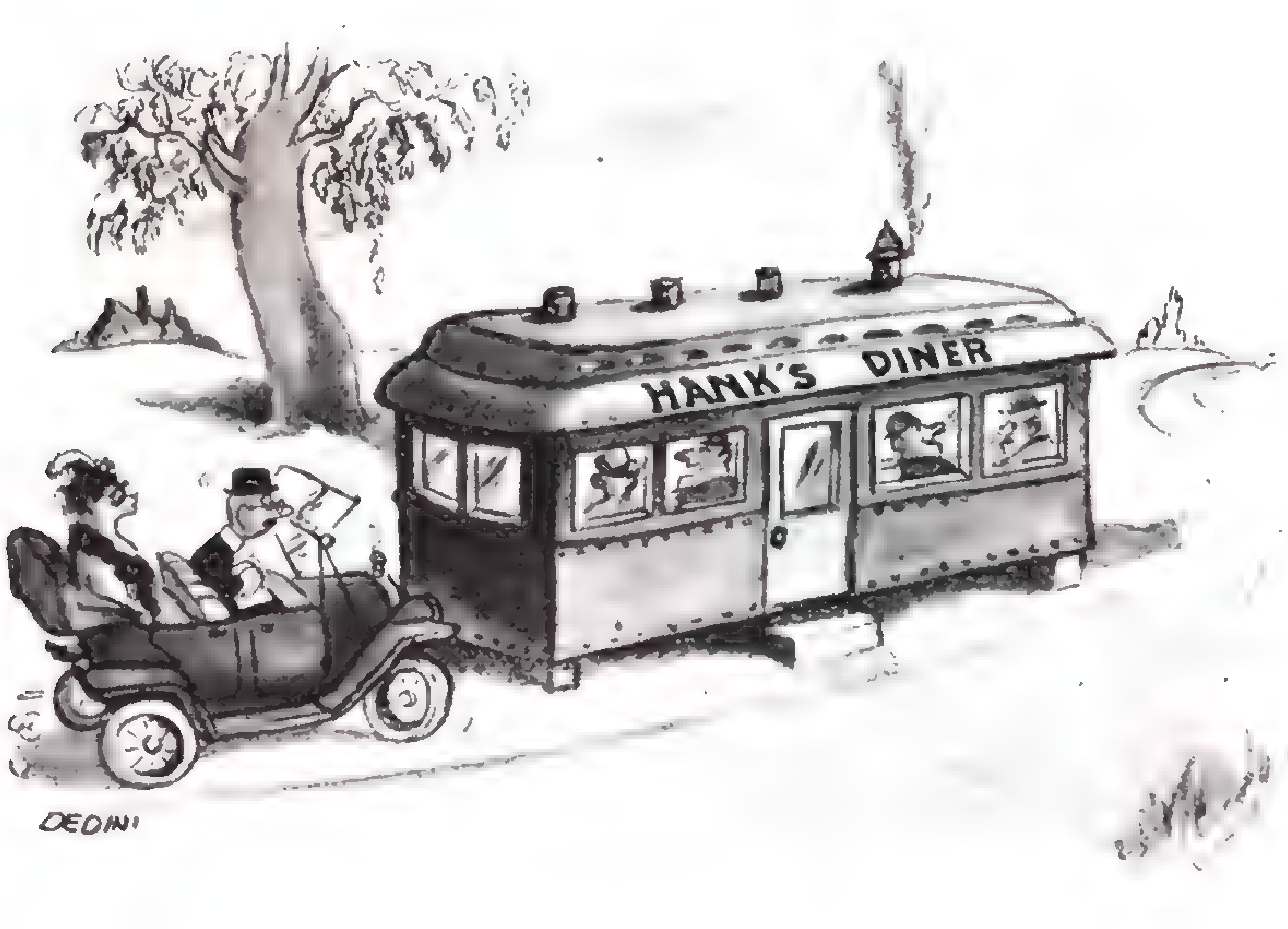
I have seen a great many disaster victims on golf courses, but I never felt quite as sorry for anybody as I did for Sammy that day. And this was the reason . . .

Sam was one of the first to play his round—in other words, the fellows who had a chance to win the championship were playing behind—and when he reached the 18th hole it seemed imperative that he have a 4 because players like Shute, Nelson and Ward were leading him by many strokes. If he had been trying for second he would have played the hole safely for a 5, but seconds don't pay off.

Sam hooked his tee shot to the left of the 18th fairway—the 72nd and final hole of the championship. His ball was lying in fairly long grass, which the expert knows will produce either a high "fluff" shot or a long "ducker." Between Sam and the green was a row of bunkers about 150 yards from his ball, and bunkers also surrounded the green with only one narrow opening on the left side. If he played short of the bunkers, he would then need about a three-iron to get on the narrow green; that left the possibility of a 4 very remote. But if the shot that he was visualizing came off, he would carry the bunkers by thirty yards, and the terrific overspin that a "ducker" gives would run him up towards the edge of the green and perhaps on. Sam decided, as every other real golfer would have done, to "go for it." He took a three-wood and hit the ball flush, but it ducked too quickly and hit the face of the bunker. The banks of this particular bunker were very precipitous, and of course merely digging the ball out left him with a 6 staring him in the face. He decided to try a high cut-shot. The cut-shot was played expertly, but he couldn't quite raise the ball fast enough to miss the top of the bank. The ball fell back into the bunker. He was then finished in the championship. The rest of it was merely playing out the hole.

He hacked the ball out of the bunker, hit it up on the edge of the green, chipped it up—and missed a two-foot putt! 8!

Now the irony is this: Shute, playing behind Snead, finished very badly in the last four holes—something like 4 over par. Nelson had a similar performance. Ward took 5's on the short holes. As their collapses could not be counted upon, what else could Snead do but go for 4? He knew (or at least he thought) a 5 was no good, and in 10,000 cases he would have been right. He just had to get a 4; he just had to take a chance on his second shot. If he had been playing for a 5 it would have been a simple thing to take a three-iron, knock it over the bunker, pitch it onto the green—2 putts—5. But



"Don't try to pass him on a curve, dear"

the difference between a 4 and a 5 was a great deal more than one stroke at that particular moment. It was a chance to win the championship. So what happened?

Sam's second shot dug into the bunker, and he became the goat of every 100-shooter in America, and of the press as well. Descriptions of Sam's physical being as he left the 18th green ran the gamut from a pale grey face to shaking knees. So he was a bum; he had "cracked under pressure." All because he had staked everything on a single shot and lost.

The single shot has made as many golfers as it has broken, of course. Gene Sarazen will always be remembered as much for his fantastic double eagle in the first Master's tournament as for his all-around soundness of play. I've seen many shots in tournament golf I'll never forget—even fired a few myself. My greatest single thrill, however, came from watching a single chip shot fired by Walter Hagen in the British Open at Sandwich in 1928.

I can assure you that I have had my share of thrills. I saw Babe Ruth strike out with the bases loaded in the deciding game of the World Series. I also saw him hit his home run in Chicago. I saw the Dempsey-Firpo fight. I saw Alexander strike out Lazzeri. I saw Warmerdam jump 15′ 8½″. But that shot of Hagen's tops them all in my book.

On the 15th tee of the last round he had to shoot par 4-3-4-4 to win by one stroke. A one-stroke lead at that point to a player of Hagen's ability is, of course, a tremendous advantage because it allows him to make one error. In situations like that Hagen doesn't often make mistakes. However, the last four holes at Sandwich are very difficult. The 15th is 454 yards. The 16th is a short one—163; the 17th is 423, and the 18th is 441. But what makes these courses in Britain more difficult than the yardage suggests is the fact that if you do happen to miss a shot you go into bunkers that are terrifying not only because of their steep, rugged banks but also because of the talcum-like quality of the sand.

Bill O'Malley

"He wants to know where the gate is"

Well, this is what happened at Sandwich . . .

Hagen's second shot at the 15th went into the bunker in front of the green. Though he had a good lie, the question arises whether in that particular situation it was an advantage or a disadvantage. Had the ball been lying badly, he had only one recourse—explode it out onto the green. But with a good lie, the temptation was to try to play a fine shot to get near the hole and save a stroke. So when Hagen came up to his ball and found it in a tempting position, he was faced with a really serious problem . . .

He wanted desperately to save the stroke, to keep the advantage he had, but to do so he had to chip the ball "clean" out of the bunker—and there is where the thrill came in. The art of chipping a ball out of a bunker is one that requires a great deal of nerve—and I don't mean bravery; I mean nerve control—because it is absolutely necessary to hit the ball clean. The slightest piece of sand between the club and the ball means "fluff," and in this particular instance a fluff meant the championship because practically every bunker in Sandwich is undercut owing to the terrific winds.

So Hagen had to make his decision; whether to explode it out onto the green somewhere and get a 5 and hope for par on the last three holes to win, or play this extremely delicate and desperate shot and get a 4. Although Hagen's nerve is traditional, I know that even he at that moment had qualms about which was the proper shot—the explosion or the chip. He looked the situation over very carefully. He selected a niblick first of all to explode it. He practically took his stance at the ball and then changed his mind and selected the club for a chip shot—the mashie-niblick. He stopped again. The concavity of the bank of the bunker was looking right at him. If his muscles moved one fraction of an inch his ball would be buried underneath it, and then he couldn't get out of the bunker in 4, and the championship would be virtually lost. I could read what was going through his mind. Was the gamble worth it?

Ultimately he went back to the niblick. Again there was indecision. Suddenly as though he said to himself "to hell with it!" he took the mashie-niblick again and prepared to play the shot. The 10,000 spectators were absolutely breathless with excitement. My pulse rate was at least 200 as I watched him prepare to play the shot. When, after his preliminary waggles, he started his club back to hit the ball, I went absolutely blind. And then I heard the clean click of the shot. His body hadn't moved even a fraction of an inch. His nerve hadn't faltered. The ball cleared the bank of the bunker by a scant foot and ran up to within eight feet of the pin.

Then, after the greatest shot I ever saw played, like the great gladiator he is, he went up and knocked the ball into the hole for a 4.

The question has been raised many times whether the gamble was worth it. Of course they say the results justify the means. Personally, as I had neither the nerve nor the ability to play that shot, I thought he was crazy because if he missed it he was out of the championship—and there had been a great probability that he might win anyway if he had played the safe explosion shot.

However, the shot came off, he got a "birdie" on the 17th and won the championship by a couple of strokes.

Recalling Snead's one-shot disaster and Hagen's one-shot triumph brings to mind a shot of my own which was neither disastrous nor spectacular. But it was important to me.

I have always been reputed to have a tremendous ego, and once in my youth made the foolish remark that if I ever had a chance to win the Open Championship I would win it. I didn't make any bones about it—I was that sure.

Time marched on and I plowed and hacked my way over golf courses around the world, and at last the day arrived.

I remember standing on the 9th tee at Oakmont and getting the information from my wife that the best score in was 301 by Harry Cooper. I was delighted, to say the least. In fact I was nearly hysterical and, turning to my wife, I remarked, "It's my championship."

"Don't be too sure," she said, "you never know what happens on a golf course."

"Little lady," I retorted, "I can kick the ball from here in and win!"

And I literally could have done that. At that point I was leading by so many strokes that it seemed impossible even on the frightening Oakmont for me to blow my chances.

Being absolutely filled with ego, confidence and ignorance, I promptly took a 6 shot at the 9th. I can honestly say I wasn't perturbed because I still had plenty of margin left to win. At the 10th I continued my efforts to throw away the championship by taking another 6. I then had a faint fluttering of panic in my Scotch breast.

To put into words my feeling on the 12th green after taking a 7 I'm afraid would require a person with far greater powers of description than I have. Then, to add fuel to my already blazing mind, my little darling sneaked up and cautiously remarked, "So you're the man who would never blow the championship if you had it won!" It took me three months of tender treatment to square myself for my retort.

On our way to the 13th tee I meandered through the beautiful trees, slashing at them with my putter. I can truthfully say that I never was so mad and genuinely upset in my life as I was at that moment. Here I had had the championship literally in the bag. I had been playing very well—and then all of a sudden these three ridiculous holes jumped up.

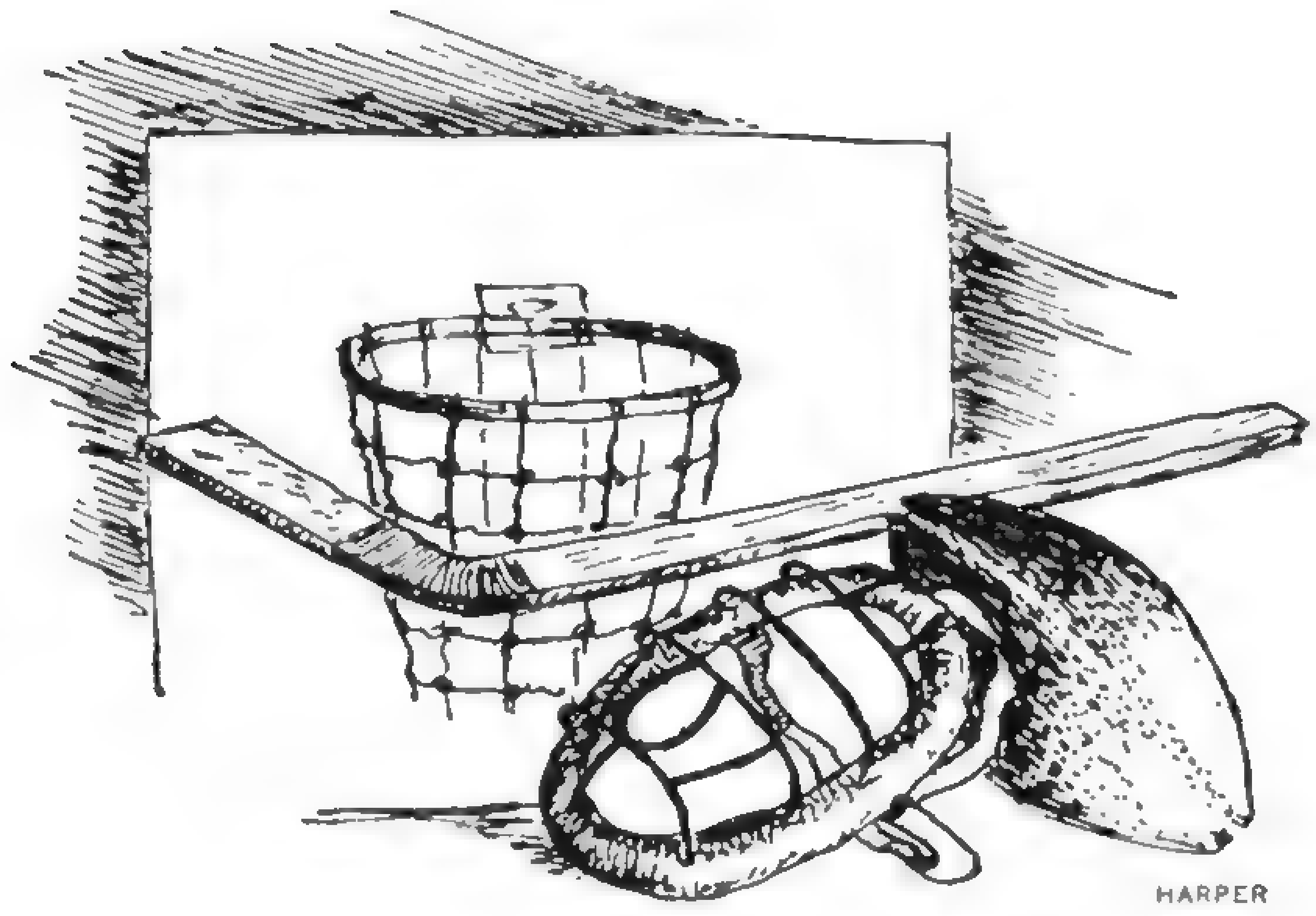
In counting what I had to do now to tie, I found that it was one under par, and to do one under par at Oakmont on any stretch of holes you not only have to be playing well, you have to be very lucky.

I had a nice putt for a 2 on the 13th, which I missed. The same on the 14th for 3. Then came the 15th and nearly my death. I hit a very fine drive, and as the 15th hole has been named the most difficult par 4 in the world, it called for a long and very accurate second shot.

During the entire tournament I had never asked my caddy for any advice or selection of a club, but after look-

(*Continued on page 172*)

The coming attendance sport, reply our readers, is hockey; the going, boxing



The Esquire Poll on Spectator Sports

by JIM CROSSETT

The gentleman who makes a dollar writing or talking about sports will be happy to read the results of this month's Esquire Sports Poll. For they demonstrate something he has always believed anyhow: the cash customer who reads or hears his stuff is a bundle of sports likes and dislikes manufactured from his own cloth. Thus it would seem that with a minimum of continued mutual devotion, the writing-and-speaking lion and the reading-and-listening lamb should be lying down together for many happy years to come.

The current poll asked a vast array of Esquire readers who are also sports fans to name the one sport they most prefer to watch, read about or hear broadcast. A count of their ballots shows that their preferences are closely allied to those expressed by writers and broadcasters in last month's poll. The guy who has to pay his way into the park prefers baseball, football and basketball. With the exception of the order of the one-two selections, the poll duplicates the results obtained by querying writers and announcers.

Again, the results confront the expert with an apparent contradiction: how is it that basketball, the top attendance sport for some years, runs a slow third in expressed preference? Basketball is coming fast, but is evidently not quite big league yet. Its attendance figures are inflated by several factors—mainly amateur competition on the high school or college level. As a professional sport, it is still minor league and not top drawer.

Another major challenger for top sports honors gets a strong boost from the poll of spectators, when hockey, a Canadian importation, finishes a strong fourth in customer preference. The past season saw many hockey attendance records go by the boards, and there is every reason to suppose that the puck game—which combines speed, grace, bodily contact and polite mayhem in one enclosed arena—may well be up with the sport leaders in the near future.

Last month the experts tolled the knell of the parting appeal of boxing. This month, the fans echo the sentiment when they relegate boxing to a sorry fifth among sports they prefer. The fight game needs several injections of competitive hormones to revive it. Perhaps a few good matches (and soon) will give the sickly patient the second wind it needs now that the going is tough.

Finally, the sport also-rans as reported by the poll include golf, horse racing, tennis, skiing and soccer in that order.

The open secret of a sports thrill is competition. This thought is borne out by Esquire readers in answer to the question, "What is the most exciting or memorable event you ever witnessed?" Though results were widely varied, the high school game or sand-lot contest held its own in customers' memories. In fact, clashes between Joetown and Gusville received as many votes as big-time attractions.

Small Time—"There was never a more exciting sports thrill for me than the high school football game between Grenada and Charleston, Mississippi, in 1945," H. A. Alexander, Grenada, Mississippi.

"My most memorable event in sports was a softball game between two company teams on Guadalcanal back in 1943, first ball game I'd seen in two years," George Trulliver, New York City.

"I've seen some of the biggest events in sports during my years but I'll still name the prep school game between Willows (California) High School and Sacramento in 1922 as tops. Little Willows outplayed its rivals and beat them 7-6 for the Northern California high school title," F. L. Blondin, Minden, Nevada.

"I'll name a double overtime basketball game this last season between Morehead State and Eastern State College as the most exciting event I ever saw," M. C. Crosley, Morehead, Kentucky.

"I'll never see a more exciting event than a baseball game between two amateur teams in Milwaukee that went extra innings after a general crowd uprising," Ben Waggerman, Chicago, Illinois.

Big Time—"My memory will always hold Babe Ruth's called home run in the 1932 World Series at Chicago as the most outstanding event I ever witnessed," Jack H. Goldstein, Wilmington, Delaware.

" 'Lou Gehrig Day' at the Yankee Stadium was the most impressive thing I have had the privilege to sit in on in sports," Harold B. King, Ossining, New York.

"For perfection in sports you can't beat the Illinois-Northwestern basketball game at the Chicago Stadium in 1942 when the Whiz Kids beat the Wildcats 86-44," Carl Erickson, St. Charles, Illinois.

"I'm still talking about the time the Chicago Bears defeated the Washington Redskins in the 1940 National League play-offs to the tune of 73-0," Dr. H. A. Fisher, Washington, D. C.

"Tops in my book for excitement was the instance when the late Charlie Paddock won the 100-meter final in the 1920 Olympics," W. C. Rankin, Seattle, Washington. ##

Sports Editors, Take Heed:

The following is in the nature of an open letter from the fan to sports editors, announcers, promoters and officials. As the boy with the moneybag, he is the basic support of competitive professional athletics. There are many things about the conducting and covering of sports he doesn't like. Now Esquire passes along his major gripes for the above gentry to act on realistically:

1. Don't show favoritism. Let the better team or man win and admit it.
2. Don't digress from what's happening on the field during a broadcast.
3. Don't allow peanut butchers in the stands during crucial moments.
4. Don't exaggerate. Readers and listeners want accurate reporting.
5. Don't keep the score a secret. Tell your audience who is winning.
6. Don't make excuses for local hero because he had a bad day.
7. Don't find fault with the officials. They call them as they see 'em.
8. Don't try to fool the public. Some readers and listeners may know more about the game than you do.

R. S. V. P.

You are proudly invited to
the opening of

The Esquire Gallery of Glamour

September Issue, 1946

On display will be the work of the reigning illustrators of America, created especially for Esquire. By their brushes you have known them. But only Esquire could have inspired such radiant and sophisticated allure as will appear in these pages.

This most distinguished array of artists ever assembled in one magazine will bring you portrait-interpretations of the Esquire Girl, provocative canvases beyond the realm of words. Their names alone are a promise and an invitation:

BEN-HUR BAZ
WARD BRACKETT
AL BUELL
MARIO COOPER
JOE DeMERS
TOM HALL
LARRY HARRIS
WALTER KLETT
FRITZ WILLIS
AL MOORE
BILL RANDALL
EUCLID SHOOK
J. FREDERICK SMITH
BEN STAHL
THORNTON UTZ
FREDRIC VARADY
COBY WHITMORE

Concerning our sanguinary forefathers who followed the bloody *code duello*

Hair-Triggers and Hot Heads

by JOHN RICHARD YOUNG

STEFFEN

THE former Mayor of Hartford, Alabama, was in a rage with the Chief of Police. The Chief was equally furious with the former Mayor. The cause of their quarrel is not important. But how they settled it is.

Elevated to their jobs under solemn oath to uphold and enforce law and order, these two officials deliberately, in broad daylight, met on the main street; each put his left hand on the other's shoulder, drew a revolver and fired several times. The Chief died immediately, the Mayor a few minutes later.

Thus did the ancient, but not always honorable, *code duello* blaze to life again, in 1931. The gunshots were echoes of a mania which, until scarcely more than a generation ago, soaked the South in blood and spilled over the greater portion of the United States.

Nowhere else in the world was dueling carried to the extreme it reached in the young United States. Even in church, at weddings, at funerals, men carried weapons. A Virginia bridegroom leaned from his wedding carriage and shot dead a tailor who had insulted the cavalier by choosing that moment to ask payment of a bill long overdue. No one thought anything of it; the bride was thrilled, the police agreed that shooting was what the fellow deserved. Strictly speaking, it wasn't a duel; but since the cavalier murdered to avenge his affronted honor, the killing was considered quite legitimate.

This cult of murdering to avenge an insult reached incredible extremes. Men fought duels over one's declining a drink or a pinch of snuff, over a harmless wisecrack. Colonel Edward M. House, President Wilson's confidential assistant, remarked in his memoirs that Northern people admired the careful courtesy of old-time Southern gentlemen without realizing the chief reason for such exquisite politeness: men of the Old South were aware that not to guard their tongue meant to risk their neck.

This compulsion toward "honor killing" permeated Southern society from top to bottom; even slaves fought duels, in imitation of their aristocratic masters. Duels became sporting events, attracting large crowds. An English actor, playing a Southern town in the 1840's, left his hotel one evening for a stroll. "No hurry, sir," drawled a lounger on the porch. "The duel won't start for an hour yet." Near the edge of town the actor found several hundred persons, including women and children, gathered like picnickers to watch a murder.

Just what was this monster Honor that goaded men to death? What has become of it, now that dueling is no longer in vogue? Perhaps the best answer was given by a Southern gentleman of the old school when asked, years later, why he had fought a certain duel:

"Well, sir, I never did clearly understand what it was about. But, you know, it was a time when all gentlemen fought."

What amazed the rest of the more-or-less-civilized world was the reckless deadliness American duelists brought to the field of honor. American duels made British and European affairs of honor look like wrist-slapping parties. Many dueling pistols were of larger caliber than the machine guns on World War II fighter planes.

A striking example of the enthusiasm with which American duelists fought was the encounter between two rival Richmond, Virginia, editors, John H. Pleasants and Thomas Ritchie, Jr., in 1846, when the dueling craze was at its peak.

Pleasants arrived on the field armed with two dueling pistols, a revolver, a bowie knife and a sword cane. Ritchie drove up in a buggy loaded with a small armory of assorted pistols, a cutlass and a Negro servant whose duty it was to pass the arms and ammunition. The two cavaliers opened fire at twenty paces, shooting as they advanced. Pleasants fell, riddled.

In 1790 James Jackson of Georgia, later a U. S. senator, was challenged by a Colonel Watkins. Jackson, veteran of several duels, resolved to force terms on the colonel which would make other fire-eaters think twice before attempting to collect the Jackson scalp.

At midnight each combatant, armed with a bowie knife and a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot, rowed to opposite points of a small, heavily-wooded island in the Savannah River. Then in the dark they set out to stalk each other down, each free to shoot at sight and, if necessary, finish his enemy with the knife.

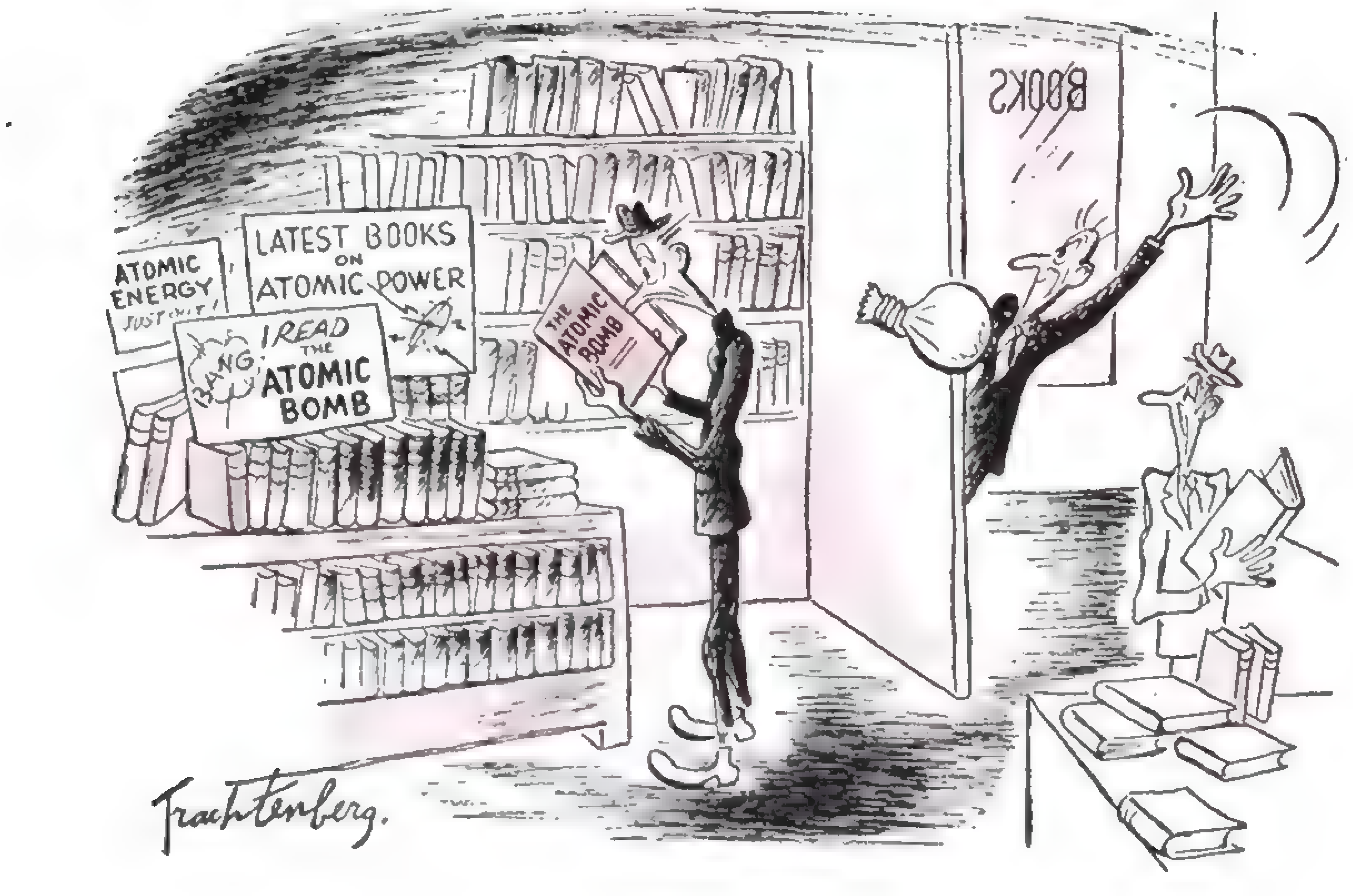
About an hour after midnight the seconds, waiting tensely on the mainland, heard three shotgun blasts roar across the water from the dark island. At dawn they found Jackson, horribly knife-gashed and unconscious from loss of blood, lying beneath his dead foe. No man ever challenged James Jackson again.

Another duelist who went to an extreme to make sure his future would be different from his past was a transplanted British army captain named Stewart. After killing a brother officer, he had vowed never to fight another duel. But in Kingston, Louisiana, an overbearing Creole named D'Egville hit the captain in the face with a horsewhip.

Stewart's terms were murderous. He had a grave dug and insisted that the Creole should get into the hole with him and grasp one end of a handkerchief while Stewart held the other end. At a signal both duelists, armed with pistols, would blaze away, almost certainly blasting each other into eternity.

D'Egville tried frantically to get out of the duel, but his relentless second, having honorably agreed to represent him, threatened to shoot him in cold blood if the Creole dared "insult" him by backing down. On the field of honor, as his determined second firmly assisted him into the grave, D'Egville collapsed from sheer fright. Captain Stewart promptly gave the sniveling bully a first-class knuckle-dusting while the spectators howled encouragement.

Americans were so partial to such suicidal duels and fatalities among them were so high that Europeans misnamed a form of dueling unknown in this



country "the American duel," apparently only because the terms foredoomed one of the principals to death.

In "the American duel" the seconds supply two pistols, only one of which is loaded. The weapons, laid side by side, are covered with a handkerchief. The challenger has first choice. The principal who draws the loaded gun is honor bound to blow his own brains out—if not then and there, eventually, before some definite date. If the unfortunate fellow loses his nerve, he is—to quote our hair-triggery forefathers—a coward and a poltroon, forever dishonored.

One strictly American innovation on the *code duello* was the custom of "posting." When a man refused a challenge, the challenger, if really eager for blood, posted a notice in some public place branding his foe a scoundrel, a coward and any other opprobrious epithets he could think of. Often the poster of the notice backed up his words by standing beneath the notice with a rifle or shotgun.

Just what was all this shooting and stabbing about? Well, contrary to the fables of romantic fiction, duels were rarely fought over women. In 1817 two Georgia belles fought a formal shoot-out over a man, with the lucky fellow watching while one girl seriously wounded her rival. But male duelists preferred to fight over more inspiring things, such as politics and horse racing.

Skulduggery was not rare even among true believers in the code of honor. More than one disciple was caught wearing a steel undershirt. A little Frenchman, challenged by a very tall man, insisted on a certain type of gorget which prevented the tall man from bending his neck and hence aiming his sword thrusts accurately. Another gentleman of honor had a preference for swords especially forged to the brittleness of glass so that they had to be used cautiously. When his unsuspecting opponent's sword broke, the gentleman calmly ran him through.

Many of these knightly combats between gentlemen defending their honor exploded into general free-for-alls in which principals, seconds and well-wishing friends went to work on one another with guns, clubs, rocks, knives, fists, boots, fingernails and teeth. One such notable brawl outside Natchez, Mississippi, in which the famed Colonel James Bowie, later one of the Alamo heroes, took part, resulted in two men killed and most of the others seriously knifed and shot. Bowie himself was shot, then slugged unconscious with a pistol butt. All the knights participating in this lively passage of arms were men of wealth and social prominence.

An ironic aspect of this butchery is that the two principals, after exchanging two harmless shots, had declared their honor satisfied and had shaken hands. It was the usual "friends," determined to see blood shed, who started the slaughter.

COAST TO COAST
TRANSPORT
& MOVING
NED HIL-TON

"Can I help you?"

Some of the points of honor men fought over were so microscopically fine as to be clear only to hairsplitting experts. In 1838, for example, James Watson Webb, a belligerent New York editor and former Army man, took as a personal insult a speech made by Jonathan Cilley, a Maine congressman. Webb sent a challenge to Cilley by Congressman William J. Graves of Kentucky. Cilley, like most New Englanders, scorned dueling: he declined even to read Webb's note.

Graves demanded to know whether this refusal was based on Cilley's not regarding Webb as a "gentleman." If so, Cilley's opinion was a reflection on Graves' own honor, since the Kentuckian had agreed to act for Webb as one gentleman would for another. Cilley refused to give a definitive answer, except to say that he meant no reflection on Mr. Graves' character.

Unsatisfied, and feeling himself bound by the code, the Kentuckian himself challenged the New Englander. Reluctantly, only because he knew that if he declined he would never have any influence with his Southern colleagues in Congress, Cilley accepted.

So these two men, who had neither real quarrel nor ill-feeling between them, met at Anacostia Bridge on the road to Marlborough, Maryland, the afternoon of February 24, 1838. Their weapons were rifles, the distance eighty paces. Both men missed their first shots. Graves' second asked again: Why had Cilley refused General Webb's challenge? Cilley replied that he had no desire to fight with Webb. But Graves insisted that the New Englander admit in plain words that Webb was a "gentleman."

Again the rifles were loaded. Again the riflemen missed. Still Cilley, to quote his own words, "refused to disgrace myself by humiliating concessions." At the third exchange of shots the stubborn Yankee fell, dead. Mr. Graves' honor was satisfied. He had "proved" General Webb a gentleman.

Such hair-fine points of honor were not at all unusual. A Creole in New Orleans fought three duels in one morning: the first with a stranger for staring at him; the second with a man for not looking at him at all; the third with a fellow who had the effrontery to glance at him sidewise. The Marquis de Lafayette wanted to fight one of his American fellow officers under Washington for having casually made an uncomplimentary remark about France.

One of the astonishing aspects of dueling is the number of encounters over trivialities between old friends and men who had no desire to kill at all. Too often men were pushed into premature graves by scandalmongers and bloodthirsty seconds. The hatred between Jackson and Dickinson would never have sprung up except for busybodies who went out of their way to provoke the quarrel.

The first formal duel in Kentucky grew out of an argument between two old friends, each a justice of the peace, over a twelve-and-a-half-cent fee which the challenger, Thurston, claimed his friend, Harrison, owed him. Fortunately, the men's seconds persuaded their principals to shoot at a tree for a gallon of whisky.

That, say apologists for dueling, is the way seconds ought to work, since the code was intended to prevent, not promote, hostilities by seeking amicable settlements before blood was spilled. Unfortunately, too many seconds and "friends" were as eager for gore as the spectators who flocked to watch such combats.

At the Park Theatre in New York a society belle considered herself "insulted" by a young Britisher, Lieutenant Green, who stared at her. Her escort, a New Yorker named Benjamin Price, went to the officer's box and tweaked the lieutenant's nose. Astonished, Green asked why, said he'd meant no offense. Price promptly apologized; the men shook hands.

When he joined his regiment in Canada Lieutenant Green found that news of the encounter had arrived ahead of him. A loudmouthed Captain Wilson made a mountain of the incident; he insisted that Green be ostracized as a coward unless he returned and made Price "pay" for the insult.

Reluctantly yielding to his messmates' urgings, Green practiced with pistols until he could hit a dollar at ten paces. Returning to New York, he challenged Price, killed him at the first shot. In remorse, he resigned his commission and went back to England.

Years later, loudmouthed Captain Wilson, visiting in New York, claimed "credit" for the duel. Young Price's father, though crippled with gout, promptly challenged the bloodthirsty captain, and on Bedloe's Island shot him through the heart.

With public opinion so strongly behind the code of honor, it was almost impossible to convict a duelist of murder. A man needed more courage to decline a challenge than to accept. Unless he had a war record that left no doubt of his bravery—he risked putting himself beyond the pale of genteel society. If he were in politics, his career was ended; a doctor or a lawyer courted bankruptcy.

So intense was the dueling craze that in ante-bellum Charleston a group of true believers solemnly formed a dueling society. Members took precedence according to the number of "affairs" they had had, with the president topping the list. This sanguinary society came to a sudden end, when the bullet-spitting president picked a quarrel with a retired British admiral visiting in Charleston. Unimpressed by the bullet-spitter's reputation, the admiral shot him fatally. On his deathbed the dying man begged his fellow-members to dissolve the society and to suppress dueling. Thus ended the only organization of its kind in America. But dueling didn't die with it.

However strong the social pressure to force gentlemen to defend their honor with pistols or swords, a few men bluntly ignored challenges or laughed their way out of awkward predicaments. A wise second got Abraham Lincoln out of a duel after he had reluctantly agreed to fight James Shields. Since Shields was as short and fat as Lincoln was tall and gaunt, Lincoln's second insisted they fight with huge dragoon sabers, thus turning the affair into a burlesque.

Humor on the field of honor, however, was rare, especially in America where dueling reached its deadliest perfection. But one fighting man who persistently gave the whole business a horselaugh was General Israel Putnam of Revolutionary War fame. "Old Put" needed no codified rigamarole to prove his courage.

When a young officer had persistently challenged him for some fancied slight, the general finally agreed to meet him without seconds. The challenger arrived on the field to find the old soldier seated on a stump, holding a musket loaded with slugs. Old Put instantly let fly. The young honor-warrior leaped behind a tree.

"General! What are you doing?"

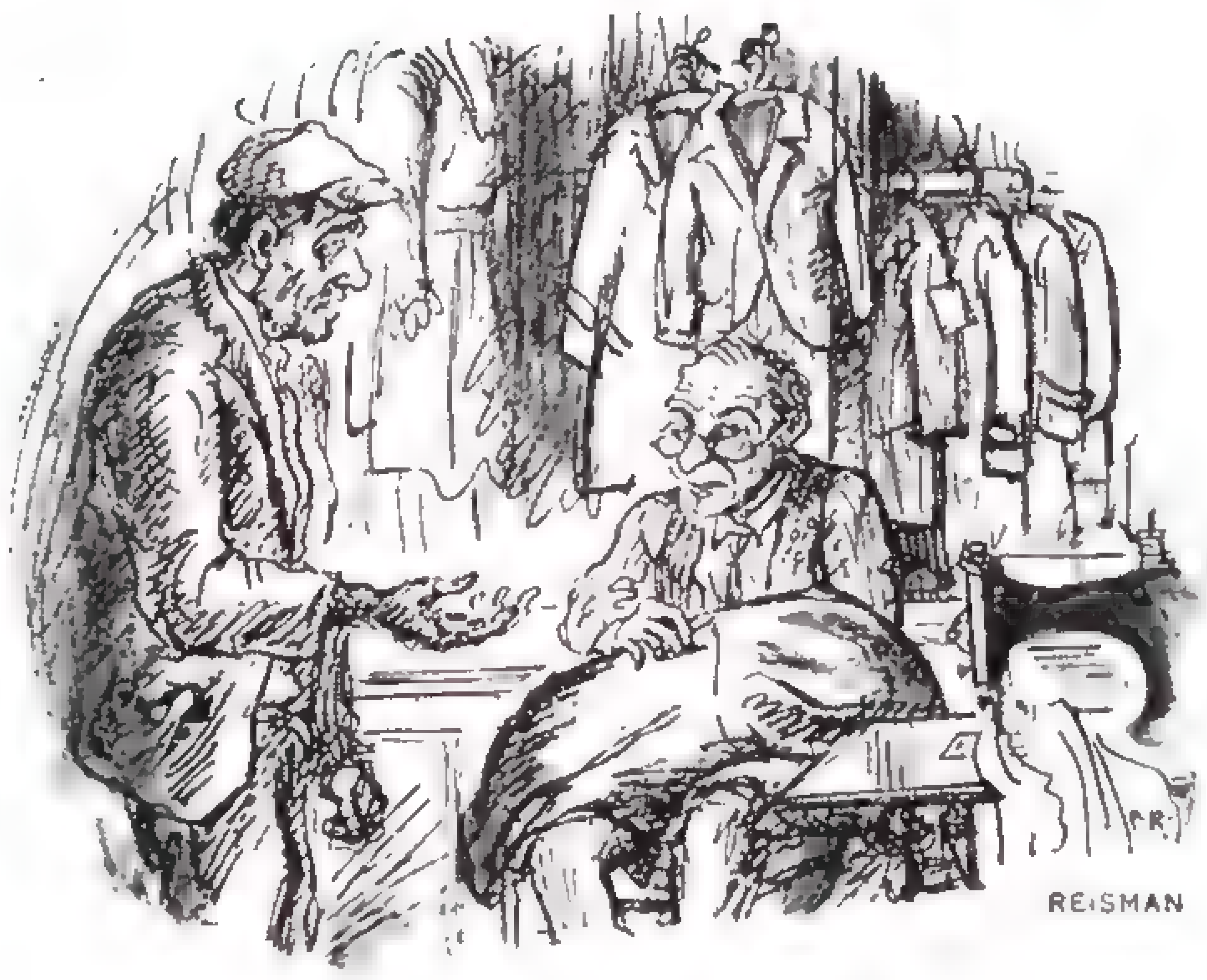
"Defending my life, sir!" roared Old Put, busily reloading. "And you'd better do the same."

The young officer went away from there, fast. ⌗

Pennies weren't much, Mr. Saul reminded him, but they added up

A Lesson in Math

by I. WILLIAM ALLEN



Jack Saul was in his tailor shop, when an elderly man, aged sixty-two, came in and said, "Alms, for the love of Allah, alms!"

Jack pulled out a purse as thick as his arm and extracted two cents from it.

"Here," he said, handing the two cents to the elderly man, aged sixty-two.

"Two cents is not much," said the old fellow.

Jack explained to him, in as kindly a fashion as he thought the situation called for, that two cents was two cents, in other words, the price of a red stamp, a yeast cake or a forty-per-cent interest in a five-cent cigar. He added that if the elderly man succeeded in getting two cents every time he asked for alms, he would accumulate quite a little nest egg, if his voice held out.

There are 986,398 shops in the city, Mr. Saul reminded the grumbling visitor, and with each of these places of business coughing up two cents, an industrious beggar would have a total yield of 19,727 dollars and ninety-six cents.

Granting that it would take the beggar a year to make the rounds, even so, how many people make 19,727 dollars and ninety-six cents a year? And at the end of the first year, if prosperity hadn't turned the beggar's head and made him squander all his profits, he could buy an automobile. Then he could make the rounds in three months. Then he could put on a false face and make the rounds again. After that he could take a three months' vacation on the Riviera and return, refreshed in mind and body, to make a third round with another disguise, jumping the total yearly income to thrice 19,727 dollars and ninety-six cents or 59,183 dollars and eighty-eight cents.

Mr. Saul warmed to the subject and thought he outlined a very bright and optimistic future for the elderly man, aged sixty-two; therefore his surprise was great indeed when the latter, in a very uncouth manner, announced that he had a gun in his pocket and that if Mr. Saul moved he would become so imbedded with bullets he would look like a portion of shad roe.

"I'm taking thirty-one dollars from the cash register," the old ingrate told Mr. Saul, "and this check for four-and-a-half dollars. If the check is good, it means I made thirty-five dollars and fifty cents out of this deal."

"You didn't count the two cents I gave you," said Mr. Saul.

"That's right," said the other. "In all, thirty-five dollars and fifty-two cents, which leaves me only 19,692 dollars and forty-four cents to collect this year. In other words, the thirty-five dollars and fifty-two cents makes it possible for me to skip 1,776 shops at two cents a shop, and I am grateful for that on account of my corns. A good day to you, sir."

"A terrible day to you," responded Mr. Saul.

"Don't move for ten minutes," said the beggar. "I have nine hardened accomplices outside."

Mr. Saul peeked out after the intruder had left and saw nine faces outside that were hard, but none looked like accomplices. Once outside the shop he almost immediately ran into Patrolman August Rienert of Traffic A who was the tallest man in the Police Department. Six feet, five inches.

Mr. Rienert caught up with Mr. Saul's late visitor and the latter said, "I'll go quietly."

"Suit yourself," said Mr. Rienert, "I don't mind if you sing or shout a bit. I'm used to noise. Living in Manhattan so long, you know."

"I suppose so," said the elderly gentleman, aged sixty-two. "Doesn't it nearly drive you mad sometimes? Don't you wish you were away from it all, at Mentone or Nice, or some quiet little village in Scotland?"

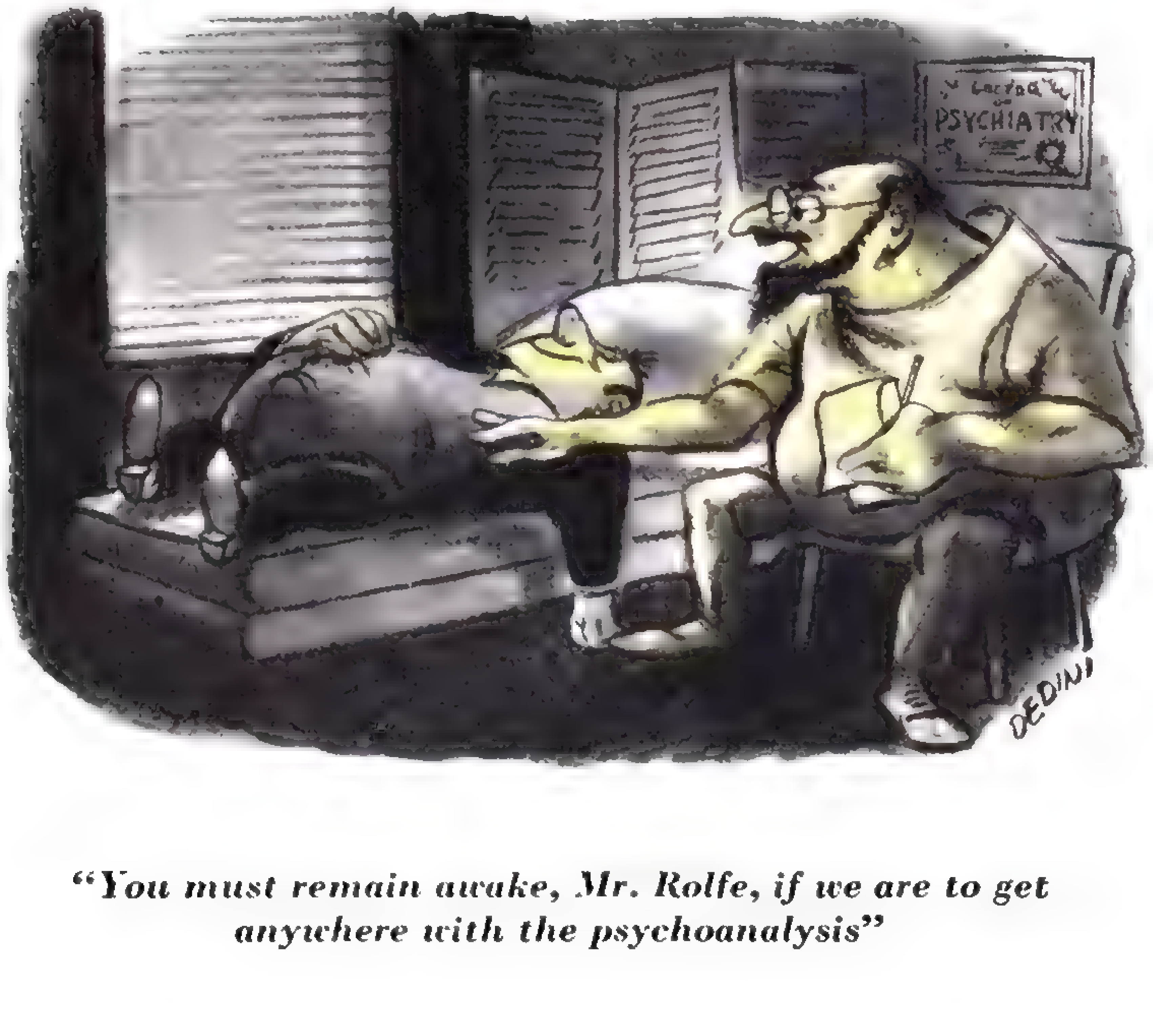
"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Rienert. "I was in Chicago once and I really got so I missed the noise, same as you will for the next few months. Do you like snowballs? I think you will get out around that time."

"You don't say so. Will you come to see me?"

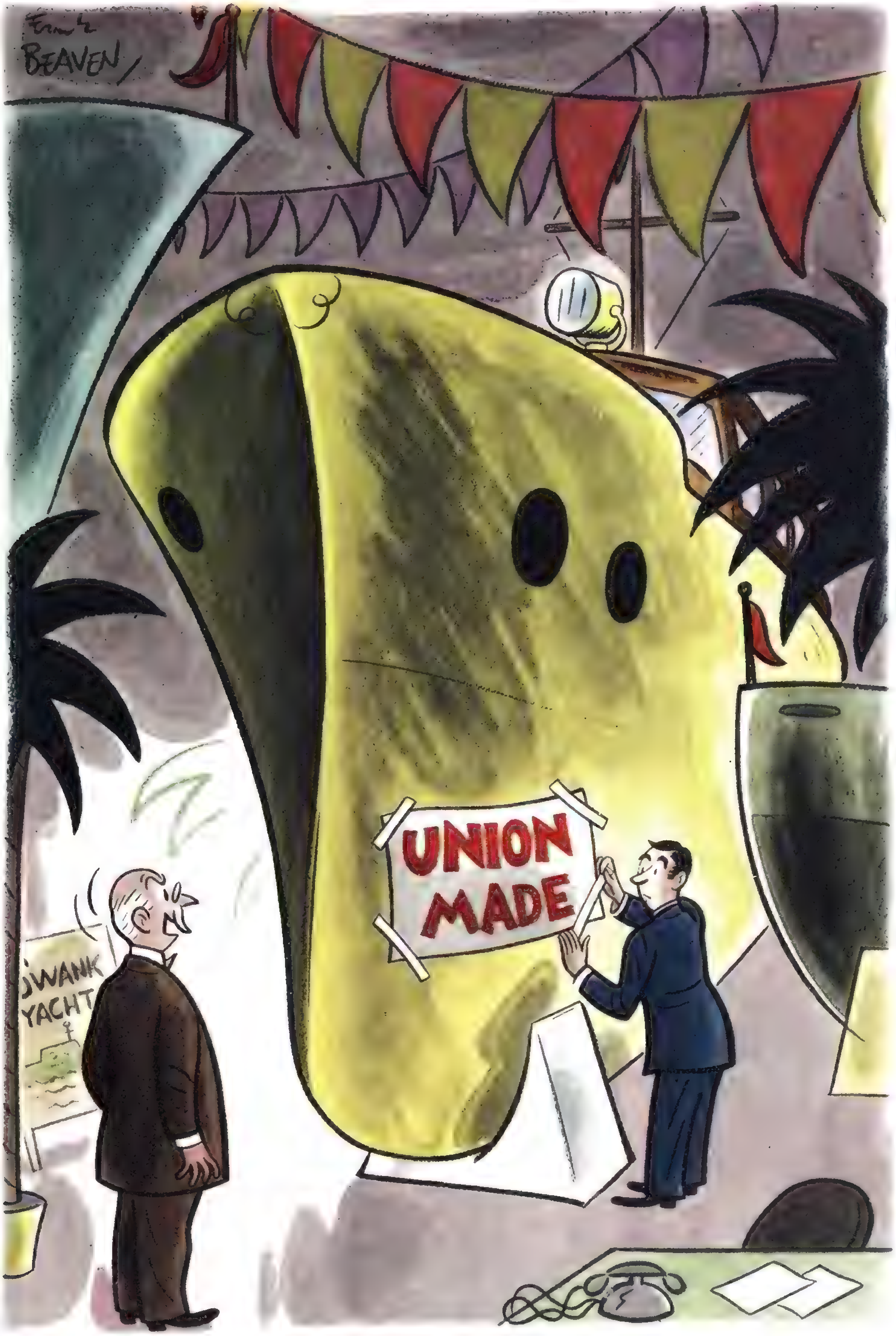
"I will that. Will you go with me, Mr. Saul?"

The elderly man said his name was Henry Duyer, and the magistrate held him in 2,000 dollars bail.

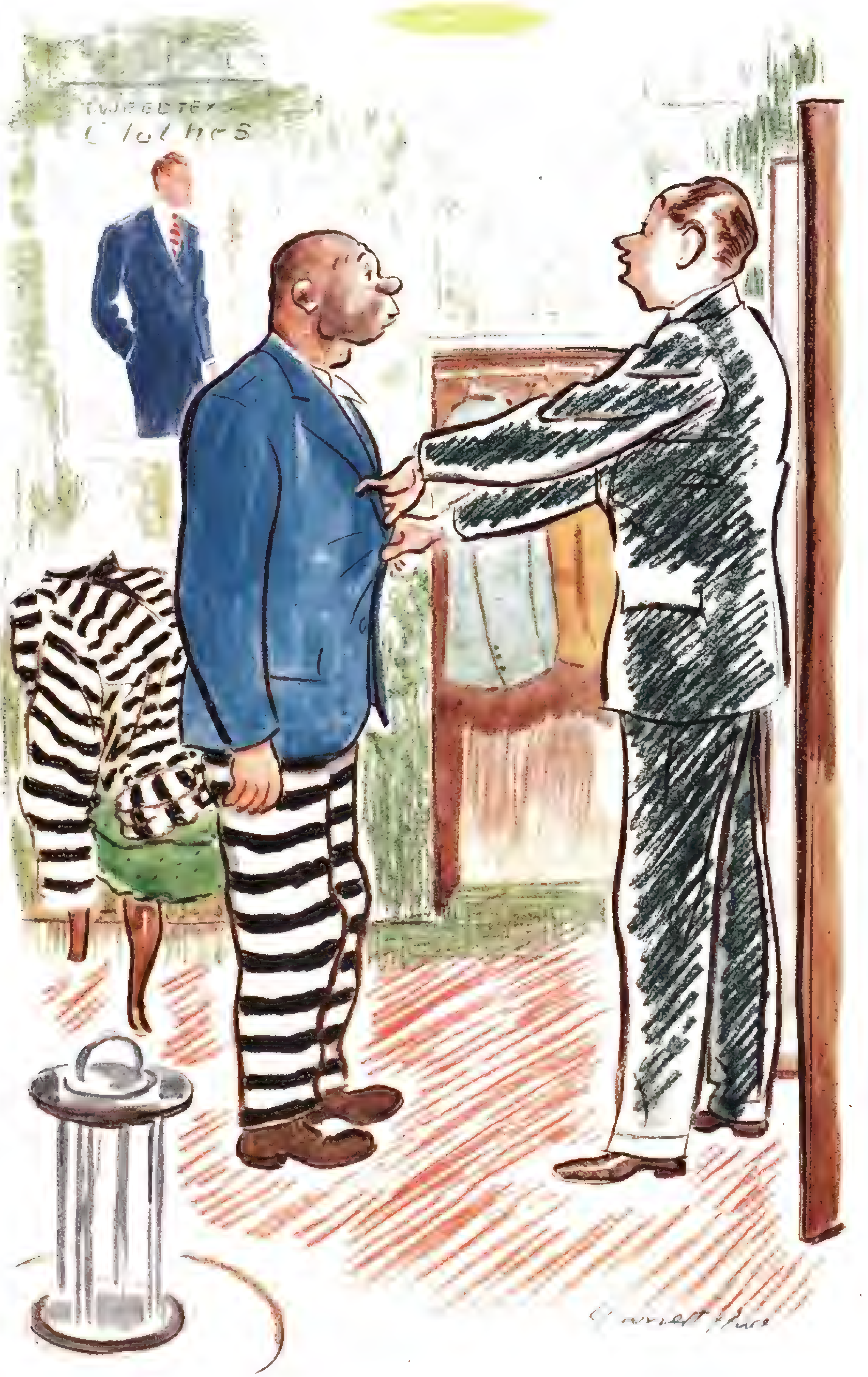
Mr. Saul made him give back the two cents. ⌗



"You must remain awake, Mr. Rolfe, if we are to get anywhere with the psychoanalysis"


BEAVEN
UNION MADE
WANK YACHT

"I don't think that will impress our clientele very much, Thurston!"


TWEEDTEX
Clothes
Garrett Price

"Pardon me for asking—did you get an honorable discharge?"

Lamenting over good melodies made sour by banal, enervating "interpretations"

Musician, Spare that Tune!

by GILBERT SELDES

The song writers of this country have a powerful organization called ASCAP; and the publishers of music are so influential that you can't quote a few lines of a song over the air or in a magazine, newspaper or other publication without giving them credit. Yet both of them are taking a terrific beating, lying down at that. They deal in words and music. The composers (I assume) labor long to make words fit music and vice versa, trying to find something fresh to say and some new combinations of notes and rhythms; the publishers (to hear them tell it) invest mightily to promote and protect their songs. Then comes the catch: The song has to be sung by professionals, and apparently no professional is willing to sing a song as it is written. The song has also to be arranged for orchestras and played, and no arranger, no conductor is willing to preserve the essential thing in the song, whether it be melody or rhythm.

I know there is a legitimate field for interpretations. Every conductor takes certain sections of Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony* at the tempo he thinks right. New arrangements of the classics are made (Stravinsky has done wonders with an old Italian opera, for instance) and these are as proper as an actor's reading of *Hamlet*, or as Eddie Foy's burlesque of *Hamlet*. What isn't right is missing the essential thing, and impressing a dubious musical personality upon a good song. When you jazz up *Loch Lomond*, you are frankly putting a 100-horsepower motor into a dogcart; but when you sing *Loch Lomond* and miss the contrast between its slow and fast parts, you are only being a bad musician.

Some of the most popular song programs on the air are based on the idea that people want to hear the tune; the Hit Parade is one of them. Some of our finest American music consists of improvisations on old themes (from ten days to ten years old) which frankly use a known melody as a jumping-off-place. In between are the interpreters who have a "style" of their own, which leads them to lean on the wrong words, lose the melody, and make a hash of the song they are supposed to be making popular.

When Jerome Kern died the air was full of his music, some of which he might have recognized. The same thing happened to Vincent Youmans, although *Tea for Two* seems to have run its race against interpreters rather well. For the rest, a composer has two chances to keep his music intact: the printed score is usually clear, and fifty years from now our children's children will be able to hear the music we now are losing; and if a song has been recorded in a movie, the track is unalterable.

Having gone this far, it is only fair to note that a good fraction of our current songs gain by maltreatment. Any variation on *One-zy Two-zy* is a step in the right direction. And any change in the structure of the sentimental drip which passes for love songs is a change for the better. There was a time when our popular songs seemed to be like us; that time ended when people stopped singing songs and began to listen to them. The old masters of songs-to-be-sung kept on producing good stuff, but the appetite for new hits is voracious and songs now are written largely for professionals. Young people, bobby soxers, are supposed to be enthusiasts for whatever is hot, but the songs you hear on the air are melancholy and moony, not to say maudlin. And to top it off we import *Symphony*. I find it hard to believe the people of America are swooning with adolescent love. And I find it hard to listen to songs that say so.

In general I have defended the American popular song. I remember an acute European observer who spoke of the satirical political songs of his youth in Central Europe, songs that hit out at stuffed shirts and racketeers of government—and were actually sung by people as freely as the latest waltz hit. He was amazed by the triviality of our songs, which said nothing so agreeably and filled our ears with matter of no great musical value and little emotion.

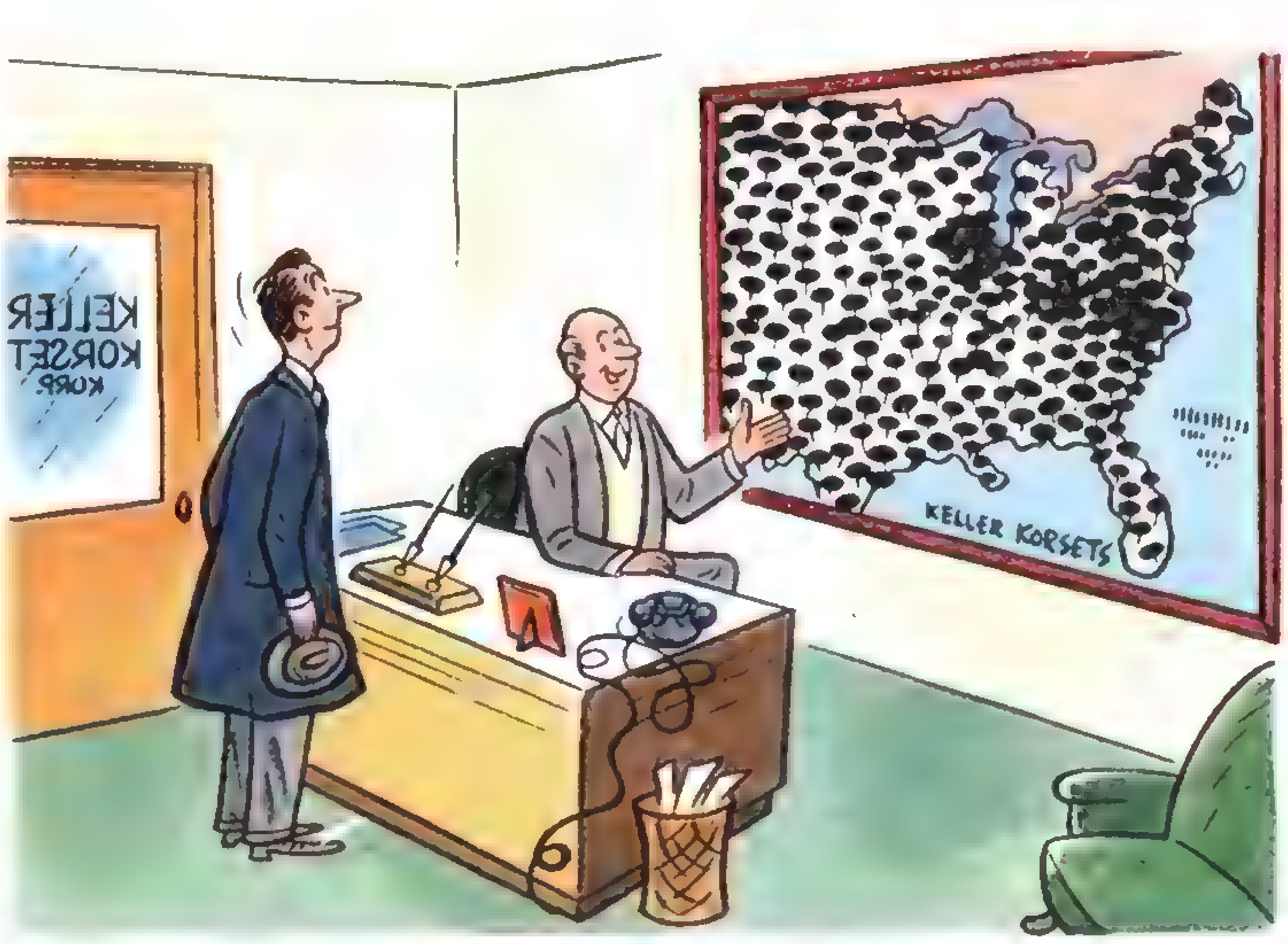
It was easy to say to him that perhaps we didn't have satirical songs because we didn't need them; right or wrong, we felt that ours was a pretty good world. We went to the polls, singing *It'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight* or, without cynicism, *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here*. Our anger against thieves in office was never burning, and when it did burn was not suppressed, so it didn't have to channel itself obscurely into song. (For the same reason we have no steady tradition of political cartooning; you get good individual shots, but our political life hasn't for many years brought out as good a satirist as our social life.) Our songs, I used to say, were about right for us. And there was a time when they enchanted the world.

Today I'd be careful. We are all a little distracted with our change-over from the war; we might all be a little more worried than we are about the future. But our songs, being personal things and dealing with the relation between man and his universe (woman) might reflect the relative ease of our situation, its too-rosy glow of confidence. Instead we have a dimmed-out version of the torch song, a wholly fake simplicity, and longing, longing, longing all the time, without ever a shout of joy or a promise of fulfillment.

Maybe songs of disappointment are easier to write—like angry letters to your congressman.

We are in the age of synthetic materials and our songs show it. But our song writers ought to take a lesson from our manufacturers. Plastics are bright and gay; squirt something in the soil and cotton will grow up ready-rainbowed; brightness rises in our air. Only our songs are halfhearted. Maybe one reason is that they are fundamentally sexless.

Such as these the interpreters can manhandle to their hearts' content. I only wish they would recognize a great song when they sing it; and pay it the tribute of loyalty. ⌗



"No—those pins are the cities where we don't have salesmen!"

Listing the best and worst performances in plays and musicals of the past season

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

HEREWITH once again, following its annual custom, is this department's nominations in the way of relative merit and demerit for the theatrical season of 1945-1946 ended on May first.

Merits

The best new dramatic play: *A Sound of Hunting*, by Harry Brown.

The best new comedy: *The Mermaids Singing*, by John van Druten.

The best new musical show: *Call Me Mister*, by Arnold Auerbach and Harold J. Rome.

The best male acting performance, dramatic: Maurice Evans, in *Hamlet.*

The best female acting performance, dramatic: Probably Dame May Whitty, in *Thérèse*, or Judy Holliday in *Born Yesterday.*

The best male performance, musical: Charles Fredericks, in *Show Boat.*

The best female performance, musical: Mitzi Green, in *Billion Dollar Baby.*

The best ensemble acting: *A Sound of Hunting.*

The best stage director, dramatic: George Schaefer, in *Hamlet.*

The best stage director, musical: Rouben Mamoulian, in *St. Louis Woman.*

The best scene designer, dramatic: Robert Edmond Jones, in *Lute Song.*

The best scene designer, musical: Lemuel Ayres, in *St. Louis Woman.*

The best costumer, dramatic: Robert Edmond Jones, in *Lute Song.*

The best costumer, musical: Lemuel Ayres, in *St. Louis Woman.*

The best stage lighting: Jo Mielziner, in *Jeb*:

The best novice actor's performance, dramatic: Ossie Davis, in *Jeb.*

The best novice actress' performance, dramatic: Lesley Woods, in *The Assassin.*

The best novice actor's performance, musical: Kenneth Spencer, in *Show Boat.*

The best novice actress' performance, musical: Ruby Hill, in *St. Louis Woman.*

The best musical show composer: Still Victor Herbert, in the revival of *The Red Mill.*

The best lyric writer: Harold J. Rome, in *Call Me Mister.*

The best orchestrations: Robert Russell Bennett, in *Show Boat.*

The best choreographer: Jerome Robbins, in *Billion Dollar Baby.*

The most amusing scene, dramatic: That in *Born Yesterday* picturing the first meeting between the dumb chorus girl and the writer for the *New Republic.*

The most amusing scene, musical: That in *The Day before Spring* in which the heroine and her lover conduct themselves as they have been described in a novel written by the latter.

The best male diction: Cedric Hardwicke, in *Antigone.*

The best female diction: Dame May Whitty, in *Thérèse.*

The best bit of stage business: Alfred Lunt persistently keeping his hat with him in the last act of *O Mistress Mine* until he finds out just how things stand in his love life.

The best character actor: Cedric Hardwicke, in *Candida.*

The best dramatic comedian: Oscar Karlweis, in *I Like It Here.*

The best musical show comedian: Ray Bolger, in *Three to Make Ready.*

The best dramatic comedienne: Judy Holliday, in *Born Yesterday.*

The best musical show comedienne: Brenda Forbes, in *Three to Make Ready.*

The best dramatic curtain: The final curtain in *Born Yesterday* with its denunciatory toast to the three crooks by one of them.

The best song: Still *Make Believe*, in *Show Boat.*

The best revival, dramatic: *Hamlet.*

The best revival, musical: *Show Boat.*

The best gag: Bobby Clark's wide-eyed "What diamond?" when the Countess bids him view the blinding sparkler for which, unknown to her, he has paid the bill, in *The Would-Be Gentleman.*

The best stage effect: The sinking destroyer, in *The Rugged Path.*

The most beautiful actress: Ruby Hill, in *St. Louis Woman.*

The best-looking dancing girl: An unidentifiable young blonde in the chorus of *Three to Make Ready.*

The best soubrette: Patricia Marshall, in *The Day before Spring.*

The best-run theatre, dramatic: The Empire.

The best-run theatre, musical: The Ziegfeld.

The best subsidiary role actor, dramatic: Juano Hernandez, in *Strange Fruit.*

The best subsidiary role actress, dramatic: Katherine Emmet, in *Pygmalion.*

The best subsidiary role actor, musical: Tom Helmore, in *The Day before Spring.*

The best subsidiary role actress, musical: Carol Bruce, in *Show Boat.*

The most effective single costume: That worn

A gimlet is a bore—not so the Gimlet

The connection between the Gimlet (cocktail) and a gimlet (carpenter's boring tool) is obscure—and who cares? Anyway, the Gimlet is a sharp thirst-quencher and a mainstay of the British Empire in high-temperature lands East of Suez. You can also get a very decent Gimlet in London. At the Savoy it's made like so: 3 parts dry gin to 1 part Rose's lime juice. Shake with ice and strain into a large 4 oz. cocktail glass. Add a dash of soda water for zip. A true Gimlet must be made with Rose's bottled lime juice, which vanished like nylons during the war but is now seen around again. Rose's has a distinct flavor—like lime candy drops. You can make a pseudo-Gimlet with fresh limes (jigger of gin, juice of 1 lime, 1 t. p. sugar), but it won't taste like a Calcutta or Singapore Gimlet.

by June Knight, in *The Would-Be Gentleman.*

The best of the Hollywood refugee actors: Spencer Tracy, in *The Rugged Path.*

The best of the Hollywood refugee actresses: Virginia Weidler, in *The Rich, Full Life.*

The actor who made the most of nothing: Harold Huber, in *The Assassin.*

The most intelligently-handled American dramatic theme: *A Sound of Hunting.*

The most attractive and promiseful of the younger actresses: Beatrice Pearson.

The season's most successful surprise casting: Paul Douglas, the radio sports announcer, in the leading male role in *Born Yesterday.*

The best dance team: Rosario and Antonio, in *Concert Varieties.*

The most ingenious scenic staging: *Dream Girl.*

The liveliest first-night, dramatic: *O Mistress Mine,* with the Lunts.

The liveliest first-night, musical: *Show Boat.*

The best theatre coverage: The New York *Times.*

Demerits

The worst play: *Make Yourself at Home,* by Vera Mathews.

The worst musical show: *The Duchess Misbehaves,* by Gladys Shelley and Frank Black.

The worst male acting performance, dramatic: Luther Adler, in *Dunnigan's Daughter.*

The worst female acting performance, dramatic: Stella Adler, in *He Who Gets Slapped.*

The worst male acting performance, musical: Jan Kiepura, in *Polonaise.*

The worst female acting performance, musical: Ethel Owen, in *Show Boat.*

The relatively poorest performance by an established actor, dramatic: Bert Lytell, in *I Like It Here.*

The relatively poorest performance by an established actress, dramatic: Fay Bainter, in *The Next Half-Hour.*

The relatively poorest performance by an established actor, musical: Victor Moore, in *Nellie Bly.*

The relatively poorest performance by an established actress, musical: Ethel Waters, in *Blue Holiday.*

The worst ensemble performance: *The Song of Bernadette* company.

The worst stage director: Stanley Logan, in *Marriage Is for Single People.*

The worst stage setting, dramatic: *Marriage Is for Single People.*

The worst stage setting, musical: *The Girl from Nantucket.*

The worst costumes, dramatic: *As You Like It.*

The worst costumes, musical: *The Girl from Nantucket.*

The worst stage lighting, dramatic: *Round Trip.*

The worst stage lighting, musical: *Desert Song.*

The worst musical score: *The Duchess Misbehaves,* by Frank Black.

The worst lyrics: *The Duchess Misbehaves,* by Gladys Shelley.

The poorest revival, dramatic: *As You Like It.*

The poorest revival, musical: *Desert Song.*

The most miscast actor: Percy Kilbride, in *Little Brown Jug.*

The most miscast actress: June Walker, in *Round Trip.*

The worst performance by a novice actor: Arthur Messuri, in *The Song of Bernadette.*

The worst performance by a novice actress: Marjorie Hurtubise, in *The Song of Bernadette.*

The worst play title: *Oh, Brother!*

The worst actor mugger: Hugh Herbert, in *Oh, Brother!*

The worst actress mugger: Stella Adler, in *He Who Gets Slapped.*

The actor who made the most noise: Richard Karlan, in *The Song of Bernadette.*

The worst make-up: Jane Deering, in *Three to Make Ready.*

The worst line of dialogue, dramatic: A female character's reply as to her relations with a major recently promoted to general: "He may once have been my major interest, but my interest in him now is general," in *State of the Union.*

The worst line of dialogue, musical: A seasick character upon being told that he gives up too easily: "I'll say I do," in *Nellie Bly.*

The worst plot: *Make Yourself at Home,* in which a movie actress who has failed as a stage actress becomes an overnight sensation in the theatre when her kid brother hits a critic who gave her a bad notice.

The worst off-Broadway play and production: *Seven-Mirrors,* presented by the Blackfriars' group.

The worst waste of big money: The 350,000 dollars spent on *The Girl from Nantucket.*

The most disappointing play by an established playwright: *Dunnigan's Daughter,* by S. N. Behrman.

The most disappointing musical show by an established writer: *Hollywood Pinafore,* by George S. Kaufman.

The dirtiest exhibit: *The Duchess Misbehaves.*

WILCOX

The-Egg-and-I-at-Midnight

When hunger strikes . . . any male can demonstrate unexpected culinary talents. This starving insomniac has padded down to the old-fashioned range in the kitchen of his country house to scramble himself some midnight supper. For his pilgrimage he is shod in black leather slippers with real leather soles and heels. They aren't exactly noiseless but are more practical for around-the-house prowling than many "bedroom" slippers. His robe is of an all-rayon fabric in an authentic tartan plaid known as The Brodie. It has a shawl collar and an ample overlap to give a good wrap-around. His pajamas (for sleeping rather than for lounging) are made of slick-finish apple-green rayon. The robe takes to the laundry tub with as great aplomb as the pajamas. (Ever try chopped onion in the eggs, mister?)

The most ridiculous character: The young man with two souls in *A Boy Who Lived Twice.*

The most critically overesteemed play: *Home of the Brave,* by Arthur Laurents.

The most critically overpraised actor: Louis Calhern, in *The Magnificent Yankee.*

The most critically overpraised actress: Judith Evelyn, in *The Rich, Full Life.*

The most ridiculous characterization: George Rigaud as Johann Strauss, in *Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston.*

The sickliest sentiment: *The Wind Is Ninety,* by Ralph Nelson.

The worst overplaying, male: Edmund Gwenn, in *You Touched Me!*

The worst overplaying, female: Eleonora Mendelssohn, in *The Secret Room.*

The most trying child actor: Eugene Steiner, in *Truckline Café.*

The most trying child actress: Jimsey Somers, in *Apple of His Eye.*

The poorest dramatization: *Strange Fruit,* by Lillian Smith.

The worst example of pretentious thinking: *Foxhole in the Parlor,* by Elsa Shelley.

The actor apparently most enchanted by himself: Brian Aherne, in *The French Touch.*

The actress apparently most enchanted by herself: Grace McTarnahan, in *Jeb.*

The poorest stage direction by an established director: George S. Kaufman, in *The Next Half-Hour.*

The worst ballet: The contest between a fisherman and a whale for the affections of the sea, in *The Girl from Nantucket.*

The most trying master of ceremonies: Arthur Godfrey, the radio comic, in *Three to Make Ready.*

The worst theatre from which to get out for a smoke: The Adelphi.

The worst pun: "From rags to rushes" by George S. Kaufman, in *Hollywood Pinafore.*

The worst sketch: Nancy Hamilton's bathroom skit in *Three to Make Ready.*

The most unfortunate experimental undertaking: *The Readers' Theatre.*

The dumbest role: That of the mother, in *Little Brown Jug,* who was such an imbecile that a simple call to the police, which she somehow didn't think of, would have solved all her difficulties.

The most overproduced play: *He Who Gets Slapped.*

The poorest juvenile performance: William Terry, in *I Like It Here.*

The poorest ingénue performance: Eugenia Rawls, in *Strange Fruit.*

The young player who has made the biggest mistake in deserting the theatre for Hollywood: Barbara Bel Geddes. #

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Some of these twenty questions are phrased to catch the unwary and you may drop a point or two, but all are designed as practical tips on your summer apparel

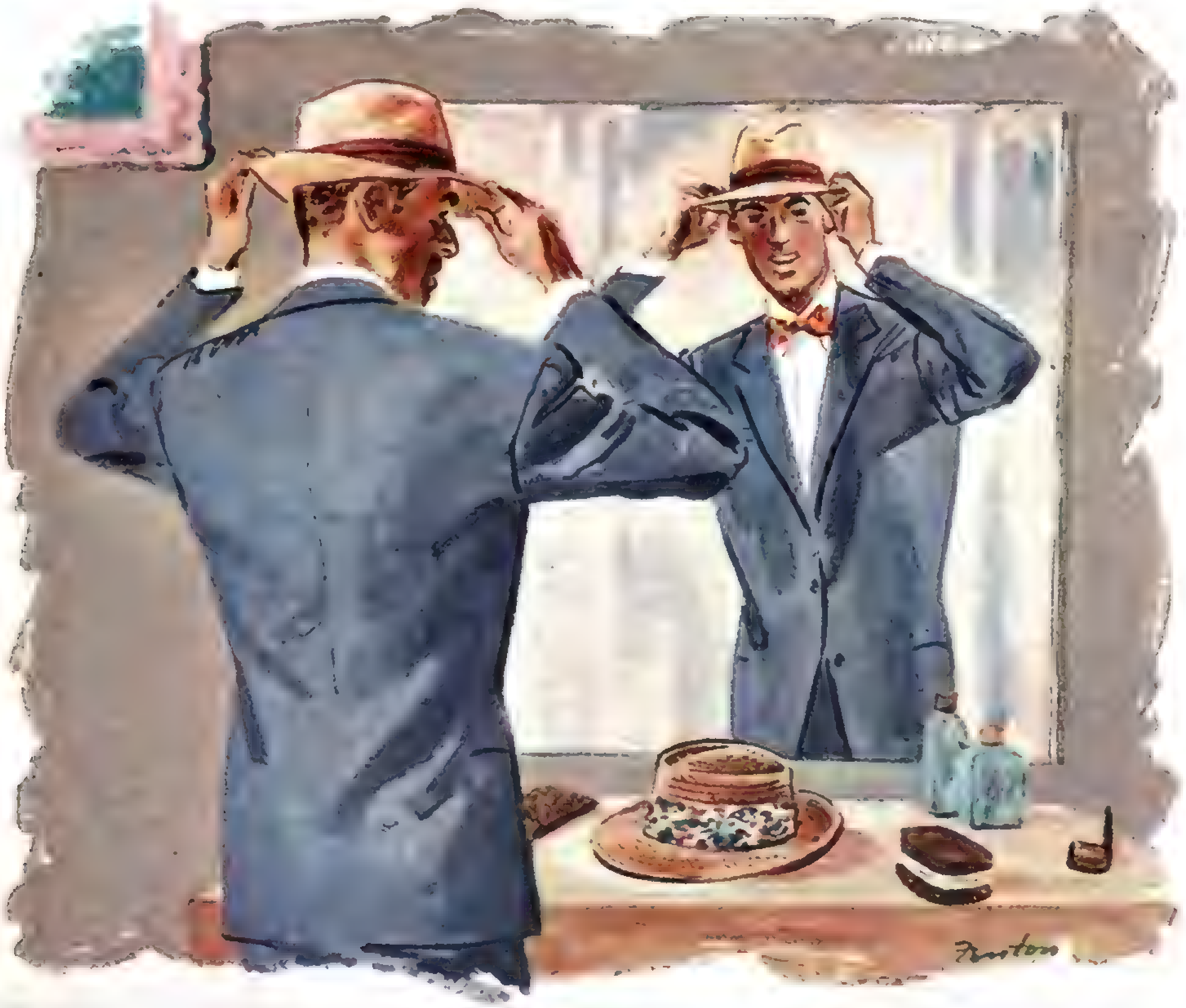
by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

There's nothing like a game to take your mind off the heat. Less strenuous than tennis and less expensive than gin rummy is this month's fashion quiz on clothes and accessories for the good old summertime.

So forget about the thermometer and keep the page right-side up until you are ready to check the answers. You can't score a total loss because there's one question among the twenty where all the answers are right. Naturally, we're not going to tell you beforehand which one.

Give yourself five points for each correct answer and we'll give you a bonus of five points each for identifying the two types of hats in the illustration at the bottom of the page. Eighty and up is good, sixty to seventy-five is fair and below sixty you'd better try something else to take your mind off the heat.

1. A striped seersucker jacket worn with grey flannel slacks has become an accepted summer fashion. (a) True, (b) False.
2. A Panama hat is (a) made by the natives of Ecuador, (b) a style popularized in the show, *Panama Hattie*, (c) a type first made in Panama.
3. A foulard is (a) a French word meaning flower print, (b) a lightweight twill weave fabric of rayon or silk, (c) a certain kind of grease used in finishing fabrics.
4. Huaraches are (a) a kind of Mexican hairless dog, (b) a hand-woven gaucho shirt, (c) a woven leather sandal which is made in Mexico.
5. A puggree is (a) a pleated fabric band on men's straw hats, (b) a kind of pith helmet worn in the tropics, (c) an ankle-high shoe with two eyelets.
6. A blazer is (a) a heavy wool shirt with large and brightly colored checks of the type used by lumberjacks, (b) a striped band for a sennit hat, (c) a flannel sport jacket, made with or without a collar.
7. A T-shirt is (a) a golf shirt with a special pocket for carrying tees, (b) a short-sleeve knitted cotton shirt, (c) a shirt worn to formal teas.
8. Sports shoes with a different color leather over the instep, popular with college students, are called (a) jodhpurs, (b) saddle strap, (c) clogs.
9. A Norfolk jacket is (a) a short raincoat, (b) a mess jacket of the type worn by officers in the British Royal Navy, (c) a jacket with two box pleats in front as well as one in back, and a belt.
10. Terry cloth is (a) the stuff bath towels are made of and which is also used in beach robes, (b) cloth that originates on the Isle of Terry, (c) cloth designed by Milton Caniff for characters in his cartoon strip, *Terry and the Pirates*.
11. A ribbon belt is (a) a belt made of service ribbons, (b) a summer belt made of striped ribbon with leather ends, (c) a cummerbund.
12. A boater is (a) a sailor hat, (b) a stiff straw hat, (c) a sennit hat.
13. The new sport jackets this summer are tailored of (a) lightweight, light color tweeds, (b) bold dark plaids, (c) chalk-stripe worsted.
14. A basque shirt is (a) a sleeveless shirt for basking in the sun, (b) a short-sleeve knitted cotton shirt with horizontal stripes, (c) a basket-weave shirt with button-down collar.
15. Slacks are trousers that are never worn with a jacket of the same fabric, shade and pattern. (a) True, (b) False.
16. Sailcloth is a light cotton canvas used for (a) slacks, (b) a heavy woolen developed by the Navy during World War II for the Arctic service, (c) a cloth sold at reduced price.
17. Native print shorts are most generally used for (a) swimming, (b) gardening, (c) summer skiing.
18. A cardigan is (a) a style of collarless jacket or sweater, (b) a small case for holding men's cards, (c) an Irish brogue.
19. Cable-stitch short socks are called (a) bobby socks, (b) anklets, (c) coolers.
20. The very lightweight rayon used for men's shirts is called (a) 1-denier, (b) 20-denier, (c) 50-denier. #



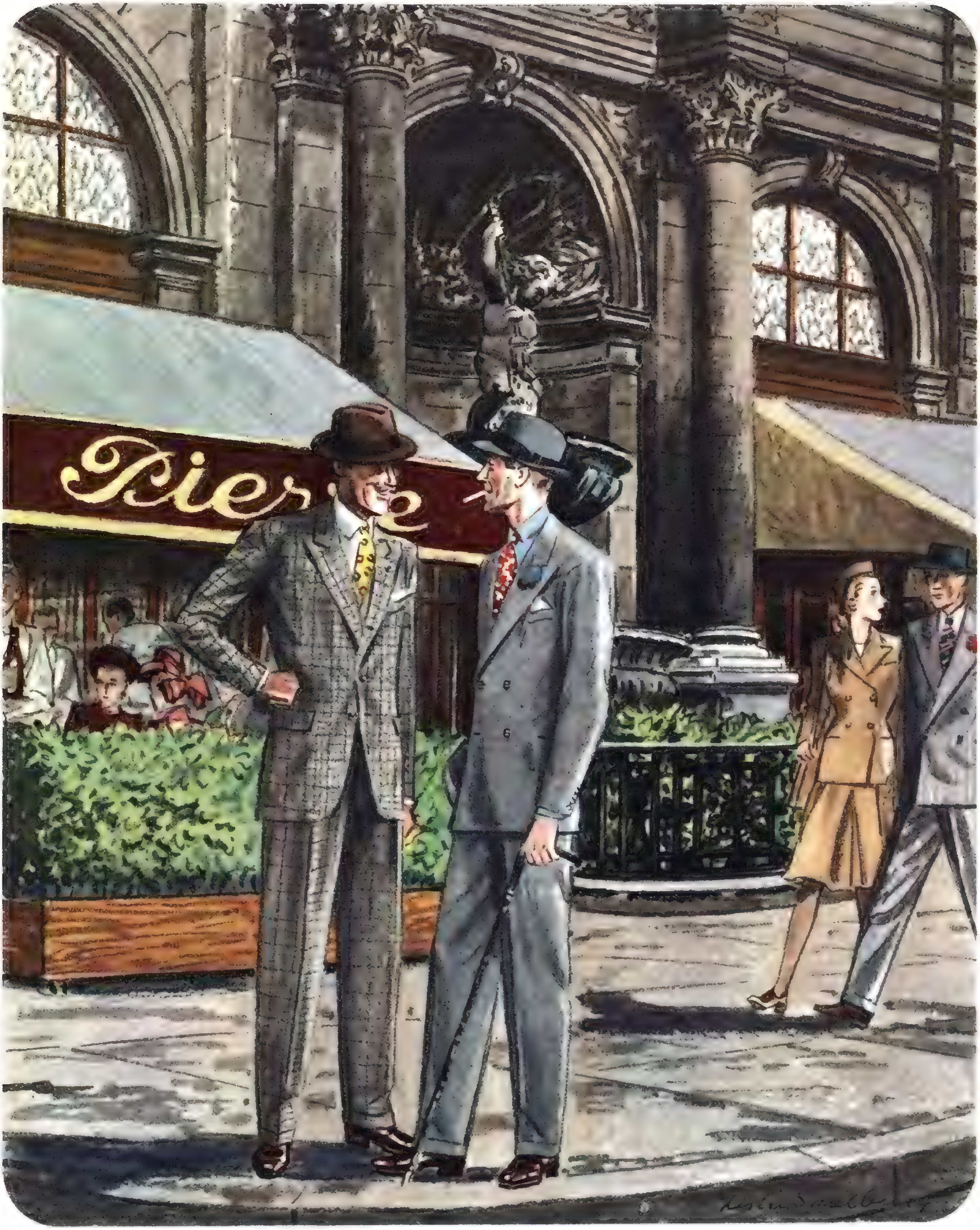
Answers:

Hat worn by man in illustration is a mesh Panama and the one on the chest of drawers is a coconut palm.

1—a
2—a
3—b
4—c
5—a
6—c
7—b

8—b
9—c
10—a
11—b
12—a,b,c
13—a

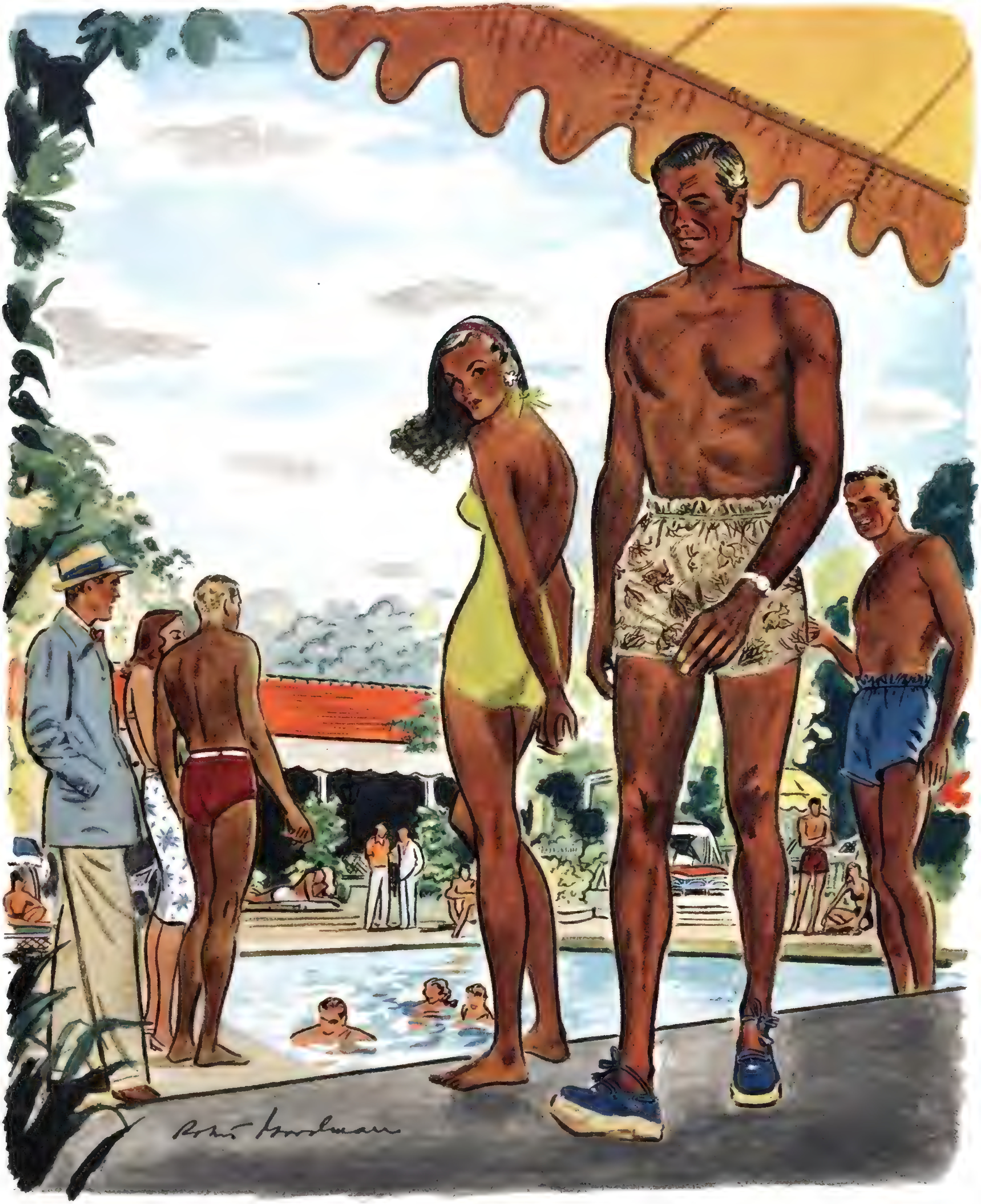
14—b
15—a
16—a
17—a
18—a
19—b
20—a



PARIS IN THE SUMMER

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

Paris is Paris is Paris . . . the uniforms are fading away . . . the well-turned-out travelers are seen again, such as this pair of boulevardiers outside the Place Gaillon, rendezvous of gourmets. The man at left, just over from London town, shows British preferences in dress. His Glen Urquhart suit, of a crisp tropical worsted, has peaked lapels and jacket of somewhat shorter length. The narrow brim on his hat and the white broadcloth shirt with tab collar are current London style. Canes are always popular in Paris. The man with the stick, at right, wears a lightweight flannel suit, which is comfortable for warm days but looks like conventional flannel. His red foulard tie and the blue broadcloth shirt with spread collar add color.



POOLING OF ASSETS

Drawing by Robert Goodman

Away from the pavements where you can fry an egg (but nobody ever does) and the offices where the only breeze comes from the feeble efforts of whirring electric fans, there are cool pools and long-legged lovely ladies in not much but a sun tan. When you get away from it all, get into a pair of tropical-fish pattern swim shorts like those on the t. d. and h. gent above, made of processed cotton in boxer style. He's sure-footed in those rope-soled alpargates with blue cotton tops. The maroon knitted shorts, worn by man at left, are of the scanty cut that speed swimmers like. The fully-clothed man at the left teams up the blue-blend gabardine casual jacket with gabardine slacks. The man at the right wears patternless cotton shorts.

GREENHALGH

For all his grasp of Eskimo psychology, how was Jarvis to know that the stupid little Itkillick had a plan of his own?

A Gun for Atluk

by ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

JARVIS filed his leg irons free on a night when an Arctic blizzard was in the making, shrieking down over Herschel Island and the whaling ships that lay in the ice, making a noise like ten thousand devils. Nobody could have heard the sound of the file. There was only a small security watch aboard the *Polar Queen*, anyway, and its members stayed close to the stove-heated fo'c'sle. Captain Mallory had gone ashore just yesterday to treat the scurvy as all the old-timers treated it: he was sitting in a snow house with his legs packed in thick, black mud, eating only raw food—frozen deer meat, for the most part, supplied by the Itkillick hunters.

Mallory was, in other words, just where Jarvis wanted him. Even the blizzard suited Jarvis' purpose. It would blot out his trail, and shorten pursuit. They would take it for granted that he had seized on a desperate chance and perished.

Although Jarvis was desperate enough, he did not think he was taking chances. Everything had been carefully planned; he would see that it was executed just as carefully. It required nothing more, after all, than intelligence and resourcefulness—except, perhaps, a little outside help. Jarvis had all three.

He was a man of considerable education, and might have gone far in various professions if it had not been for a fondness for drink and a strange, unreasoning brutality that possessed him at times. He was a big man, with black whiskers and a loose mouth, and deep-set black eyes that had a curious hint of red around their pupils. There was enough fat on his thick body to help him endure a lot of cold, and he was acclimated to the Arctic. This would have been his second winter at Herschel Island, if he had chosen to stay.

But he wasn't staying. He had a "lay" or share in the bone and oil the *Polar Queen* had taken, amounting with his wages as boat steerer to something over a thousand dollars. He hated to leave that. A man might pick up a fortune in the Yukon gold fields, and he didn't intend to reach them empty-handed. The money problem could be solved soon enough, for he remembered that Mallory always carried a considerable sum of money on his person.

And, in the first place, Jarvis had to think of his neck. Two weeks ago he had got evilly drunk on the same whiskey he had brought up from the States, smuggling it aboard in the hope of trading it to the Eskimos for fur, only to discover that Captain Mallory would allow no such dealings. While in that roaring state, he had snatched a double-fluked Arctic iron from the wall in the island's recreation shack and demonstrated his skill by neatly harpooning an Eskimo hunter between the shoulder blades.

The hunter, Jarvis recalled as he pulled on the double fawnskin clothes Captain Mallory had issued to all hands, was named Ituknek, and was one of those squat, flat-faced, ageless-looking Itkillicks who lived in a loosely communal way, more like beasts than humans. For all the Eskimos, Jarvis had nothing but the kind of contempt deserved by a low order of intelligence, and he felt no remorse, any more than he had felt anger or hatred toward Ituknek. Those latter emotions he fed on the cold weight of his shackles, and on his equally cold dread of the gallows; and he experienced a curious sort of anticipatory pleasure as they grew, and as he thought of Mallory . . .

He moved cautiously across the wind-swept deck, and down to the ice in the lee of the ship. A thin, driven snow was falling, and he stood listening to the wind devils and the incessant thunder of high-piled ice grinding beyond the sand bar until his eyes became accustomed to the weird, frozen twilight. Then he walked slowly toward the bow, and found Atluk waiting for him there.

"Did you get me a gun?" Jarvis demanded of the Eskimo.

The Itkillick grunted. As always, his parka rimmed his face, showing nothing but beady eyes and a flat nose. "No catchum gun," he said. "Catchum dogs and sled."

Jarvis cursed. This confirmed his low opinion of Eskimos in general. Atluk had approached him unsolicited, while bringing firewood aboard, offering to help. There had been, Jarvis supposed, some sort of enmity between Atluk and Ituknek. Atluk provided the file, stolen from God knew where; he was willing, for a small sum, to guide Jarvis to Fort Yukon.

"But I've got to have a gun, damn you!" Jarvis fumed. "I'm not through here!"

The Eskimo's beady eyes glistened. "Atluk want gun, too," he said wistfully. "Atluk need gun bad—be hunter. But no catchum. Guns plenty few."

Jarvis studied him unhurriedly. It was interesting to speculate on what the coming of the white men had done to the Itkillicks' Stone Age culture. Now he supposed, a man with a rifle was virtually a chief; a hunter stood higher in the social scale than a mere hewer of wood. Jarvis would have to alter his plans slightly, but there was a way. He hadn't been up here a year without learning something of the natives' customs, as well as becoming fully aware of their appalling lack of intelligence.

"All right," he growled. "Where's the sled?"

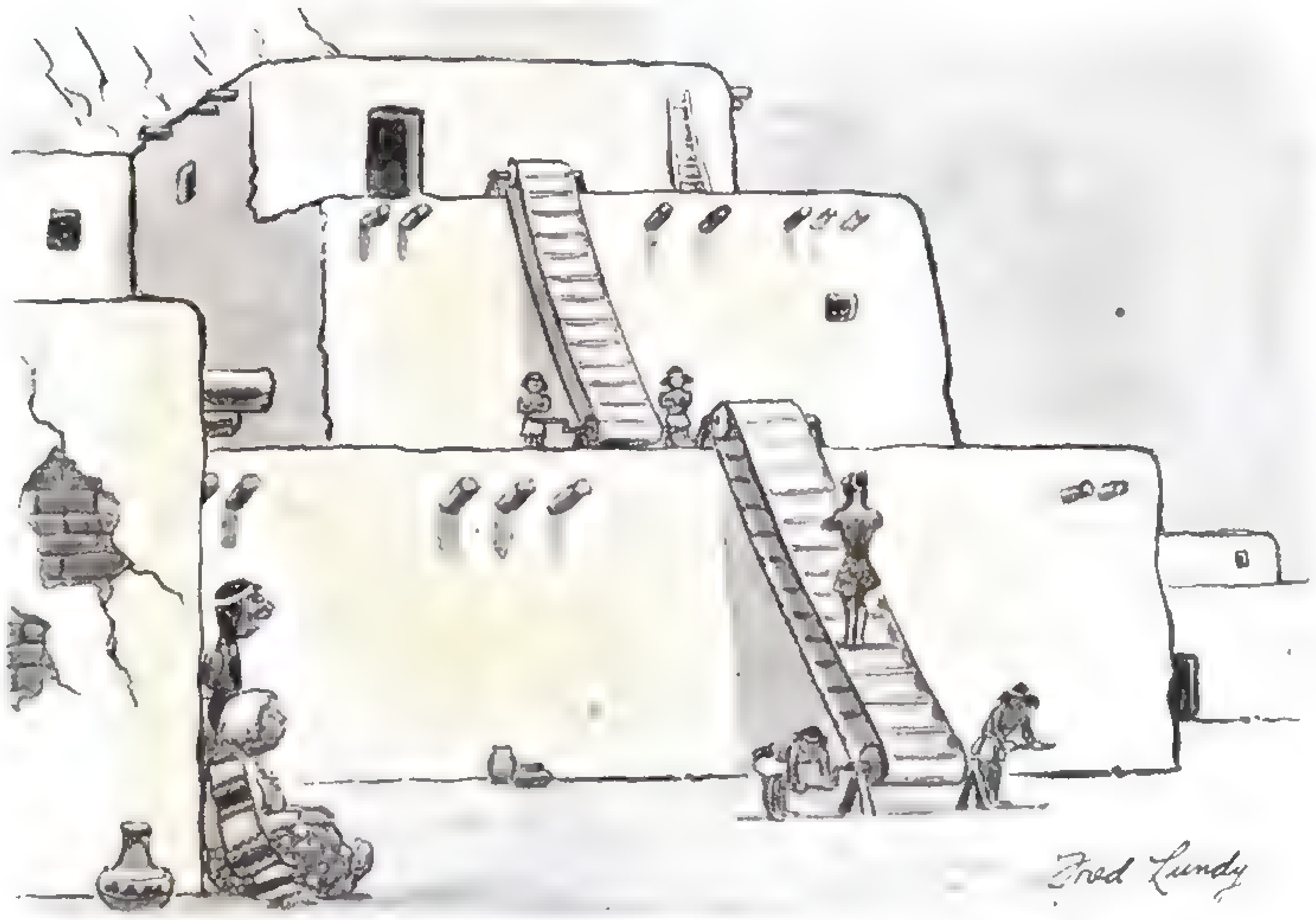
Atluk led the way around the warehouses, avoiding the long, snow-banked recreation building where light showed through steamy windows. He indicated a sleeping bag on the sled.

"Ride, now," he told Jarvis. "Bimeby use snowshoes."

Jarvis nodded. The interior, he had been told, was tundra country and hard traveling. Atluk helped him get into the sleeping bag. It was roomy, lined inside with soft fur, and it had a wide deerskin thong laced through eyelets at the top for a drawstring.

"Now," said Jarvis when he was comfortable, "hit the trail. I want to go over by that Eskimo cemetery on the mainland. You understand cemetery—Eskimo burying place?"

Atluk hesitated stupidly until Jarvis re- (*Continued on page 137*)

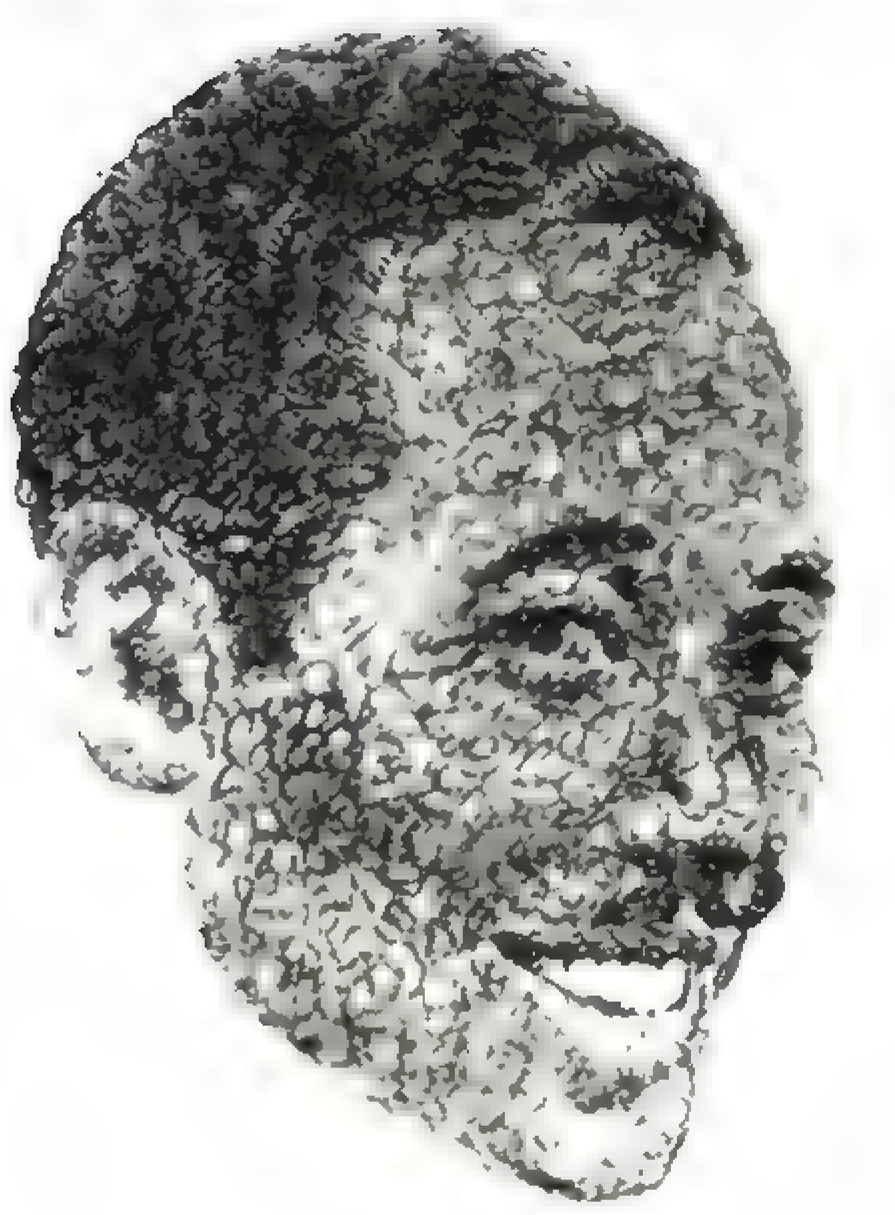


"The chief has a lot of newfangled ideas since he visited the city"

A quadruple-threat, the Duke is revered as musician, leader, arranger, composer

The Diligent Duke of Ellington

by HARRY HESS



Out of the maelstrom of good and bad, of honest and phony that has stamped the brief history of jazz music, few personalities have emerged to match the sincere, inspired musicianship of Duke Ellington. The Duke is at once alive and a legend. His cult of admirers clings to music in the Ellington fashion with a tenacity as constant as the Gulf Stream. Unlike the mercurial tribes of hot-music addicts who worship first at one swing altar and then at another and who sometimes desert the just cause to sing hymns of praise for the merchandisers of schmaltz, Duke's fans are stayers. If anything, their admiration for Ellington grows deeper and more mellow with the years.

Duke is one of the rare quadruple-threat men in jazz; he is outstanding as pianist, arranger, leader and composer. But for all his merit in the first three of these occupations, it is as a composer that he makes his bid for permanence in the music world.

Since tossing off his first composition as an adolescent back in Washington, D. C., he has written more than two thousand songs. A few of these like *Black and Tan Fantasy*, *Mood Indigo*, *Solitude*, and *Reminiscing in Tempo*, are landmarks in jazz history. Most of the others, like *Blue Celley*, which was written to commemorate Duke's hiring a new band manager named Al Celley, are not well-known to the general public. Many of the tunes are not published and some are either not written down at all or are jotted on stray scraps of paper.

Because he has written an average of approximately one hundred tunes a year for over two decades, Duke has acquired a reputation as a musical speed merchant. Many of his fans visualize him ripping off compositions in a few minutes while waiting for trains or resting between stage appearances. Actually his best tunes are the result of much hard work and thought, although the theme of a song may come to him on the spur of the moment. By the time the new song is ready for his band to play, Duke, his arranger Billy Strayhorn, the members of his band, and nearly everyone else remotely associated with him have labored long and lovingly. Even then his tunes are always in the process of being rearranged to include some new effect discovered during rehearsals or performance. In his first recording of *Mood Indigo*, Duke went so far as to write an arrangement that utilized a slight humming sound made by early carbon microphones, and his friends freely admit that if he thought it would add to his music, he could find a use for almost any sound including that of a flight of honking geese. His ceaseless drive toward perfection and his willingness to experiment have kept his band at the top ever since they moved into New York's Cotton Club in 1927.

Although Duke is certainly no formula composer, the birth of an Ellington tune invariably occurs in one of two ways. Either he sees something he thinks ought to be expressed in music, or some member of his band noodles a few inspired bars that remind him of some experience he felt deeply. The sight of a forlorn little girl sitting in her window waiting for a playmate who didn't come inspired *Mood Indigo*, and a few bars of improvised melody that Juan Tizol, a former valve-trombonist with the band, played while he was practicing between shows, developed into *Caravan*. *Sophisticated Lady* evolved from a character Duke dreamed up. "She's a Harlem schoolteacher," he says in describing her. "Colored, sure . . . but she's been to college. Maybe she's done some graduate work. Her father is a doctor. One summer he gives her money to go to Europe. She comes back cultured . . . likes to visit art museums and go to concerts. So I try to put all that in the music. I make her sophisticated but I keep her a little bouncy and ragged around the edges."

Once Duke has released an emotion in a three- or four-bar phrase, he may whip the idea into a composition at one sitting. More often, though, he allows the original phrase to ferment in his mind, enlarging on it, changing tempo and key, cutting and adding, listening for usable passages from his men, and asking the advice of Strayhorn or anyone else who can offer an intelligent opinion. The mental fermentation may go on for hours or days, even weeks or months. Then suddenly Duke has what he wants and he grabs for the nearest piece of paper, frequently the back of an envelope, and hurriedly writes out the song complete with melody and harmony. *Solitude* was written in twenty minutes while Duke and his band were waiting to get into a recording studio. But no one knows how long the germ of the tune thrived in his mind before he entered that studio.

An Ellington composition isn't wrapped up until it has been arranged for his band. That explains why Duke's stuff never sounds quite right when performed by another band. Duke explains this by saying: "When I write a tune I write it for *my* band to play. I write to my musicians' style. A musician's style is his boundary. There's a definite person behind every instrument and unless you keep him in mind when you're writing he loses his perspective."

Most of Duke's arranging is now done by Billy Strayhorn, a scholarly, meticulous youth who has done composing himself. Strayhorn works patiently amid the mild pandemonium that surrounds Ellington, laboring to translate the music into an orchestration that echoes what Duke had in mind when he wrote it. But the musicians themselves have the final word. They get their say in what appears to be a disorganized jam session that can best be likened to a conference where the conferees talk on trumpets, wood winds, strings and percussion.

These sessions usually take place early in the morning after the band has finished an engagement. When Duke arrives he is welcomed by the unrestrained sounds of his men running the scales, practising tricky passages, or just noodling. He calls for order and if he's lucky he gets it within ten or fifteen minutes. Then Strayhorn passes out *his* arrangement. As each musician receives his copy of the

Frank BEAVEN

"We never had these delays when you owned the line, R. J.!"

music he begins to experiment. By the time the last sheet is on the last music stand, a wild ruckus has broken out that takes another ten or fifteen minutes to subside.

Then Duke gives them a four-bar intro on piano and the band plays through the arrangement for the first time. Invariably it satisfies no one and touches off another series of verbal explosions. Duke yells for order in a high-pitched voice that sounds like an adolescent handicapped by a quinsy throat. One by one the musicians play suggested revisions for passages they don't approve of. Phrase by phrase they tear the arrangement apart and put it together again. Each revision brings fresh objections. Perhaps by the time the sun is well up in the sky, the band has reached a tenuous agreement and Strayhorn wearily collects his notes to make the library arrangement. Before long even that arrangement will be annotated with numerous changes resulting from a continual stream of suggestions voiced or improvised every time the band plays the number. Actually Duke worries that someday he may become completely satisfied with something.

Once a piece is in the band's repertoire, Duke temporarily loses interest in it and begins working on something new. Although his methods of composing and the environment in which he writes are highly colorful and would make good material for a romantic story on the life of a composer, Duke refuses to engage in self-dramatization and is inclined to regard the picturesque version of a composer as the stuff of which Hollywood shorts are made.

ROOMS
GROCE

"I see Gus is behind in his rent again"

Duke Ellington was born in Washington, D. C., on April 29, 1899. His parents named him Edward Kennedy, and it wasn't until his teens that high school companions nicknamed him Duke because of the haberdashery he affected. The Ellington family lived comfortably on the income of Duke's father, a naval blueprint expert with the government, and Duke remembers the affable surroundings of his boyhood with considerable pleasure, having celebrated it numerous times in music. By the time he was seven his mother had arranged for a woman he alternately recalls as Mrs. Klingsdale or Mrs. Klinkscale to give him piano lessons. But it developed that his interest in piano was confined to inventing strange chords that excited him with their weird off-tone, minor qualities, and Mrs. K at last abandoned her losing battle to make young Ellington practice legitimate exercises. Time proved that Duke was on the right path, for his dissonant banging was the foundation of a nonconformist style that later was to distinguish his music.

When he entered high school, Duke was far from an accomplished pianist but he had invented enough chords to combine them in a composition of his own. In honor of getting a part-time job as soda jerk in a local school hangout, called the Poodle Dog Café, he titled his improvised theme *Soda Fountain Rag*. Students who frequented the Poodle Dog and heard him play it on a reluctant piano in many different rhythms and keys thought he was a pretty sharp musician.

Duke was a good student, showing such talent in art that he was offered a scholarship to a commercial art school upon graduation. But he rejected the scholarship in favor of a job with a Washington band leader who used a combination of five pianos in a sixty-piece orchestra. Duke had learned enough about music since his Poodle Dog days to hold the job, but his exuberant improvisation during orchestrated rests got him fired. He wandered from band to band, searching for an outfit that would allow free play to his urge for hot improvisation. Finally he gave up and formed a five-piece hot band of his own. Two of the men from the original five are still with him—drummer Sonny Greer and alto saxophonist Otto Hardwick. Of the other two, Elmer Snowden, a banjoist, was later replaced by Fred Guy who now plays guitar with the band, and Arthur Whetsol, who Duke believes was one of the greatest trumpet players of all time, is dead.

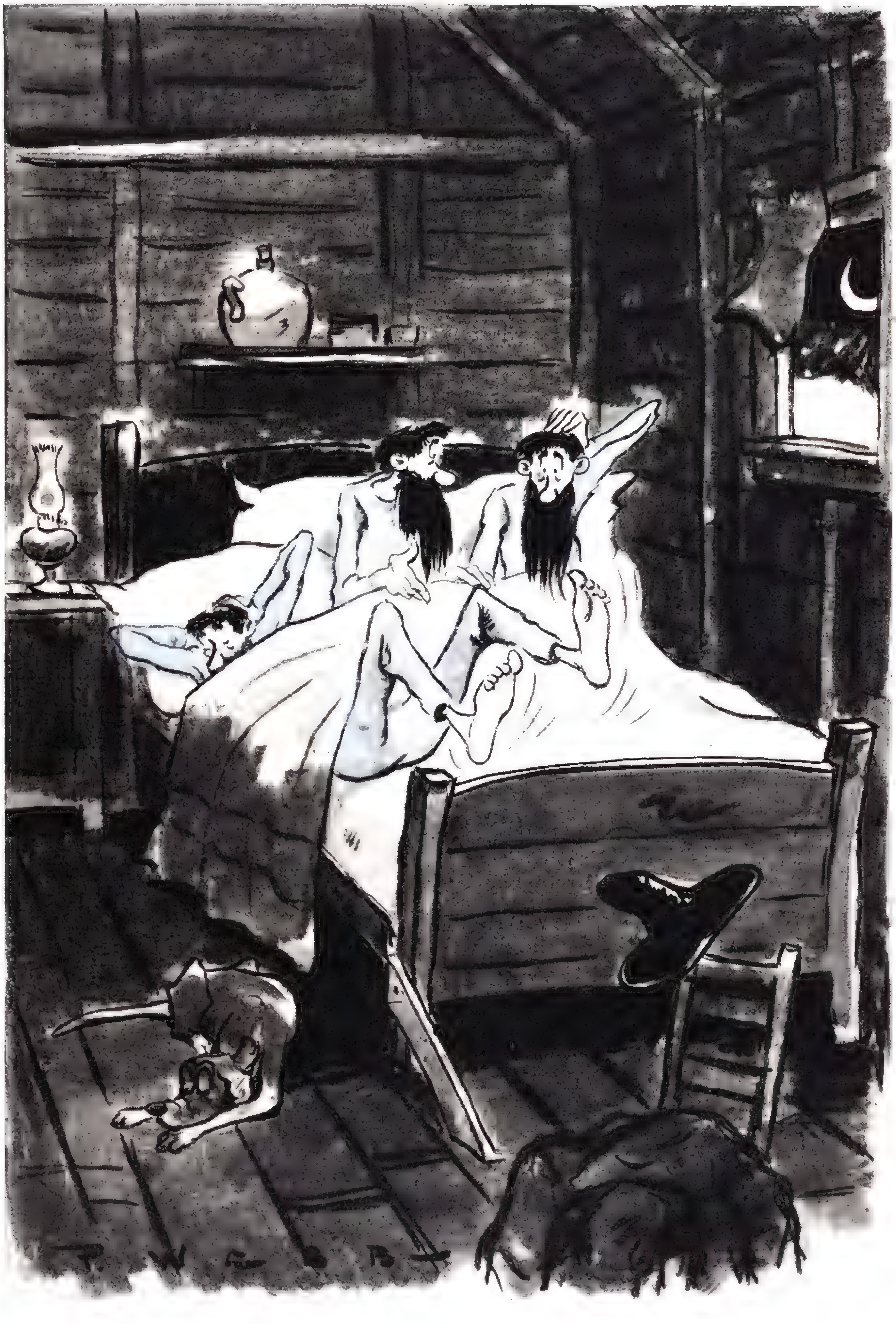
The Ellington hot five, known as the Washingtonians, found their name city unfriendly if not definitely hostile to jazz. After unsuccessfully trying to change the musical tastes of capital café society, the Washingtonians pulled stakes and moved to New York. Manhattan swallowed them and for approximately six months their fame was limited to a select group of Harlemites who frequented "rent parties" or "parlor socials." These were midnight-'til-dawn affairs held for the very practical purpose of paying the host's rent through the generous donations of his guests. Generosity was stimulated by hot piano music and prohibition spirits. The "rent party" pianists were semi-professional musicians whose economic status put them on an equal plane with the Washingtonians, and whose virtuosity was limited only by their capacity to remain conscious. Duke, who prides himself on being able to recognize genius in a Harlem gin mill as well as in Carnegie Hall, assiduously studied their many styles and added immeasurably to his vocabulary of hot phrases and tempos.

It was during these lean months that Duke began to add to his knowledge of musicology by an eclectic process of begging information from anyone who had it. Without time or funds to study formally, he sought out musicians, song writers, pit orchestra men, singers, and occasionally private teachers to tell him what he needed to know. His most dependable and prolific sources were a famous Negro violinist named "Doc" Perry, and Will Marion Cooke. Duke's payments for Doc's tutoring sessions were long taxi rides in Central Park during which Perry conducted the class by humming phrases and chord components which he then asked his charge to rearrange for desired effects. At nights, the theoretical knowledge acquired during afternoons of touring through Central Park was tempered in the hot furnace of the rent parties.

The Washingtonians' six-month Manhattan interlude of the empty purse and full soul ended with the hot five accepting a spot in a Times Square bistro called the Kentucky Club. This engagement lasted four years, during which Duke increased his band to its present size, and managed to meet and impress most of the notables of the entertainment world. One thing led to another and by December of 1927, after the band had recorded a number of Duke's original compositions and made several radio broadcasts, the Cotton Club waved a contract. The Washingtonians, who had long since dropped their name in favor of none at all, arrived in style. Since then Duke and his band have been constantly in the public eye.

It is difficult to consider Duke Ellington the composer without also considering Duke Ellington the band leader. His band is a constant source of inspiration; without it his music would lose flavor. This partly explains why Duke doesn't drop his band and devote all of his time to the more profitable business of composing. Each of his sixteen musicians is a master of his instrument and as a unit they make up the most versatile jazz band in the world. They consistently lead or place high in polls conducted to determine the nation's best hot musicians, and have constantly astounded listeners by their ability to play far beyond the usual limits of their instruments. When Duke and the band toured Europe in 1933 and again in 1939, critics sang their praises in ecstatic columns that purported to find an infinity of sublime nuances and eternal truths in their music. These European critics, who accord jazz the same deference most American critics reserve for the classics, found it hard to believe that in his own country Duke and his musicians divided their time playing five to seven shows a day at vaudeville houses, and playing night clubs, dance halls, private parties and recording engagements.

Ellington has a relatively small but fanatically loyal set of fans. They include college professors, politicians, movie actors, dry goods clerks, streetcar conductors and ferryboat captains. At their extremes, they take in the King of England, who has collected almost every recording Ellington has made, and a Harlem shoeshine boy who hears Duke's band in the flesh only when he can beg admittance backstage. When Duke plays a public dance his fans will beg alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges to solo *Warm Valley* as many as ten times in the course of an evening, and they will sit through a double feature consisting of two shaky "Z" pictures (*Continued on page 145*)



"Thar he goes ag'in . . . walkin' in his sleep an' too lazy to git up fer it"

Barney Greengrass purveys fish of such blissful delicacy that to sample it is to become happily and incurably addicted

The Sturgeon King

by **JULES LEVINE**

Barney Greengrass is a cherubic grey-haired man of fifty-four. He is in the delicatessen business, but in such a way that sets him apart from other purveyors of pastrami, corned beef, celery tonic and fish.

Barney operates out of 86th and Amsterdam in Manhattan, an address that has become a shrine for nearly everybody in New York or Hollywood show business and a mecca for the great and almost-great all over the world. For Barney sells sturgeon of such excruciating delicacy and flavor that to eat it is to become an addict and not to have it is to suffer the pangs of frustration and nostalgia. Barney is—by his own confession—"The Sturgeon King."

When Barney says his delicatessen "caters to a select clientele," he isn't overstating his case. His customers comprise such a varied assortment of luminaries that it wasn't surprising, at one time, to find notorious gangsters and famous judges at adjoining tables. Claudette Colbert, Louis B. Mayer, Ernst Lubitsch and other members of the movie aristocracy follow the scent of sturgeon to Barney's. Walter Winchell drops in during his dusk to dawn patrol, and Louis Sobol requires Barney's sandwiches for inspiration when he writes, and when Herbert Lehmann was Governor of New York, he had his chauffeur bring Barney's sturgeon to the State Capitol for him. But the apex of Greengrass' career was reached four years ago when orders for his smoked sturgeon began arriving from the White House. Feeling that the time for false modesty was past, he tore down the sign over his delicatessen and substituted a new one which heralded in neons: "Barney Greengrass—The Sturgeon King."

The title of "Sturgeon King" was bestowed on him by former New York State Senator Frawley. Mellowed by Greengrass sturgeon, the senator remarked one day, "These are the best sandwiches I ever tasted. Barney, you are the sturgeon king!" The observation made an indelible impression on Barney. Unlike Caesar, he didn't refuse the crown.

Pretentious though it may seem, Barney's title of "Sturgeon King" is not without foundation. His loyal subjects include the type of gourmet accustomed to patronizing the Belle Aurore for charcutiere, the Marseilles fish wharves for bouillabaisse or La Reine Pedauque for pheasant. Sunday morning breakfast at Greengrass' is a Broadway custom of long standing, and at post-theatre time it becomes the gathering spot for personalities like Irving Berlin, Gypsy Rose Lee, Jack Benny, Billy Rose, Eleanor Holm, Moss Hart, Al Jolson, Jean Arthur, George Jean Nathan, Sylvia Sidney, Harry Hershfield, Sophie Tucker, Eddie Cantor, Mike Todd, Milton Berle, Max Gordon, Peter Lorre, Belle Baker, Ham Fisher and Rubinoff.

Hollywood's sturgeon-starved natives yearn for Barney's specialty with unsatisfied desire, for California laws make the "taking or possession" of sturgeon illegal. When in New York, however, they glut the fish hunger they have accumulated on the Coast. Before boarding the train west, the movie biggies stop off at Barney's for sturgeon, which they tenderly deposit in the dining car's refrigerator and consume throughout the lengthy trip west.

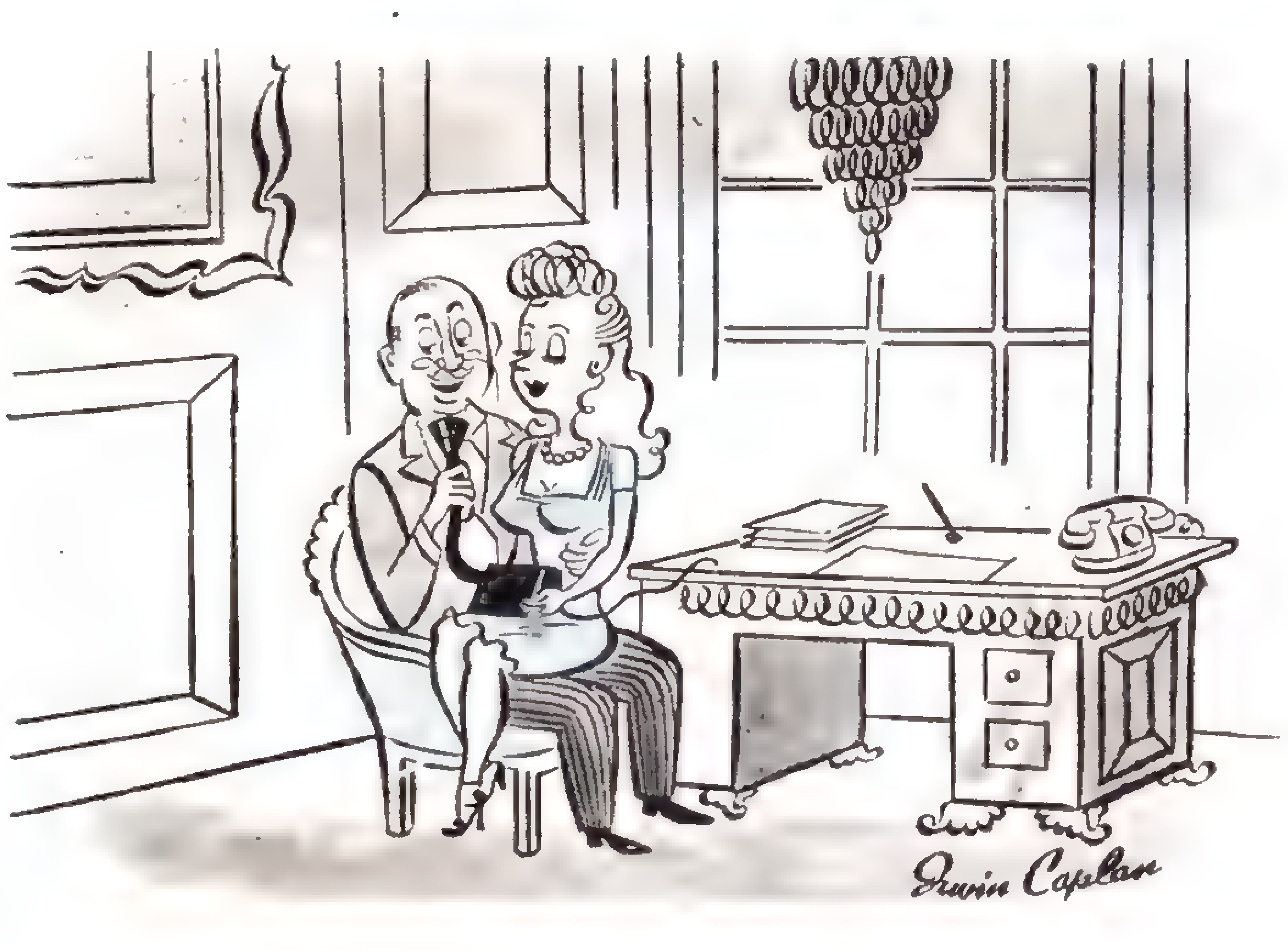
Whatever quality it is that makes Greengrass' sturgeon superior to other types is a trade secret. But experienced restaurateurs have expressed the belief that it is the vein of fat which distinguishes it. As a rule, sturgeon is lean, and only the exceptional ones have the fatty vein which makes Barney's fish a delight to the palate.

Those who have patronized Greengrass' over a period of years insist that the pride Barney takes in his fish also accounts for the exceptional quality of his sturgeon. Barney delights in plying customers with choice morsels of his wares. "Taste a piece of this sturgeon," he says. "It's better than gold. This stuff should be listed on the Stock Exchange in Wall Street like A. T. & T. If they had this in Wall Street, can you imagine how much it would cost a share?" On the other hand, if a favored customer attempts to purchase fish which Greengrass doesn't consider up to his standard, he can't be prevailed upon to sell it. He shakes his head from side to side and insists firmly, "I won't sell it to you, and that's final! It isn't good enough for you!" This devotion to fish and the customer's palate, rumor says, brings Barney's annual income into the six-figure group, phenomenal profit for a delicatessen.

The man who popularized sweet-water sturgeon in this country started out modestly thirty-seven years ago with a small delicatessen on 115th Street and Fifth Avenue. There were no shiny, black-topped tables there, and anybody who wanted to eat on the premises had to do it standing up or sitting on a beer barrel. One of his earliest customers, a neighbor who lived around the corner from the store, was Judge Samuel Rosenman, who later became Franklin D. Roosevelt's special advisor. It was Rosenman who was responsible for securing the late President's patronage for Barney. Once F. D. R.'s first order was off, Barney waited with bated breath for the President's reaction. Days went by, but no word was forthcoming. Finally, Judge Rosenman dropped in at the delicatessen. No sooner had Barney spotted him in the doorway than he shouted across the busy store, "Hey, Judge, I've been waiting a week already—and I haven't heard from that guy!" The next package for the White House contained a few dozen of The Sturgeon King's business cards.

Because of the ever-increasing number of show people attracted to his delicatessen, Greengrass moved to the 86th Street location in 1928 to be nearer his public. With the transfer of his activities farther downtown, the Broadway mob moved in and the fame of Greengrass' sturgeon spread to still wider circles whenever any of his customers traveled abroad.

So far-flung is the fame of Greengrass' smoked sturgeon that during the war an Army bomber crew stopped en route to London



to pick up a large order for a distinguished personage in the British government whom Barney discreetly cloaks in anonymity. When queried about the famous Britisher's identity, he refused to commit himself beyond the cryptic reply, "The very, very biggest man in England! Did I *say* Churchill?"

Externally, Greengrass' differs little from the hundreds of delicatessen shops throughout New York with its counter of fish and meats and its sleek black-topped service tables. But few other delicatessens can match it for glamor or drama. An incredible number of Broadway and Hollywood deals are consummated there. It is not unusual for a producer, dropping in for a sturgeon sandwich, to share a table with an author, hear him outline the plot of his latest play, and after arranging to stage it, cast the entire production on the spot from among the actors and actresses feasting at the delicatessen on sturgeon.

Barney operates the delicatessen with the help of three younger brothers, Hymie, Mike and Al, and his rotund twenty-nine-year-old son, Moe. Moe possesses a passion for gambling, and the story is that he has a tendency to make bets of such proportions that he astounds even the well-heeled customers who patronize his father's store with their size.

Unquestionably, Moe inherits the gambling urge from his father, who sits perpetually in the rear of the store playing gin rummy. Customers get a kick out of seeing Barney drop some round sums in a gin rummy game and then call a salesman who he believes is overcharging him a quarter. Barney generally pays off gambling debts in sturgeon instead of cash, an arrangement which pleases both parties. Al Jolson once won a bet from Barney and received sturgeon "on the house" for more than a year.

However delectable his sturgeon, it is really Barney's never-failing wit which makes him so popular with Broadwayites, politicoes and social registerites alike. Not even the most irritable customer can sustain his anger long, because Barney always has a trigger retort on hand to turn the gripe into a grin. There's the Irving Berlin story, doubtless apocryphal. Dining there not long ago, Berlin ordered "Washington cake," the famous white cake with white icing. The waiter returned with Devil's Food cake, a chocolate cake with chocolate icing. The waiter insisted that it was Washington cake and became a bit testy about it. Finally, Berlin called Greengrass over and protested, "I ask you, Barney, is this Washington cake? Washington cake is white. This cake is dark."

"Why didn't you say you wanted white cake?" replied Barney. "Maybe you didn't hear there were two Washingtons—George and Booker T.!" ##

The U. S. Coast Guard has brought law and order to life on the rolling seas

Yo Ho Ho and a Cup of Coffee

by DAVID G. WITTELS

As every addict of sea tales knows, the sea has been from time immemorial the habitat of iron masters, bucko mates and hell-bent crews. It was the last frontier for free-wheeling souls and hairy-chested characters irked by the starched collar of polite laws, particularly those pertaining to mayhem and assault and battery. The bounding main was virtually untrammeled by such petty taboos. Captains ruled aboard their ships like feudal barons, and woe betide the sailor who dared cross his master. On the other hand, the men in the fo'c'sle had certain freedoms of their own. They could settle their quarrels with fist, knife or belaying pin, get gloriously drunk, do violent battle with landlubbers ashore, and then find sanctuary back on the sea. Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

Well, it isn't like that any more. That's largely because some four years ago the United States Coast Guard was assigned to the iconoclastic task of softening hard masters and straightening out hell-bent crews. Today the skipper who tries to emulate Captain Bligh must answer to the Coast Guard, which also takes a dim view of rough stuff by members of the crew. Law and order have come to the high seas, and it is conceivable that, instead of a bottle of rum, the chanteys of tomorrow may deal with the tale of the sailor who refused to carry a cup of coffee to the first mate when he awakened him.

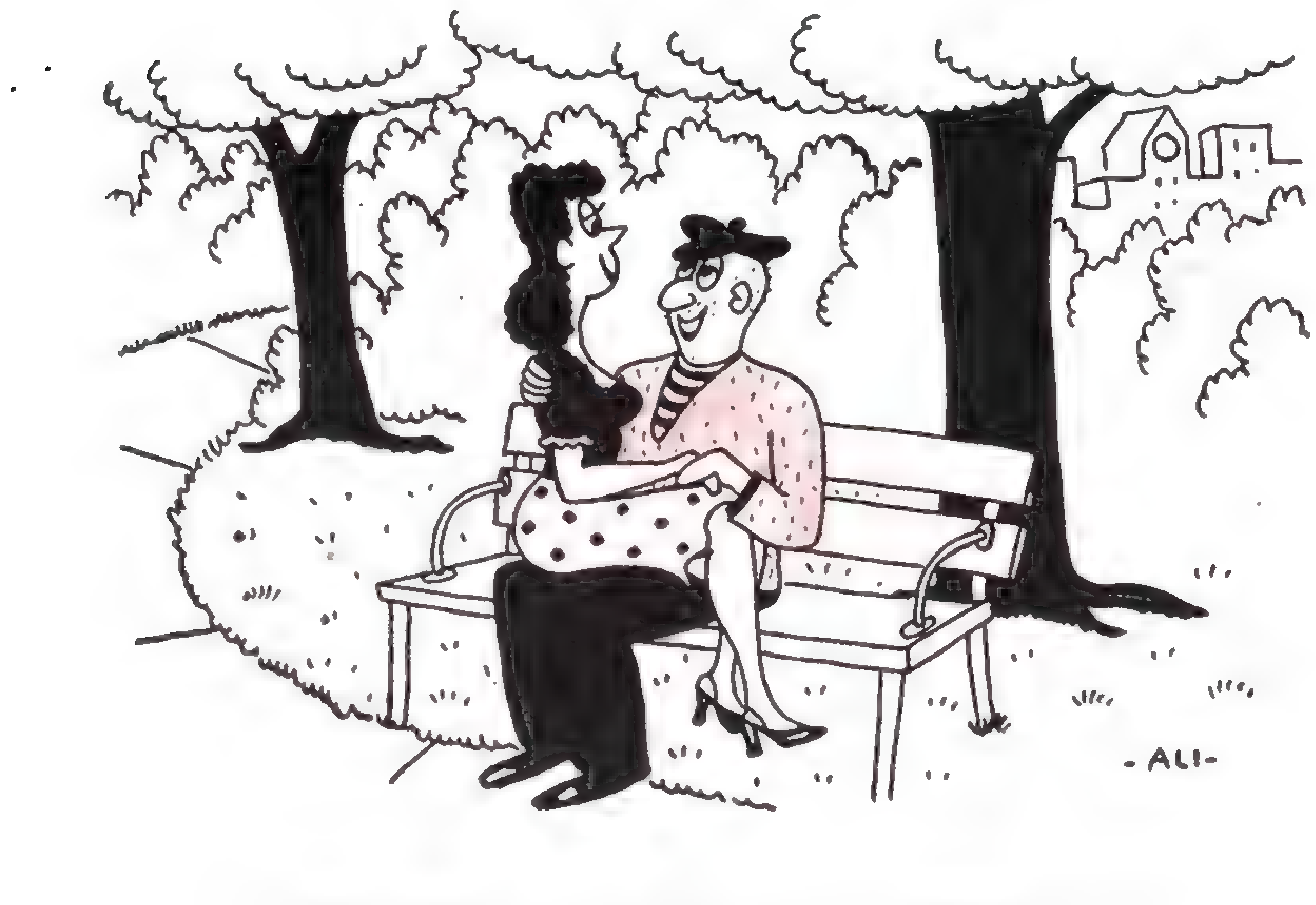
That tale begins at 3:30 in the morning of July 10, 1944, and the scene opens on the blacked-out deck of the Liberty ship *Frank Lever*, bound from England with troops and supplies for the Normandy beachhead.

"Hey, Einbinder," the second mate called to a seaman, "go wake the first mate for the next watch. And bring him a cup of coffee."

The first mate was a man notoriously hard to wake. There was a standing order that he was to get a cup of black coffee at 3:30 a.m. to prime him for the arduous task of getting out of his bunk, into his clothes and onto the deck. Einbinder, having been newly signed aboard this ship the day before, from a seamen's pool in London, did not know this. Besides, he was somewhat of a sea lawyer. "I'm no cabin boy," he growled. "I won't carry him no cup of coffee."

The second mate knew that today it is a Federal offense to inflict corporal punishment on a seaman. Therefore he merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "Well, wake him, anyway." At breakfast he reported the incident to Captain Joseph H. Nickerson.

The second scene was in the captain's quarters, with the seaman on the carpet. The master didn't look anything like Charles Laughton, and his tone lacked the bark traditionally associated with sea



"—and maybe someday the patter of little juvenile delinquent feet through the house"

captains. "Is it true what the second mate says about you?" he asked.

"That's right," declared Einbinder. "It's not part of my job to bring coffee to anybody in his bunk."

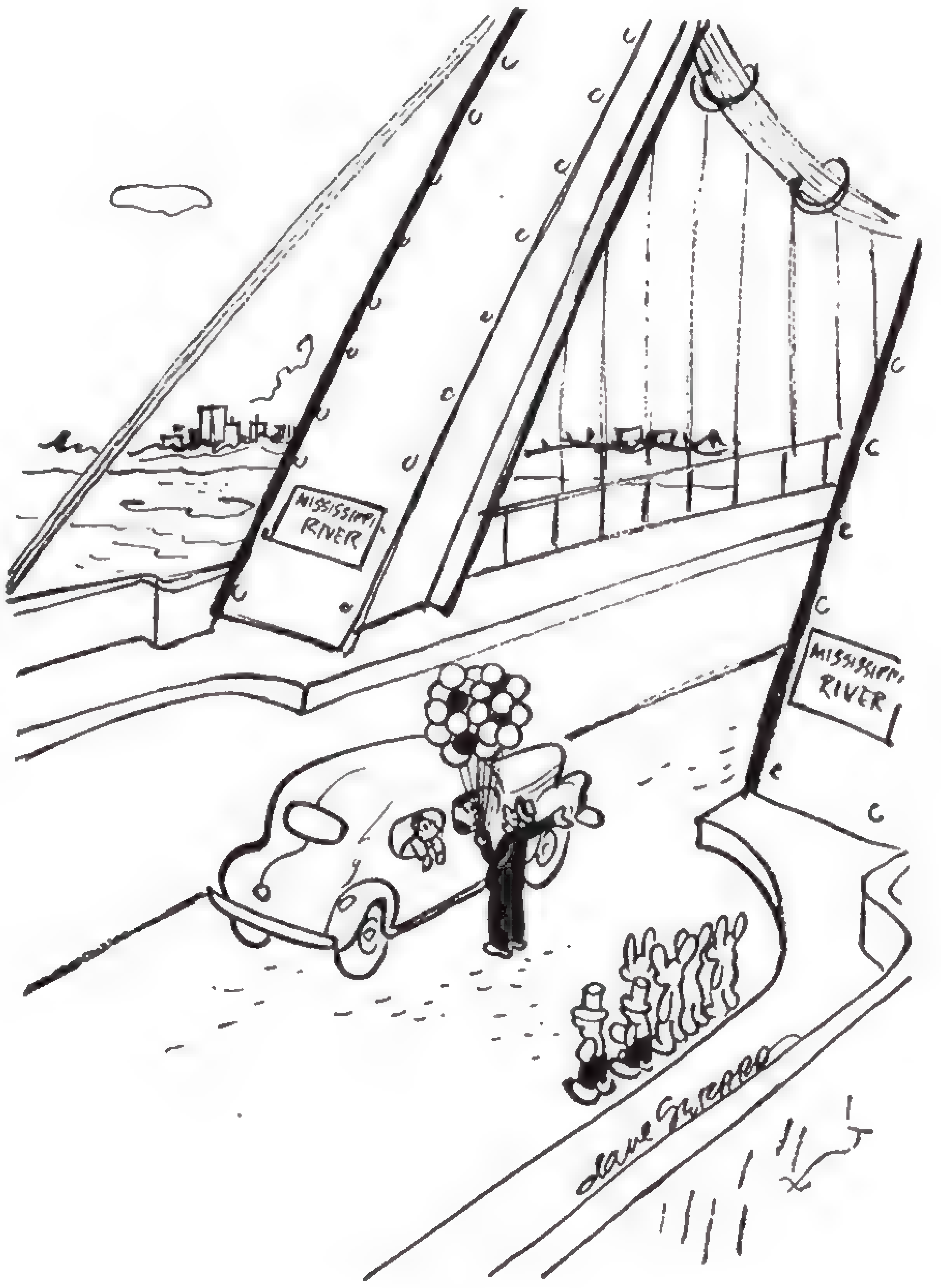
In the 16th century such a report could have led to a painful death, or at best a horrible future, for the seaman. A favorite method for punishing an obstinate sailor in those sadistic days was to wrap a stout cord around his forehead and then tighten it with a marlin spike until his eyes popped from his head. In the period of Captain Bligh, he might have been hanged from the yardarm. Or he might have been keel-hauled; that is, thrown over the side of the vessel with a rope around his middle, hauled under the barnacle-encrusted bottom, and up the other side, a bloody, battered mess.

Captain Nickerson, however, opened a bound volume and read Einbinder the law on "willful disobedience" of a "lawful command." Einbinder remained unimpressed. "It's not a lawful command," he retorted, "and I won't do it." It was at this point that the captain suddenly did look something like Charles Laughton. He snapped the book shut. "Put the man in irons!" he roared.

The third scene found Einbinder shackled by leg irons to the centerboard of one of the lifeboats. Every day the first mate stopped by and asked him if he was ready to obey. Einbinder stayed there for five days, except for exercise every four hours. For the last four days he was on bread and water. At the end of the round trip between London and Normandy, the captain fined him his pay of $89.93.

If this had happened before February 28, 1942, when a presidential executive order gave the Coast Guard sweeping control over the Merchant Marine, that probably would have been the end of the tale. But when the ship reached New York in September, 1944, a Coast Guard unit headed by Commander John I. Dugan staged a court scene, with one Coast Guard officer sitting as judge, another as prosecutor, a trim little Spar taking it all down in shorthand, and landlubber lawyers on both sides.

Captain Nickerson was the defendant. He was tried on charges of inflicting punishment that was "unreasonable and unlawful" and of "needless severity." Furthermore, he was found guilty and was sentenced.



"Better load up here, lady, you'll find prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi!"

The sentence was suspension of his license as a master for two months; not, however, to become effective unless he transgressed again within six months. This meant a black mark on his record as long as he followed the sea.

The outraged bellow from captains and other Merchant Marine officers was heard literally around the world. The "cup of coffee case" promptly became a *cause célèbre*. Nickerson appealed all the way up to Admiral R. R. Waesche, Commandant of the Coast Guard, who was retired in January of this year. The result was a final verdict which caused some ancient mariners to grow almost as gorgeously purple as the South Sea sunsets into which they had sailed their ships. The commandant ruled that the command had not been a lawful one. A seaman signed on for deck duty, he said, could not be forced to carry coffee to the mate, or to do anything else, except in dire emergency, outside his regular deck duties. But even if it had been a lawful order, the decision added firmly, the captain had no right to be so harsh on the sailor.

Thus ended the era of iron masters and bucko mates. In the same fashion, by action against their papers, the Coast Guard straightened out the hell-bent crews. The Coast Guard has no power to jail or even fine a Merchant Marine officer or sailor. All it can do is revoke or suspend his papers. But that is a mighty powerful club, because the Coast Guard can thus bar a seafaring man from the only trade he knows, and perhaps loves, for the rest of his life.

One of the Coast Guard's first problems was a high rate of cases of assault with sharp instruments. Tempers frayed by wartime tensions were leading some sailors to explore the anatomy of their mates with razor-edged knives, while cooks were becoming increasingly addicted to using cleavers to chop those who annoyed them down to size. The Coast Guard disapproved of the sport and began revoking licenses almost automatically in all cases which involved assault with those weapons. When this became known, such cases became scarce.

The Coast Guard club was also weighted by the fact that revocation, or suspension for three months or longer, usually brought the hot breath of the draft board on the neck of the culprit. "Look at me," growled a soldier who stopped Commander Roderick Y. Edwards on the street in New York and fixed him with a reproachful eye. "You put me in this brown suit." He was a seaman whose certificate Edwards had suspended for six months.

This police role came to the Coast Guard as a wartime measure. With our Merchant Marine burgeoning, and American ships pouring into an increasing number of far-flung ports at an unprecedented rate, the need for some direct control over the setup was urgent. We started World War II with about 750 ships and ran the number up to 3700, with some 300,000 men to sail them. For a while it was debated whether to militarize the whole setup, or to let it remain strictly civilian. The compromise was to keep the civilian status, but to hand administration of Merchant Marine laws over to the Coast Guard, which was under the U. S. Navy during the war.

Before the Coast Guard inherited the headache, a Department of Commerce agency called the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation was supposed to police the Merchant Marine by means of action against offenders' papers. But this agency was undermanned, under-budgeted, and undermined by procedural weaknesses and lack of direct powers. Usually it acted only after someone made a formal complaint. Since in some tough ships a sailor who squealed to the law might suddenly find himself swimming in the ocean without a life preserver some dark night, complaints were comparatively few. In all of 1941, with more than 100,000 Merchant Marine sailors at sea, the Bureau took action in only 207 cases; almost none against officers.

As a result of this, and the pouring of many thousands of green men and hundreds of brand-new captains into the Merchant Marine, discipline was at a dangerously low ebb. The inevitable percentage of riffraff in any large body of men was helling in a hundred ports, and sometimes holding up vital shipments by going AWOL. The trouble was all over the world, and the old methods wouldn't do.

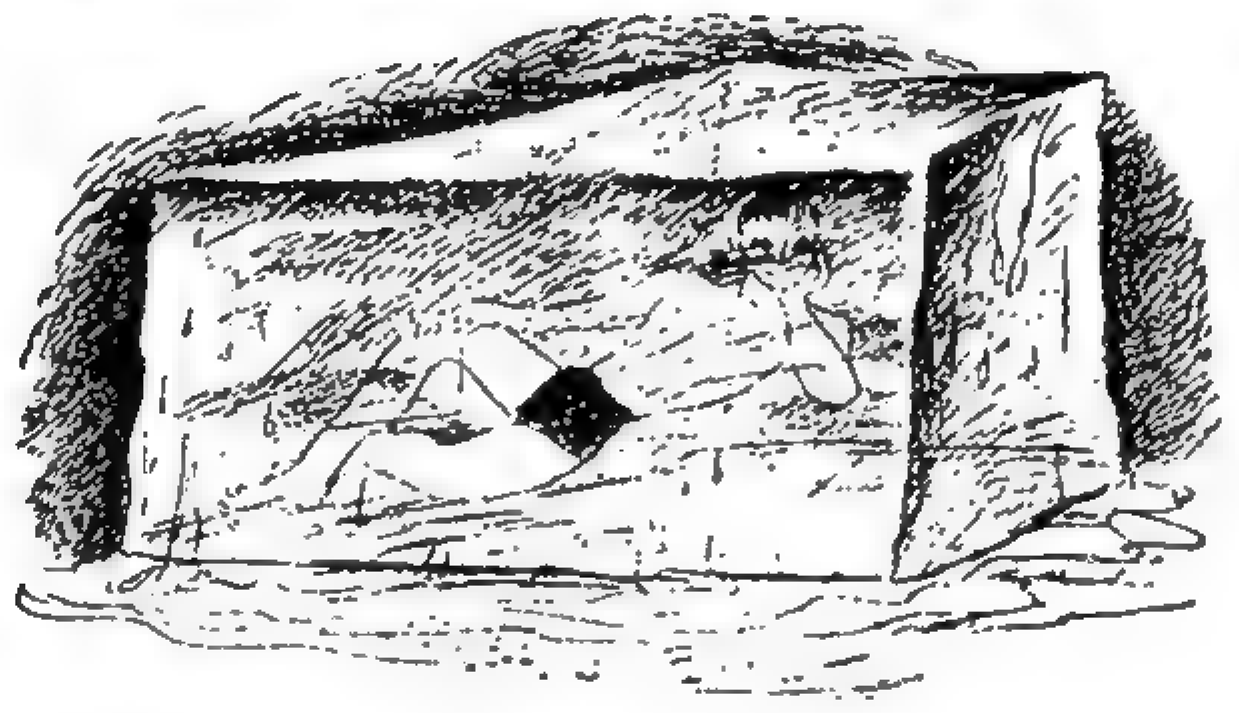
The Coast Guard tried an heretically new approach: that sailors were no different from any other citizens, and should obey the law and get the same protection from it that other men do. Groups known as Coast Guard Merchant Marine Hearing Units were set up in every major port in the U. S. and in every point of American shipping activity abroad from New Guinea, through the Suez Canal, to the Normandy beachhead. The 211 officers in these units were mostly attorneys in civilian life (one of them a Spar), but they also included a Congressman, two judges, a score of veteran sea skippers, an architect, a celebrated organist.

These units undertook the roles of detective and prosecutor as well as judge, and operate in those roles today. An Examining Officer boards every ship upon arrival, peers into the ship's log, and announces that he is ready to hear all complaints privately and immediately. If action is indicated, a hearing is scheduled, often on the same day and usually right in the messroom of the ship. The complainant doesn't have to stick out his neck: the Coast Guard does the prosecuting, just as a landlubber district attorney does. A Coast Guard Hearing Officer sits as judge, and retribution is swift, the punishment usually being announced at the close of the hearing.

Nobody loves a policeman, and there was at first the factor of the seafaring man's deep-rooted mistrust of outside law. The captains resented Coast Guard interference with their traditionally autocratic authority. The sailors had learned to expect nothing good from the courts and the law. For bitter centuries when their lot was maggoty food, putrid water and foul quarters, the law seldom came to their aid, but was often used to slap them down. The courts even backed up crimps, *(Continued in center of page 146)*

Twenty Ways to Keep Cool

Presenting a battery of cooling-off techniques for perspiring citizens who yearn to beat the dog-day heat

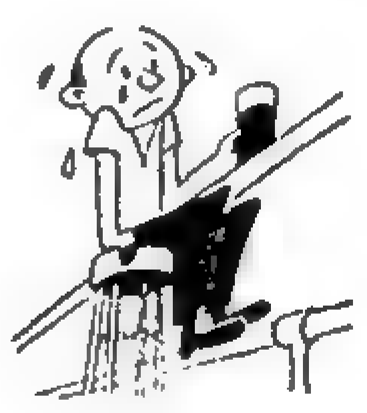


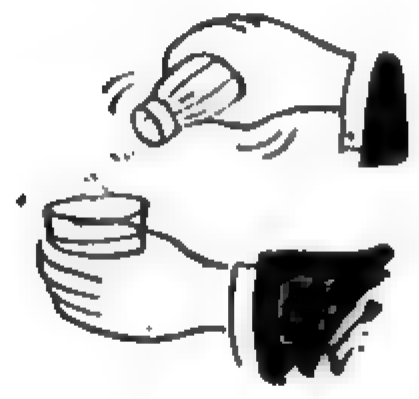
It's hot. You've seen every movie in town and you obviously can't spend the whole day in a bar. If you're near a nice shady tree, somehow the unsporting heat has crawled under there, too. Suddenly you notice that, regardless of the headlines, there seems to be only one news-worthy topic of conversation. The man in the elevator, the boy on the newsstand, the barber, the bartender, the clerk, and, probably even the little woman, have entered into an is-it-hot-enough-for-you conspiracy.

But don't give up. Mark Twain was wrong. There are a few things you can do. Here are twenty rules that may not make you run for a sweater during the dog days, but will help you get some relief.

1. Drink plenty of water at frequent intervals during the day. Try drinking it often in small amounts, and you may even discover that you like the stuff.

2. Stifle that impulse to gulp or use the bottoms-up method on long, icy drinks. Doctors frown on this. Instead, sip your beverage slowly and try to relax.





3. In hot weather when your body loses a great deal of salt through perspiration, salt pills or slightly salted water will maintain energy and coolness.

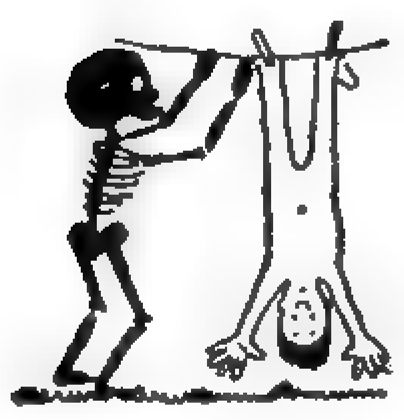
4. When the going really gets tough and there's not even a fan around, hold your wrists under cool water for a few moments. This will give temporary relief.

5. Eat foods rich in vitamins and minerals, but low in heat-forming fats, starches and sugars. Salads, fruits and vegetables are ideal hot weather fare.

6. Take a daily bath or cool shower. (Not that you don't ordinarily.) And of course you don't need an expert to tell you that a dip in a lake is cooling.

7. After your bath or swim, blot your body with a towel, don't rub. Rubbing increases body heat and ruins the effect of your enjoyable, cooling bath.

8. Take particular care of your feet. Bathe them daily. A little foot powder is soothing. Change your socks and if possible your shoes once during the day.



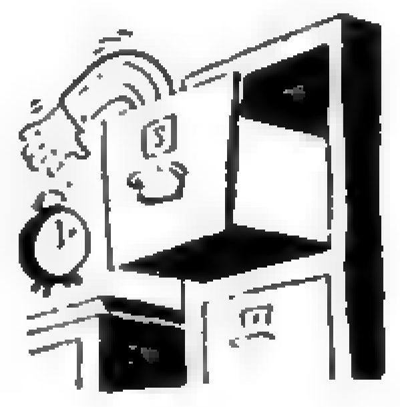
9. Keep your skin especially clean—allowing pores to be open and perspiration to take place freely—so that the body may maintain normal temperature.

10. Wear loose clothing that does not restrict circulation. Don't mistakenly discard your undershirt. It will absorb perspiration and keep your shirt dry.

11. Wear white or light-colored garments. They reflect heat, while dark colors absorb it. You may recall Ben Franklin's elementary physics experiment.

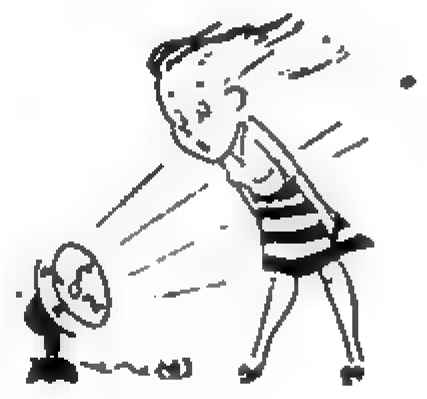
12. Try cutting your hair short, allowing breezes to play about the neck. The crew cut is ideal. And for a gal with long locks, an upswept hair-do will help.

13. Get eight hours sleep in an airy room, but not where a fan is creating drafts. Use light covers or no covers at all, depending upon your preference.



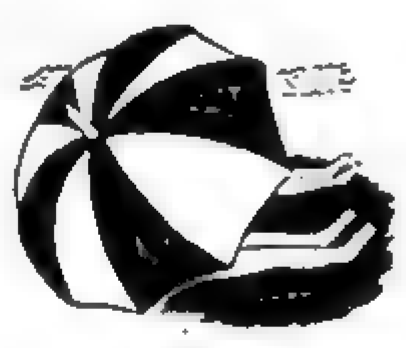
14. If possible take a noon nap. Or if you're not a member of the two-hours-for-lunch club, take as many short rest periods as possible during the day.

15. Close windows and doors and draw the blinds early in the morning to keep hot air out. In the evening open windows to allow cooler air to circulate.



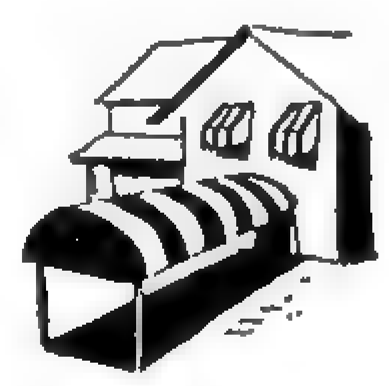
16. If you use an electric fan, set it on the floor pointing upward. This will cool and circulate the warm rising air and will also help avoid drafts.

17. Don't overwork or overplay. Too much exertion overburdens the heart in hot weather. You may think that extra nine holes is relaxing, but take care.



18. Avoid, as far as possible, the direct rays of the sun. In strong sunlight wear a hat to protect your head. And on the beach sit under an umbrella.

19. Put up awnings on the three sunny sides of your house. They are decorative, and when Old Sol really beats down, they provide cooling and restful shade.

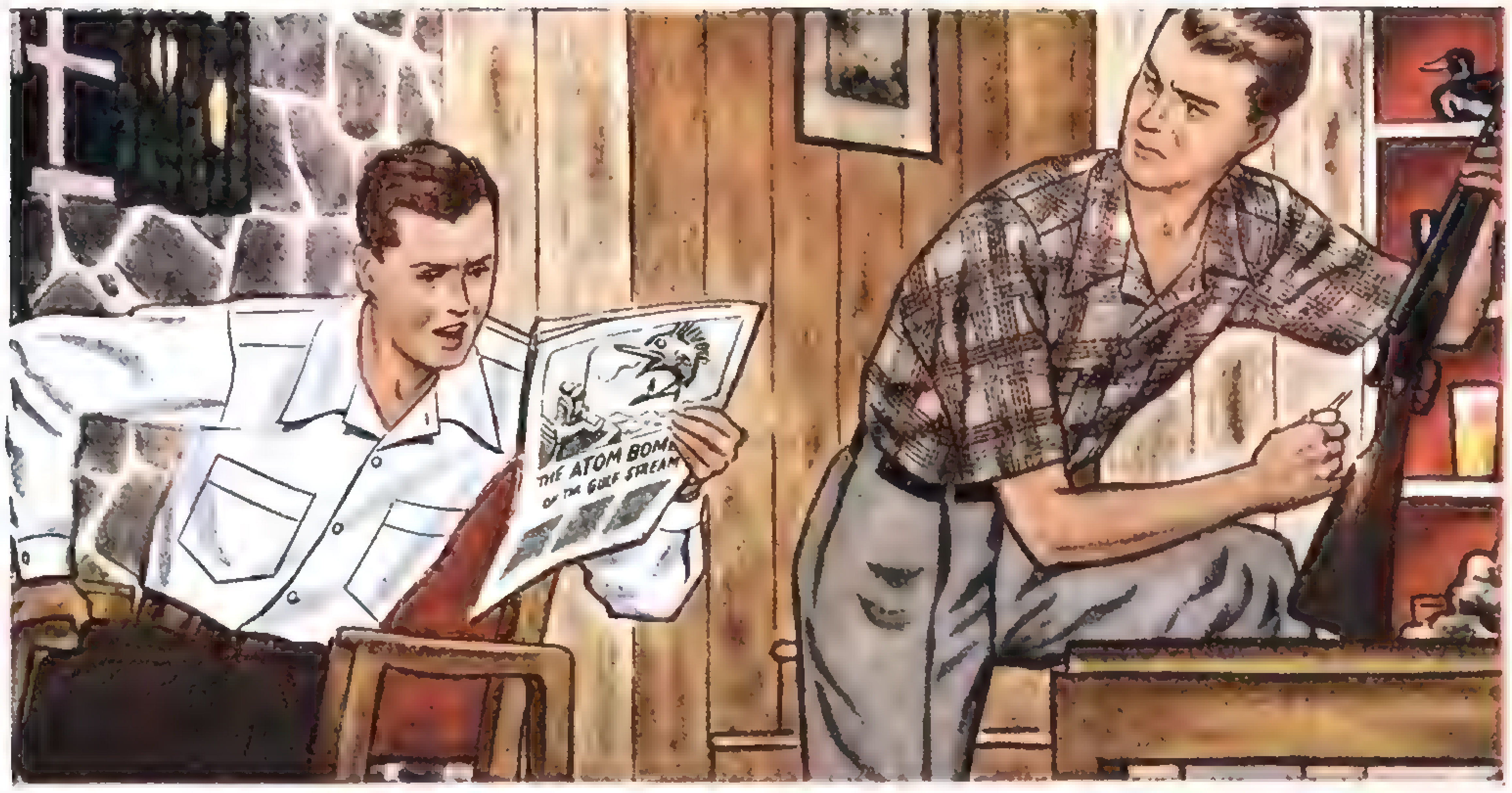


20. Above all, take it easy. Don't allow business or politics to make you lose your temper. And, for goodness' sake, stop talking about the weather. ⧻

You'll go

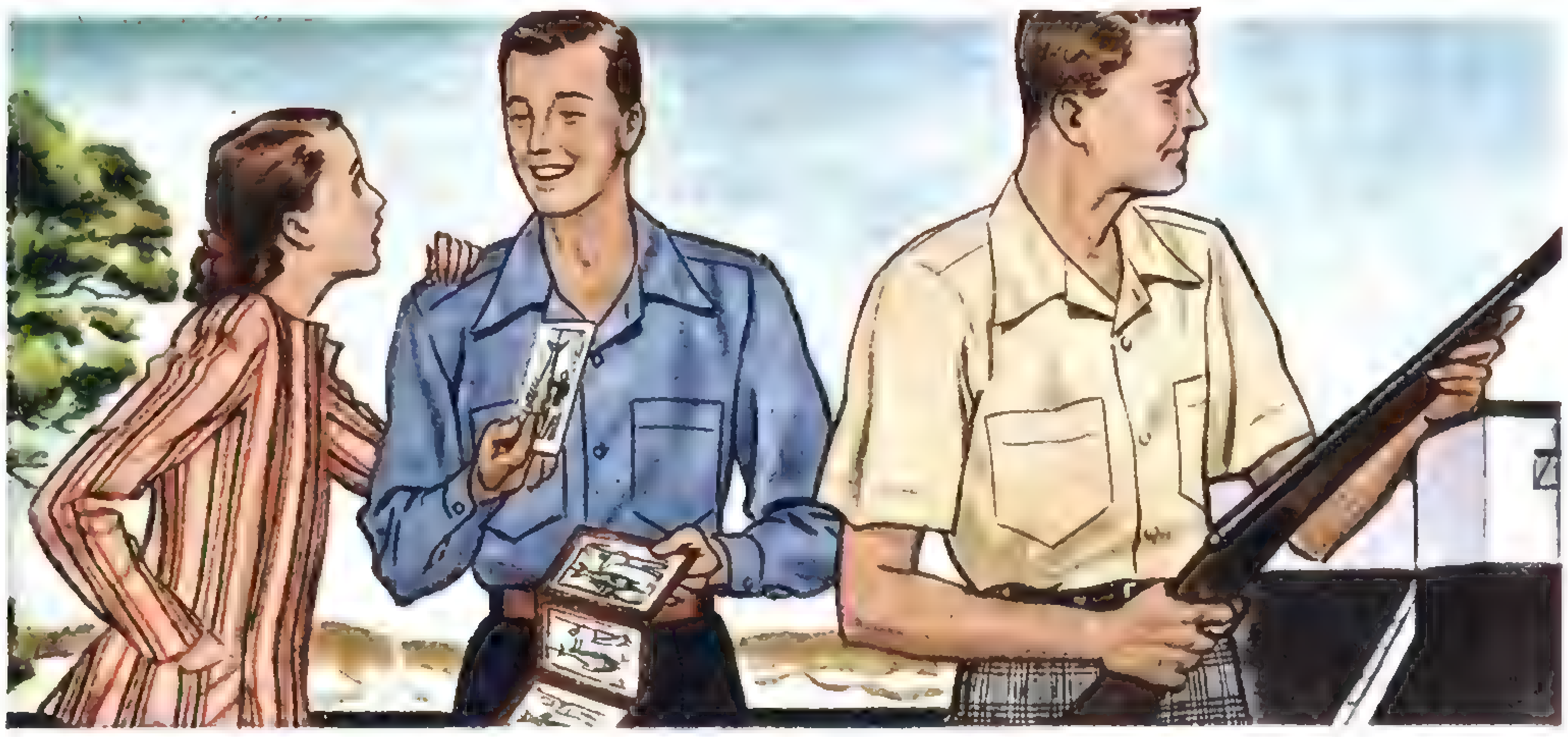
LOCK...

Here's why: these new Arrow Sports Shirts are made of super-handsome fabrics ... whopping plaids, neat pinchecks, and swell solid colors. (Best-looking we've ever made, *honest!*)



STOCK...

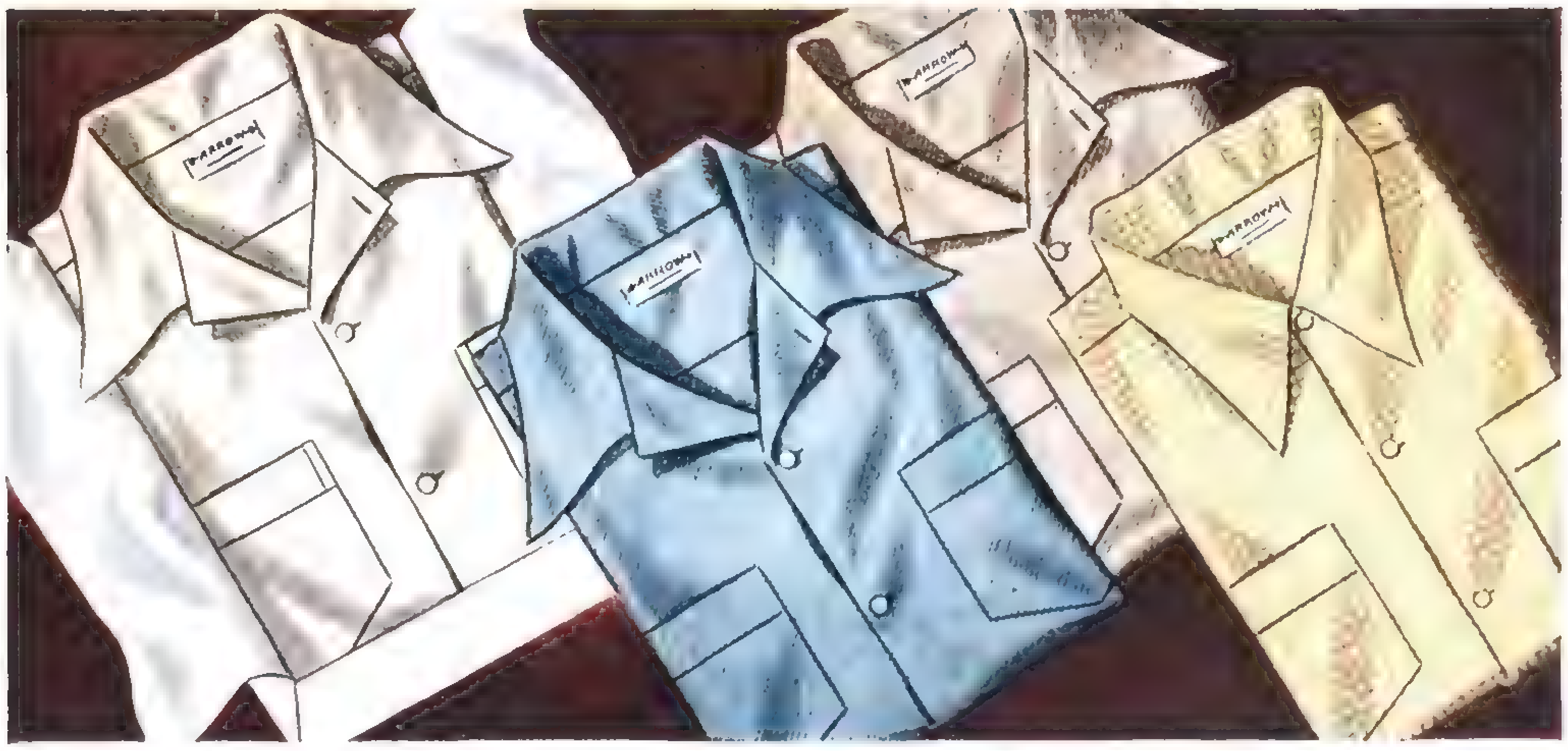
Here's why: You'll find their lines trim and their fit *perfect*. The Arrow collars set just right too ... look specially smart either open or shut. (We *hope* your Arrow dealer has them all in stock.)

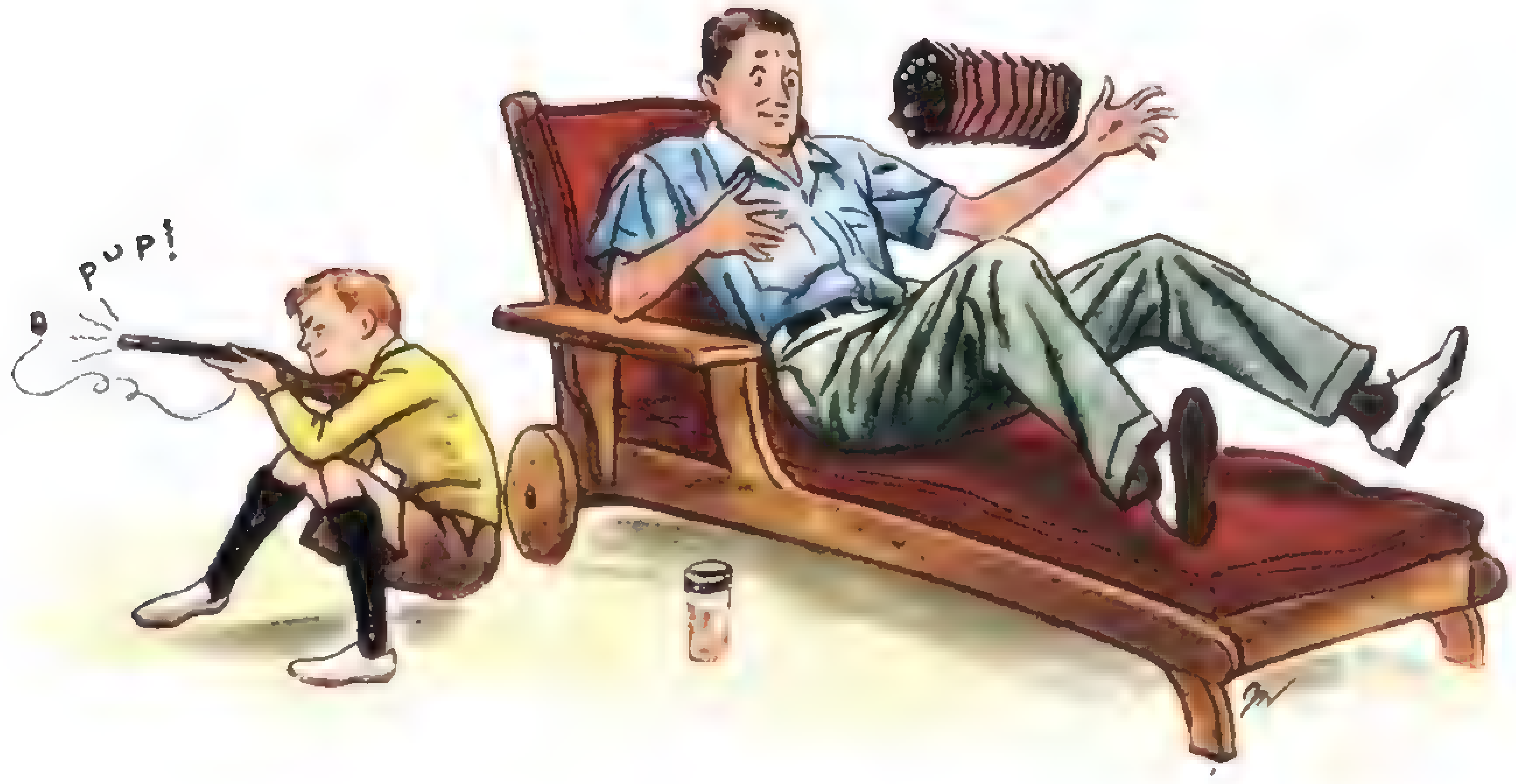


and

BARREL...

Here's why: in a word—they WASH! For 9 out of 10 of these sparkling new Arrow Sports Shirts, no special treatment is required. Put them in the tubs like any other Arrow Shirt!

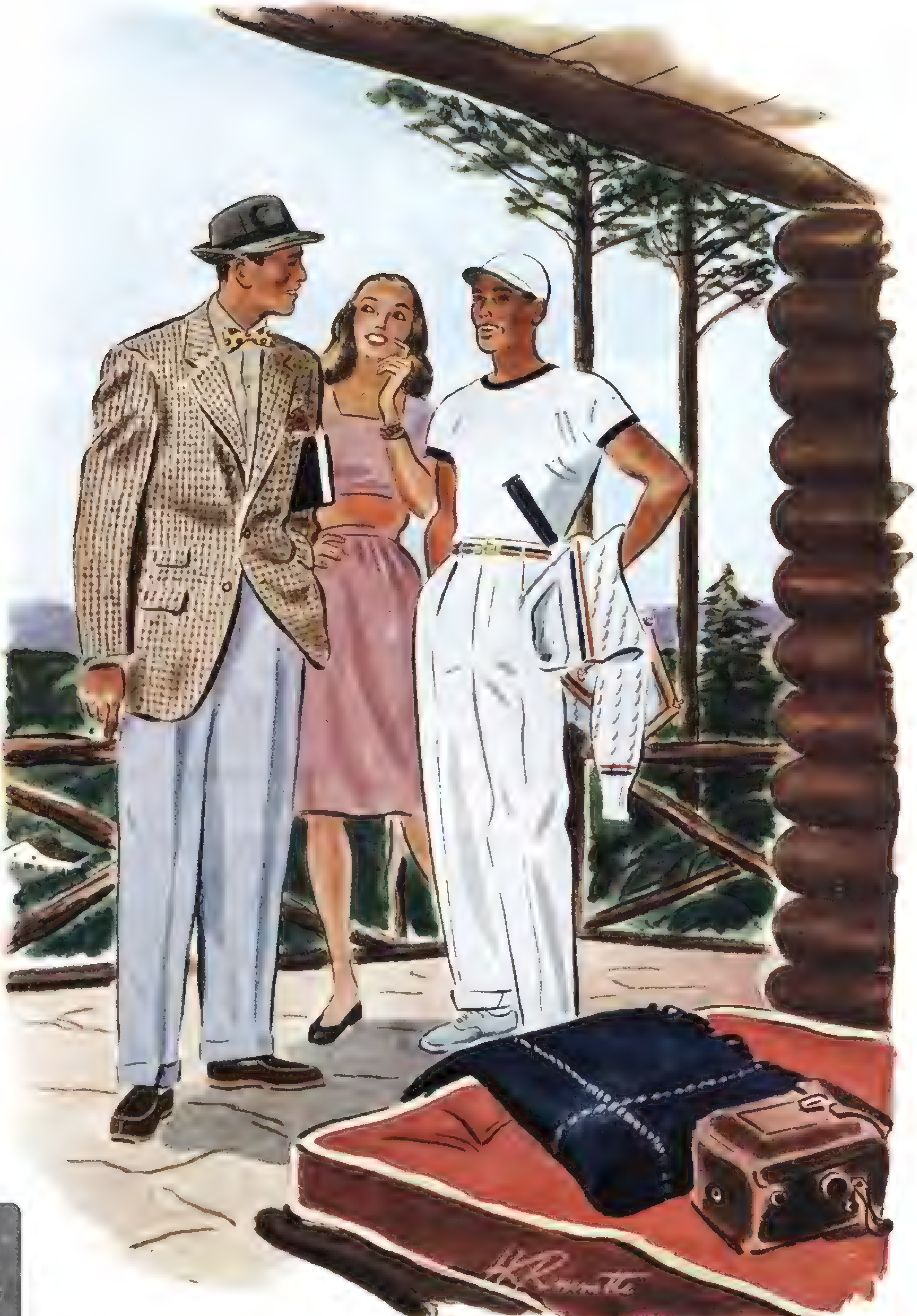




ARROW *Sports* SHIRTS

Priced so low you'll be surprised!

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



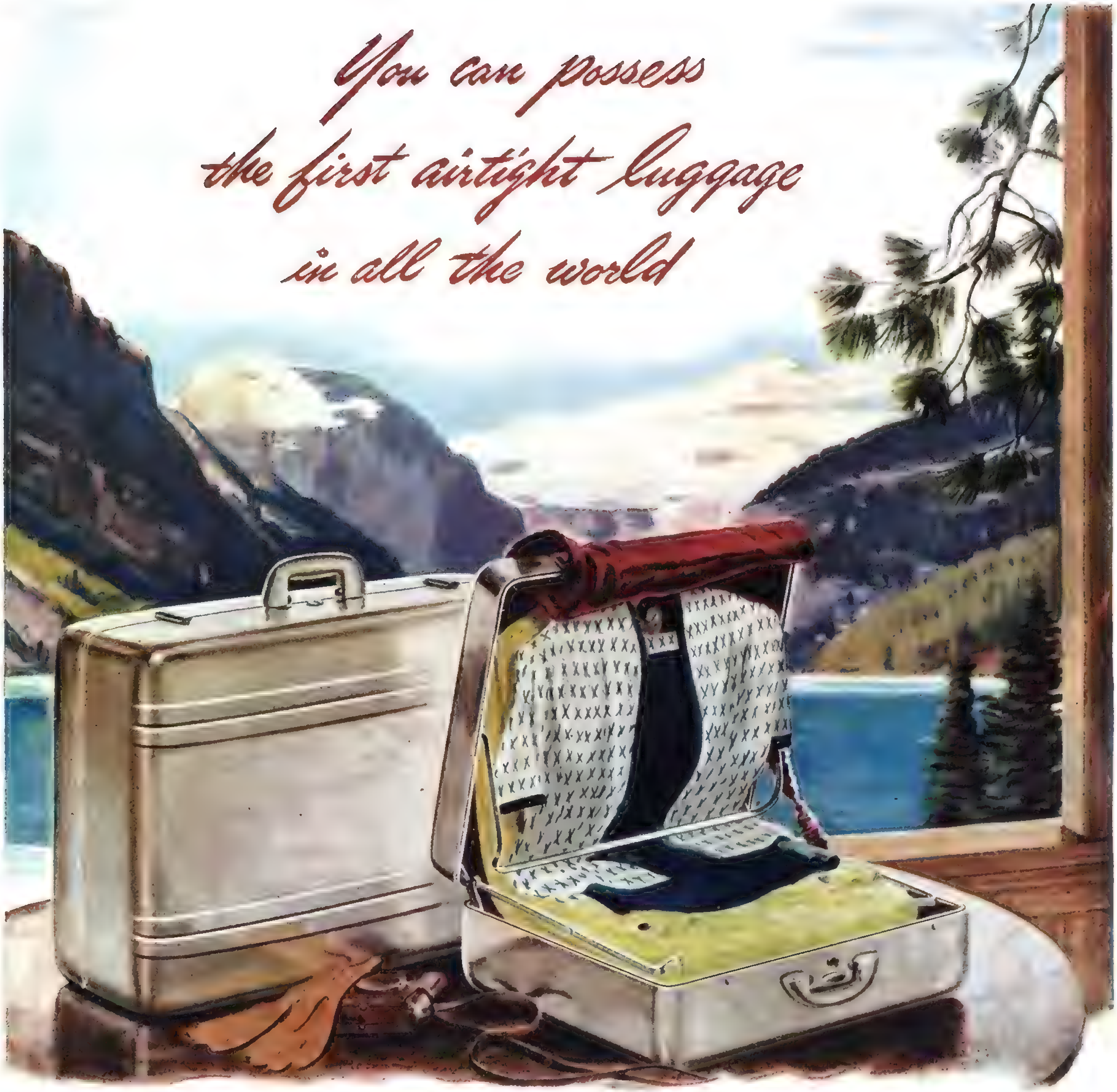
AUTHENTIC
Esquire
FASHIONS

CABIN IN THE SKY

Drawing by H. Runnette

Even at this many feet above sea level there's still the debate about the best way to be lazy. There's them that goes for a-book-and-shady-nook such as the gent at left, who wears a jacket with a light tone, small all-over pattern and a stitched wool felt hat. He blends into the blue mountain haze with his gabardine slacks, and greyish-tan shirt. His moccasins are brown reverse calf. Then there's them that are lazy in an active way, such as on a tennis court. The racquet-eer at right wears regulation kit of knitted cotton pull-over shirt, white flannel slacks with ribbon belt, and a cable-stitched pull-over for warming up. The lollipop has about decided her portable radio will be more fun than either of them.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



The luxuriously lined and appointed Pullman and Wardrobe Cases for ladies. Two of ten Halliburtons available at fine luggage and department stores

Built to keep contents safe even from atmospheric change . . . from altitude, moisture, mildew or dust

Examine these new Travel Cases. They possess a quality never before found in luggage. They are *air-tight.*

Fashioned of a new material, a light-in-weight, hard alloy of aluminum, the halves of a Halliburton are matched with watchmaker's precision. They are aligned on a single, case-length hinge. The closing edges grip together on a cushion of live rubber and are cinched fast by tension latches. And thus inside a Halliburton clothes and accessories have *air-tight* security from altitude, moisture, mildew and dust.

How do Halliburtons themselves travel? Individual cases have gone half a million rigorous miles since 1933. Today's Halliburtons are still sturdier — each specially treated to be dent-defying, to resist scratches and corrosion.

So through the years, your Halliburton will keep you handsome company... carry your belongings in perfection over any sea or land, through any air or climate. This is the lifetime service guarantee that comes with every case. Erle P. Halliburton, Inc., Los Angeles, California.

TRAVEL CASES BY

Halliburton

CREATED TO CARRY YOUR BELONGINGS
IN PERFECTION . . . THROUGHOUT YOUR LIFETIME

That Julep in July!

KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
THE CALL OF THE WISE

KENTUCKY MINT JULEP (here's how!): Chill silver julep cups or 12 oz. glasses in refrigerator. Muddle 3 or 4 leaves of mint (not stems) with teaspoon of powdered sugar and teaspoon of water. Fill cup with finely crushed ice, pour in one jigger Kentucky Tavern. *Stir briskly until frost appears and ice has dropped 1 or 2 inches. Fill remainder with crushed ice and pour in another jigger of* Kentucky Tavern. *Decorate with mint and insert straws through sprigs. Clip straws off near top of mint (so you get your nose right in it while sipping); place in icebox for half an hour (if you can wait that long) then serve, sip and smile!*

Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated*
Louisville, Kentucky ©1946 G. D. CO.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

The Flying Dutchman

Esquire's baseball classic squares Honus Wagner off against the Peach

by **LOUIS SIDRAN**

When the East team takes over Chicago's Wrigley Field in Esquire's third annual All-American Boys' Baseball Game on August 10, it will be led by a familiar, bowlegged, barrel-chested figure whose name and "shortstop" have become synonymous.

Back in 1917, Honus Wagner hung up his spikes and with them the greatest all-around record ever inked into the books by a shortstop. Yet today, at the age of seventy-two, the bear-like movements of the old Flying Dutchman still can be seen at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field. For Honus, who has served as coach for the Pirates for the past fourteen years, is one of the few active legends left in baseball. Now he will bring half a century of baseball savvy to Cubs' Park as manager of one of the Esquire All-American squads.

Honus will have as his charges the cream of a youthful crop of ballplayers gleaned from all sections of eastern United States. The boys have been tested in the fire of sand-lot, high school and American Legion competition. They are the makers of tomorrow's sports headlines—the best the nation can offer in the under-eighteen age group. They were recruited with the aid of newspapers all over the East, and their reward—prepaid by Esquire—is a week of big-league living and baseball experience. And a chance to work under the wing of the immortal Honus while their opponents, selected by western newspapers, drain the cup of baseball learning as administered by their manager, another immortal, Ty Cobb.

Practically a charter member of Baseball's Hall of Fame in Cooperstown (he was selected back in 1936) Wagner ranks with such other still-active patriarchs of the game as Connie Mack and Clark Griffith. He broke into big-league competition before the turn of the century. All through the late nineties and the Umpty-Oughts he beat the cover off the ancient dead ball to amass a lifetime average of .329, leading the National League in hitting eight times, four of them hand running. As a base stealer, he was to the National League what Cobb was to the American. In fact, on the one occasion in which they matched wits and talents on a ball field, in the 1909 World Series, the Dutchman actually out-burglared the Peach by stealing six bases. When the hot-stove leaguers kick around the all-time big league line-up, Wagner is one of the rare unanimous selections. In baseball there has been Wagner—and then there have been other shortstops.

Managing ball clubs is not a new experience to the Dutchman. Back in 1917, Honus was appointed manager of the Pirates—a team he had kept near the top for many years as a player—but he wasn't cut out emotionally for the job, so long as he still had life left in his celebrated throwing arm. After only four days of masterminding on the bench, Wagner asked to be relieved of his directing duties and returned to his old position between second and third. When he did go into temporary retirement that year, it was as an active shortstop who could still cut them down from the outfield grass at forty-three. To paraphrase John McGraw, he was throwing them "as far as he liked" at an age when most ballplayers are spinning yarns to the worshipping kids down on the corner lot.

The Esquire ball-playing teenagers who come from east of the Mississippi are in for the combination lesson and thrill of their ball-playing lives when they work with Wagner this year. They'll find him quiet, but tough as two-bit steak and a fighter. Honus didn't make much noise with his mouth back in his playing days, but the mere sight of him rolling up to the plate with that ugly bat in his huge hands was enough to shave years off opponents' lives. And when he got on base—for Honus that was a rather monotonous experience—all the fake pitching motions in baseball couldn't hold him back once he put those bandy-shaped piano legs in action and set his sights down the basepaths.

He was and is a model practitioner of inside baseball—he hit 'em where they weren't and when they relaxed, he stole their shirts. Last year's Esquire All-American game featured a contrast in strategic methods—Cobb's suaveness and speed versus Babe Ruth's haymaker and long-ball style of play. This year's classic confronts Cobb with an old-timer who is his peer at his own kind of game. The staff-level cogitating should literally hover over the rival Wrigley Field dugouts on August 10 this year!

The boys from the east copped the gravy in last year's game at New York's Polo Grounds. Cobb is coming back with a mouthful of fire. Honus has pledged himself to do his best to produce a winner for the East. It oughta be a ball game! ###

For Smart Comfort

Modern EXPANSO Shorts

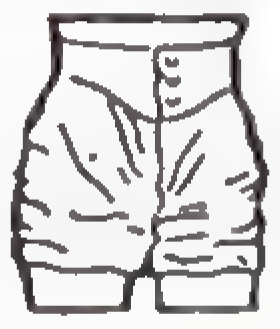
New Patented Feature Prevents Creeping, Crawling, Chafing, Binding

Balanced-bias/cut** takes care of seat-spread by expanding when you do. Actually gives elasticity to the cloth—and freedom of movement to you.

Additional comfort features: Waist band has give-and-take because of elastic strip in the back... one piece seamless back and seat. EXPANSO Garters also illustrated—with the pendent grip feature.

NO CREEP—CRAWL—BINDING—CHAFING

ORDINARY SHORTS "CRAWL" LIKE THIS



Cut on straight line with weave of material, bound to creep and bind.

MODERN EXPANSO SHORTS CAN'T "CRAWL"

Cut on bias—diagonally across weave, can't creep or bind.

Ask your wife about bias cut. Her expensive slips are cut on bias for conformity and comfort. SO ARE KNOTHE EXPANSO SHORTS.

It's Smart to Wear

EXPANSO*

BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS • SHORTS

for ACTION POINT Comfort

KNOTHE BROS. CO., INC., 24 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. 357542. **Reissue Pat. No. 21803.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **A MASK** is no disguise for him ... I'd know him anywhere with that hair ... looks as though he never combed it. There's the old loose dandruff, too ... probably Dry Scalp. Someone should tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic ... and it might as well be me."

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

WHAT A DIFFERENCE! ... That's what happens when you check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day do the trick. Your hair looks better. Your scalp feels better. Itchiness and loose dandruff disappear. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with Nature—contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care ... both scalp and hair ... and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Love in the Last Row

The young man who shows you to your place at the cinema sees more than the picture

by HERMAN STYLER

As a means of release from reality, the silver screen has no equal. People have been flocking to the movies in such droves that working in the theatre has become a hazardous occupation. I know, for I've been an usher. For me a bed has become a refuge and a place of mercy.

To most people, a movie usher is a faceless dummy, equipped with a flashlight, repeating like an automaton: "Next aisle over for the best seats!" or "No waiting in the balcony!" Seeming to live in eternal dusk, the features of the usher are unknown to his clientele who swarm past him and his injunctions or strain at the ropes he puts up on SRO nights. Has he wit, charm, humor, love, home, friends—tragedy or despair of his own? Usually they don't know, or care. They just care whether he finds them a seat or not.

A movie usher can be likened to a door mat on which the public, entering this scintillating world of make-believe, wipes away its cares and woes. He is the invitation to fantasy, the advance agent of seduction, the last touch with reality. He must therefore exude a little hospitality and warmth, a little reserve and silent dignity. He is a part of the theatre—alas, the standing part—and as receptionist, must do his bit toward preserving its traditional stardust.

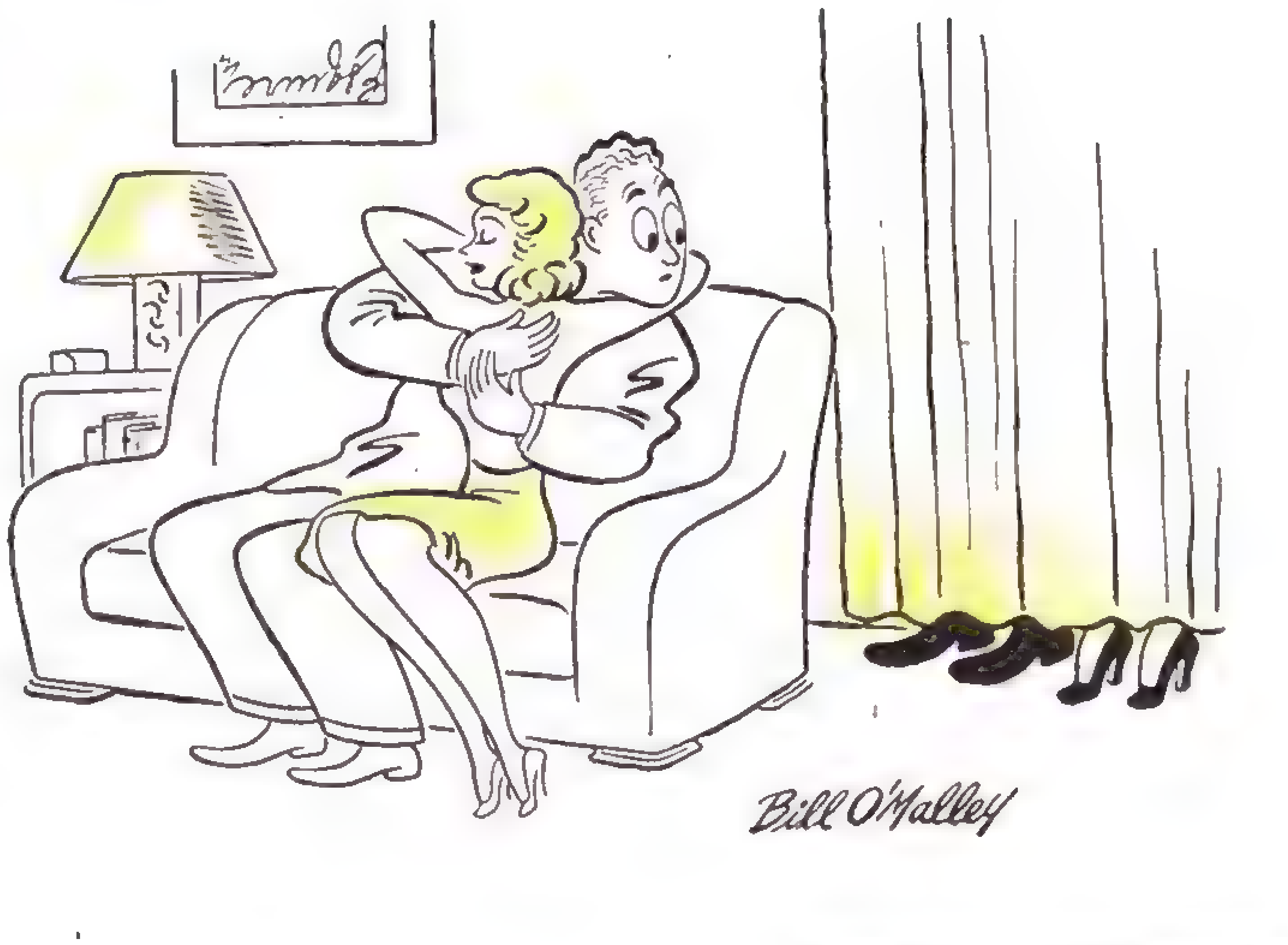
But whatever he may seem, the movie usher is human, gregarious and interested in the people he conducts down the aisle. Managerial discipline or the grumpiness of customers has not rooted out of him the normal responses to any crumbs of friendship or courtesy proffered him. You may not believe it, but for many reasons he is as anxious for you to have a good seat as you are.

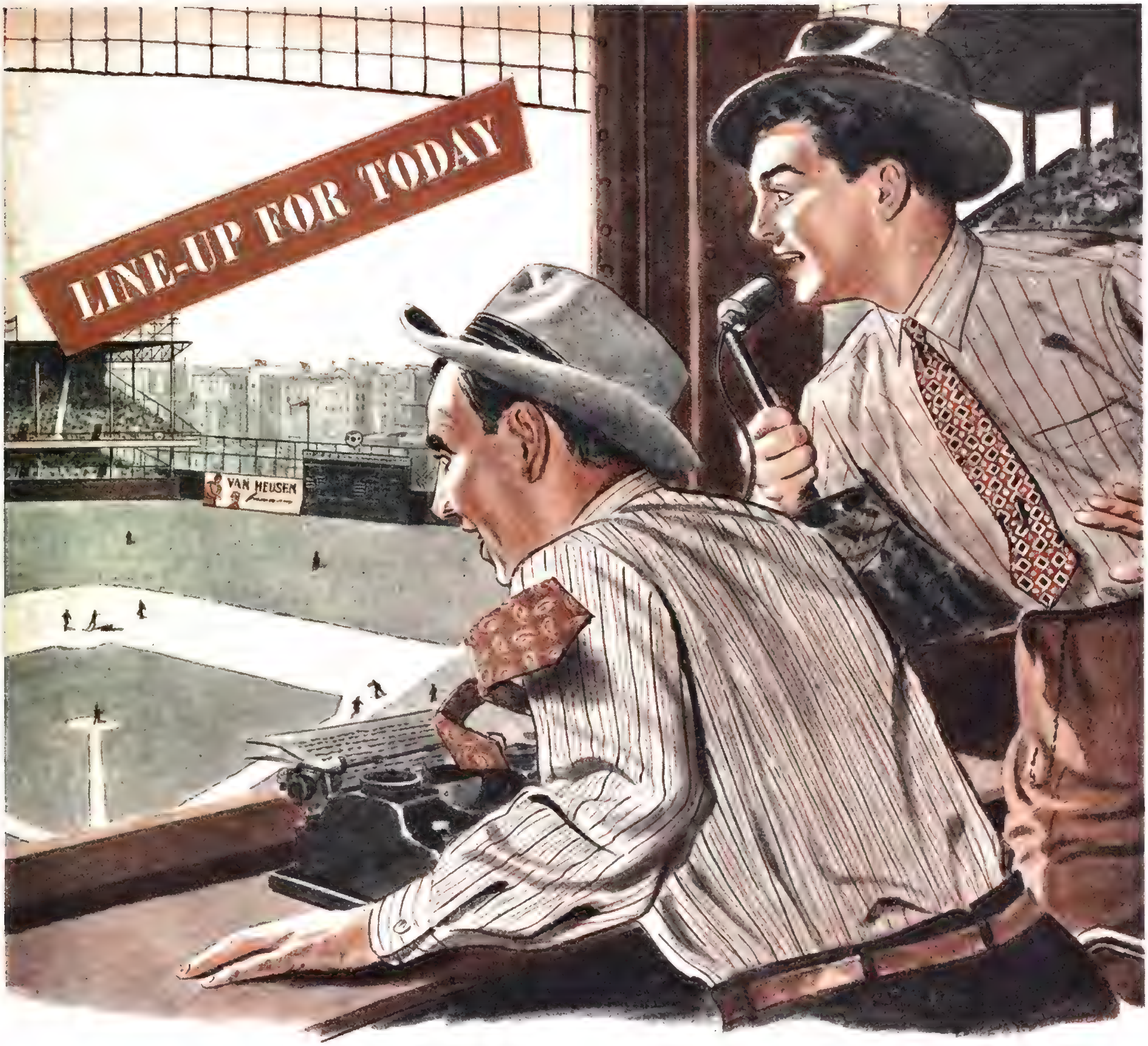
My life as an usher began, in a moment of weakness, on a Saturday afternoon. The house was called the Idle Hour but there was none for me. Promptly at one o'clock the neighborhood children came pouring in, laden down with bags of candy and baby brothers and sisters. In about fifteen minutes the lights were dimmed and the show began. Have you ever stood for four hours in the darkness with your hands at your sides and felt your body turn to lead, felt your blood pound through your temples until your brain becomes dark and bleary with fatigue? Such was the nightmare of my first day. It probably ended, but this horrible, numbing blackness is about all I remember of it. When I got home that night I threw myself into bed with my clothes on.

"God gave us light," I groaned, "and I walk in darkness!"

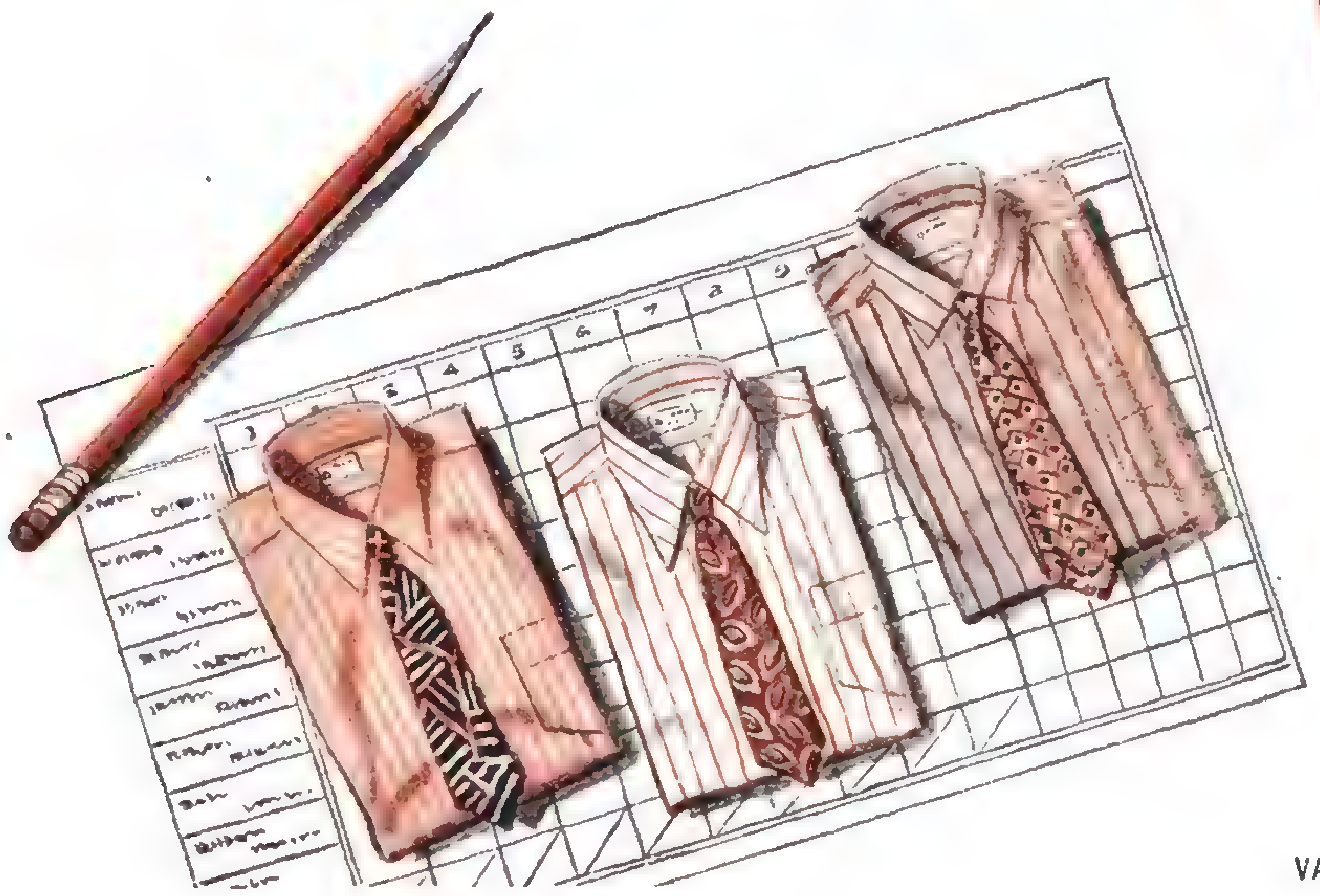
After the first few days, however, I discovered that your joints won't stiffen so rigidly if you keep walking. The more tours of inspection I made down the center aisle the better I felt. Besides, I was thus able to see the screen full view for a couple of minutes with a clear conscience, without getting goggle-eyed trying to watch the audience and picture at the same time. This wasn't a special pastime of mine. All the ushers used to do it. We would pick on any convenient excuse to start strolling, especially if we hadn't seen the picture yet. For this reason a strict rule is imposed by the manager: Keep your eyes off the picture! It was a rule we seldom honored. At least I didn't. Whenever a touching scene ap-

Continued on page 104





high scoring stripes by **Van Heusen**



You're a Big Leaguer in these colorful Spring stripes by Van Heusen . . . every one bats a thousand for good looks! • Van Heusen quality is in there pitching too! Fabrics and tailoring are laboratory tested . . . bathed, pulled, pounded, pressed, dried, even ultra-violet-rayed to prove they'll give you tops in wear, comfort and style. Sanforized—a new one free if a Van Heusen Shirt ever shrinks out of size! Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y.

VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

Love in the Last Row

Continued from page 102

peared on the screen, and the manager was out of sight, I'd lend myself to the mood of the moment and forget I was an usher, with surprising results.

One day the Idle Hour presented Edith Wharton's old favorite, *Age of Innocence*, with Irene Dunne and John Boles in the leading parts. It was a poignant romance of little old New York of the Eighties and it swept me along with its lyrical sadness. Crushed by the cruel and artificial respectability of the day, the lovers toward the end say farewell, forever, on the gangplank. The audience was bathed in tears. So were the ushers. I was a goner. The theatre vanished, the audience melted away. Reality lay on the screen in tender focus. My eyes were very moist.

Suddenly a lady tapped me on the arm. I started.

"Do you have any seats up front?"

I was about to lead her down the aisle when she smiled up at me and said, "That's all right, sonny. You just go on looking at the picture. But better wipe your face when it's over."

I went back to my post, my heart pounding wildly for all the human race. The world was a good place to live in, after all.

From that day on, I moved about in this little tinseled realm with a gentle pride. This was a real place, with real people. Standing behind the last row and watching them in the darkness, one could almost sense the inner warmth and drama of their lives, often more exciting than the picture. They were coming here to forget. They were coming here to see their own lives in pictures, to feel their own emotions released for a few blazing moments on the screen. I don't know how the other boys felt, but for me they became more than cash customers to be escorted down the aisle and disposed of in the darkness of a second-rate theatre.

"Now what was that, a hook or a slice?"

Perhaps, then, the reader will understand and forgive some of the sins I committed. The first was almost my finish. There was a side door in the theatre that had a defective latch. All the youngsters in the neighborhood seemed to know about it. Pacing up and down the aisle, I could often hear the faint creak of the door as the shadowy figures crawled on hands and knees to the front row. They would be sitting there like statues when I sauntered over, their eyes fixed hypnotically on the screen, their little bodies bent forward eagerly in their seats. Seats? These were not seats. These were the arms of Orpheus and the kids were floating Heavenward. It was a shame to disturb them but it had to be done.

The dialogue ran like this:

"Let's see your tickets, boys."

"Hah?"

"Let's see your tickets."

"Hah?"

"Come on, come on. Get 'em out. I can't wait all day."

Their faces would appear startled at this intrusion, their eyes popping with aggrieved innocence. Still they didn't move. After a few minutes, seeing that this act missed fire, they began a frantic search through all their pockets. This took several more minutes and was repeated several times for general effect.

Finally, one of them spoke. "Gee, we musta lost 'em. We can't find 'em."

I had to provoke myself into a snarl, which I hoped was just as good an act as they had put on. "Come on, get going then. You'll have to get out."

But they weren't through. They would look up, with that beaten-dog expression in their eyes. "Honest, we lost 'em," the spokesman pleaded. "My mudder gave me and my brudder thirty cents for the movies. Didn't she, Joe?" he added, turning to him.

"Sure, sure, thirty cents she give us," the other nodded fervently.

Only a monster or possibly a bus driver could have persisted in the face of such a melting attack.

"You know you can't stay here if you don't find your tickets," I said. "I'll be back in a few minutes. If you haven't got 'em, out you go."

This was my parting shot, a shamefaced retreat in a half-hearted battle. Then came the breakdown.

"Aw, please leave us stay. We

Continued on page 106

FINE CHAMPAGNE
V.S.E.P.
E. RÉMY MARTIN & Cie
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
E. Rémy Martin & Co
COGNAC
RÉMY MARTIN

Sipped with delight

by seven generations

RÉMY MARTIN

COGNAC

Made in the heart of the
French Cognac district
since 1724

80 PROOF • JOSEPH H. REINFELD, INC. • NEWARK, N. J.

NO MATTER HOW YOU TWIST OR TURN

STYLE-MART Clothes

They Do Something for You

*Neck Zone Stays Put

* NECK ZONE . . . wonderful tailoring feature that prevents unsightly twisting and wrinkling across shoulders . . . insures smooth, trim fit—perfect hang . . . EXCLUSIVE with STYLE-MART clothes.

©1946, MERIT CLOTHING COMPANY, INC. . . . MAYFIELD, KENTUCKY
NEW YORK OFFICE • 200 FIFTH AVENUE

ALLIGATOR Galecloth Coats

Conquer the WIND and WET weather

Here's your all-purpose, all-weather, all-year coat... Galecloth, by Alligator! If the wind blows a cold gale, the tightly woven Galecloth resists it! If it rains, sleets or snows—the exclusive water repellent process keeps you dry! If it turns suddenly warm, the extreme light weight is a welcome feature.

Whatever your choice... there's an Alligator for you!

Alligator's famous rainwear includes both waterproof and water repellent coats in a variety of styles and a wide range of popular prices. See your dealer today. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR Rainwear

because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Love in the Last Row

Continued from page 104

ain't got no money. Here, we'll give you some Indian nuts. Take some, they're good Indian nuts."

With that he dumped the greater part of his brown crackling treasure into my hand. I am sure he felt this was an honorable payment and I refused to cheapen it or dishonor his warm, simple gesture of gratitude. Besides, I liked Indian nuts. As I walked away, I knew that I would win a great and constant following of ticketless admirers. I did. All year the kids enjoyed Hollywood's finest productions without embarrassment to themselves or to Hollywood. I had a cracking good time too, so it was worth it. It strikes me now that if I have made any contribution to the public enjoyment of the theatre, this is it.

Someday, perhaps, I will run for Congress in that neighborhood.

No treatise on ushering could be complete without mention of the different types one meets in the movies. The first are the escapists. They are the men who have no place to go when their wives' relatives drop in. They come out of true need, for the theatre is to them a haven and a shelter—and outside of the subway it is the softest and quietest place to sleep.

The second is the kind that comes because there is nothing so delicious in life as a vicarious taste of it. These are the people who carry on about movie stars for hours at a time and at the drop of a hat. The sight of Lana Turner nestled in Van Johnson's arms is to them the essence of pure joy. The infection is in their blood and weaves mystic strands around their libidos. This type sits straight through a double feature twice.

The third is the type of pest who squeezes into your row with uncanny timing, just at the climax of a picture, and then discovers there's no seat.

The fourth is the kind that comes only to talk about Mamie's new boy friend or how the picture is going to end. Occasionally they have already seen it, and then you and everyone for seats around get a play-by-play forecast.

Life undoubtedly has been hard on these people so we should forgive them. There is no one in the world who hasn't suffered on account of them but they are jewels as compared to type number five.

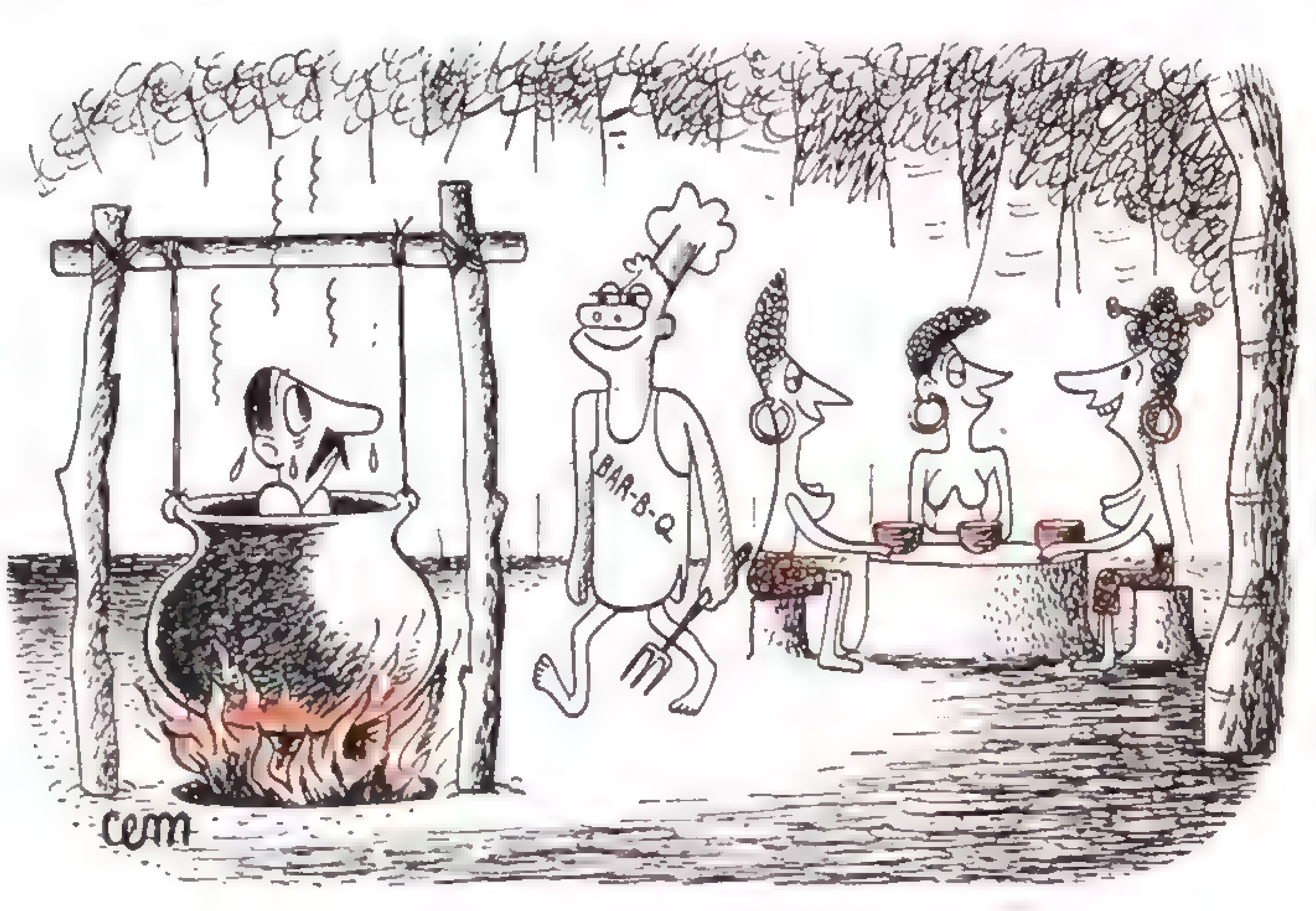
This is the peanut cracker, a particularly vicious species. If, by ill fortune, he finds a seat behind you, not only are you blessed with a scrunchy crackle in your ears for several hours, but you have to live through the haunting and maddening odor that is wafted abroad when peanuts are being well chewed. Being an usher at such a time involves tremendous diplomacy and policemanship.

Ushers are the most saving people alive. In a public place there is always a sense of novelty, of awaiting the unexpected to happen. The faint air of impending trouble or promised pleasure is vibrant and tangy. Not only did I have to save myself a hundred times from sensitive swains who thought their girls were admiring my uniform too openly, but I had to be a combination Cyrano and Saint Patrick as well. My experience ranged from finding jewels to minding baby carriages.

I've had to dampen the flames of affection in the last row and act as ubiquitous overseer and catalyzing agent to separated lovers in other rows. I've seen one lonely soul come in and two depart. I've seen two come in and one depart, hurriedly. This was beyond my province, though. What sometimes goes on in the last row, obviously, is something to be felt rather than discussed.

Very often young girls strolled about the lobby, waiting for their boy friends or waiting to be spoken to. I rarely knew which. The lingering softness of a passing glance seemed to do things to them. I was guilty myself on occasion. It was refreshing to take your eyes off the screen and gaze at real girls for a while. Judg-

Continued on page 108



"Believe me—I tried everywhere to get ham"

Don Budge

Alice Marble

Bobby Riggs

Got a game for Saturday?

You probably have. But wouldn't you get the thrill of your life if you could date the "big three" in modern tennis—Alice Marble, Bobby Riggs and Don Budge—for Saturday afternoon? You'd be sure to pick up valuable pointers on the game. And you'd notice that Marble, Riggs and Budge all use Wilson "Strata-Bow" rackets. As a matter of fact they have used Wilson equipment exclusively ever since they reached "big time" tennis. And that's a good tip for you. Play *Wilson* and play a better game. Only Wilson rackets have the modern "Strata-Bow" frame.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.
(A Wilson & Co., Inc., subsidiary)

Wilson

The Wilson *Championship* Tennis Ball has more important tournament adoptions than any other ball. Used exclusively by Budge and Riggs on their World's Championship Professional Tour.

CHAMPIONSHIP
Wilson
APP. U.S.L.T.A.
100% WOOL

Players mentioned are retained on the Wilson Advisory Staff.

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

look SHARP feel SHARP be SHARP

use Gillette

5 for 25¢

Blue Blades

with the SHARPEST edges ever honed!

You look SHARP because you get the best-looking shaves any man ever had!

You feel SHARP because Gillette Blue Blades give you the quickest, most refreshing shaves of your life!

You are SHARP when you buy Gillette Blue Blades with the SHARPEST edges ever honed, because you get more shaves per blade and save money!

Copyright, 1946, by Gillette Safety Razor Company

GILLETTE'S CAVALCADE OF SPORTS presents
the major boxing event of the week every Friday night over
American Broadcasting Company stations coast to coast
Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston 6, Mass.

Love in the Last Row

Continued from page 106

ing from some of the reactions, the feminine heart is a lone and hungry wanderer. I would have to fall back hastily on my dignity and put personal thoughts of the last row out of my mind. After all, maybe it was the uniform with the brass buttons.

It is highly possible to make friends in the dark. I got to know many of the regulars and could pass the time of day with them. I became fond of two or three elderly patrons whose indescribable loneliness sent them to the movies at odd hours of the day. I found sympathy for the harassed young couples who brought small children for lack of a place to park them, and then had to leave about the time the show got interesting. And for the denizens of the last row, tremulously clutching each other's hands in the manufactured dusk, surreptitiously letting a fluffy head slide over toward a brawny shoulder, I conceived the tender affection that all the world feels for lovers.

I sometimes wondered what they all thought of me. I hoped it was not just that impatient conception of a robot with a flashlight. I wanted them to like me and I wanted to make them happy. You will find that almost all other movie ushers have the same longing to be liked, even when they keep saying, "No more seats."

When I had the balcony I'd sit down on the stairs sometimes (where the manager couldn't see me) and chat with the customers a while. It was awful ushering but it was good warmth for a naked soul.

"Don't you ever get tired of seeing the same picture over and over again?" the girl would invariably ask.

"Yes, we do," I'd reply without turning my glance from the screen, "but a fellow has to live."

This was an innocuous remark, not exactly meant to do anything. But it led to things. It generally kindled a spark of sympathy for an usher's lot and in a few minutes, after mutual expressions of solace, we both felt better. To be natural and warm, to be friendly and informal with most people, especially in the theatre, is to make them react similarly. But the rules of the management say nay. Ushers, according to the management, are not to get friendly with patrons. But I did and it paid many wonderful dividends in human companionship.

You might think of this the next time you head down the aisle. ##

Sportsmen's Miscellany

Fishing, we are informed by Ed Reynolds, a statistically-minded sportsman and booster for the Fishing and Hunting Club of the Air, is the number-one sport in America in terms of money spent on it. In normal years American anglers lay out about a billion-and-a-quarter dollars annually on their avocation. This figure may be compared with two-thirds of a billion spent on hunting, a half-billion on golf, and somewhat less than that on bowling. Revenue from all spectator sports combined hits only a relatively anemic quarter-billion dollars. This year an anticipated two-and-a-half to three billion dollars will be spent on hunting and fishing combined, which should give numbers-happy sports fans something to ponder on while they are waiting for the trout to run.

It has been said that a good lot of fishing's appeal traces to the fact that you don't need athletic talent to catch fish. Pot-bellied anglers, septuagenarians, and little kids with bamboo poles and grocery string are full-fledged members of the fishing fraternity. All it takes to join is strength sufficient to haul in a sunfish, the patience to cajole something into biting, a turn of mind which makes the above pleasurable.

Actually, of course, big-league fishing has deeper thrills which keep an edge on the angler's appetite however complete his experience. Many a fish has been nailed in a battle of wits in which the victim more than held his own until he was outthought and outfought by his human opponent. Consider the case of the fabulous jewfish of Casparilla Pass.

This three-hundred-pound giant was blessed with a superb sense of strategy. His favorite haunt was under a railroad trestle; his favorite trick was grabbing the fisherman's bait, taking a few fast turns around a piling, snarling the line and finally eating the bait at leisure. This went on for quite a while, until a hook was finally baited with a big crab. Friend fish bit and was horsed out of the water before he knew what was happening. When they brought him up he wore a veritable mustache of hooks.

Fishing rule-makers are also responsible for keeping the sport the tantalizing occupation it is. Thus, whenever fish get too thick, the r.m.'s have a habit of shooing anglers away rather than letting them glut their appetites without a fair struggle.

In Lake Pymatuning in Pennsylvania, the fish are so thick that ducks actually walk on their backs! The walking routine takes place when visitors feed the fish, which crowd so thickly that they pile up on one another. Then along come the ducks, waddling blithely along on a highway of fish to get their share of the food. But you can't drop a line in among the feeding fish. If you want your sport, you have to cast somewhere else in the lake.

Full-Color World

in full-color pictures...with your miniature camera

Kodachrome Film

for prints and projection

Kodak
DAYLIGHT
KODACHROME
DAYLIGHT
KODACHROME
SAFETY COLOR FILM IN MAGAZINE FOR 35mm KODAKS, CONTAX, LEICA AND SIMILAR CAMERAS
K135
18

THIS IS *ADVENTURE*—exploring the world of color with a miniature camera and Kodachrome Film.

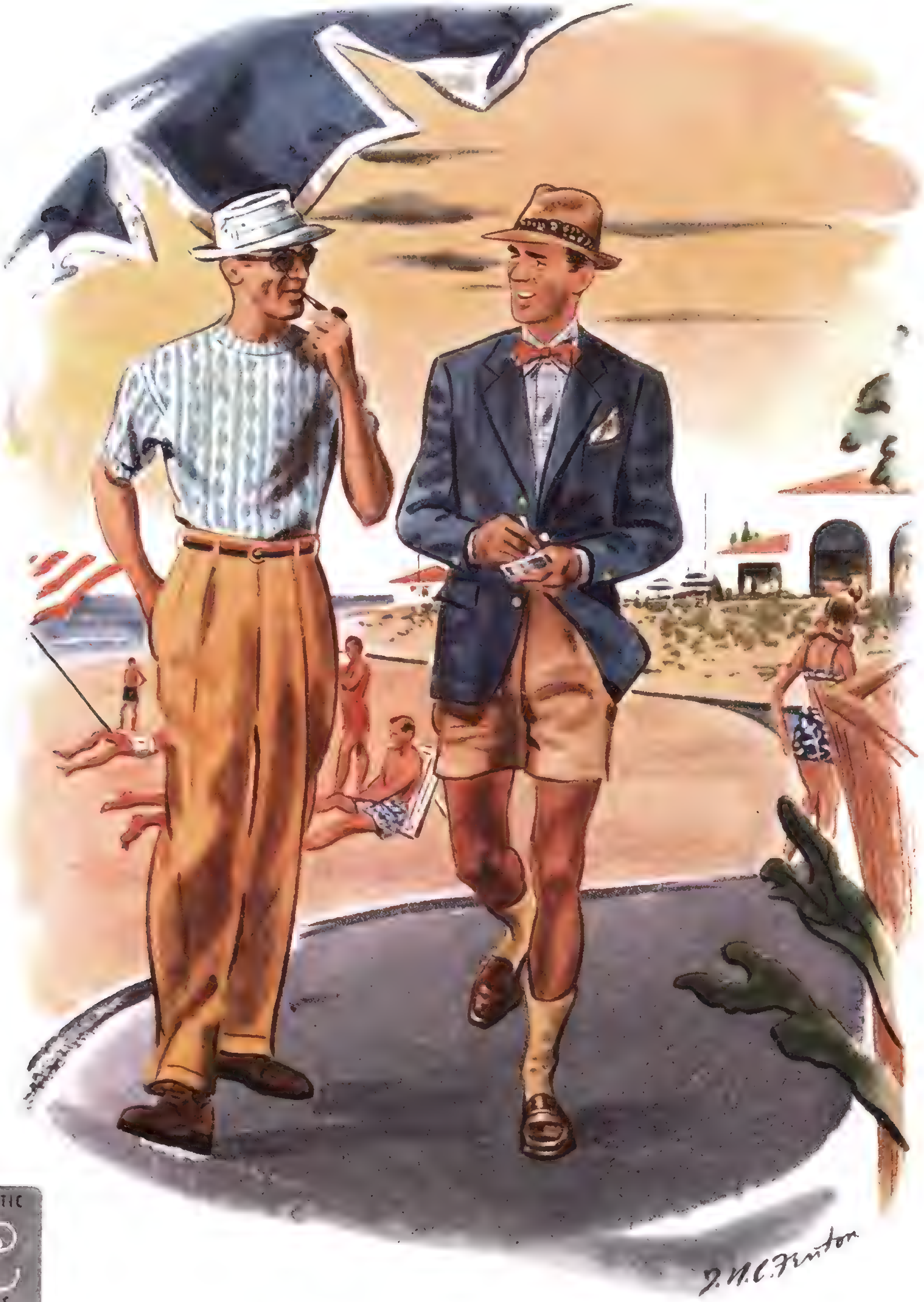
You discover anew the excitement of photography, find in your pictures the reality and beauty which only color gives. A pretty girl . . . exciting sports . . . the rolling sea . . . these *live* when your camera is loaded with Kodachrome.

You're finding something fresh in pictures. Opening the door on a new life in photography.

You can project your Kodachrome transparencies in your own living room. You can also take them to your Kodak dealer and order full-color Kodachrome Prints (formerly called Minicolor), which range from the size shown above to as large as 11 x 14—and now cost less than ever.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak



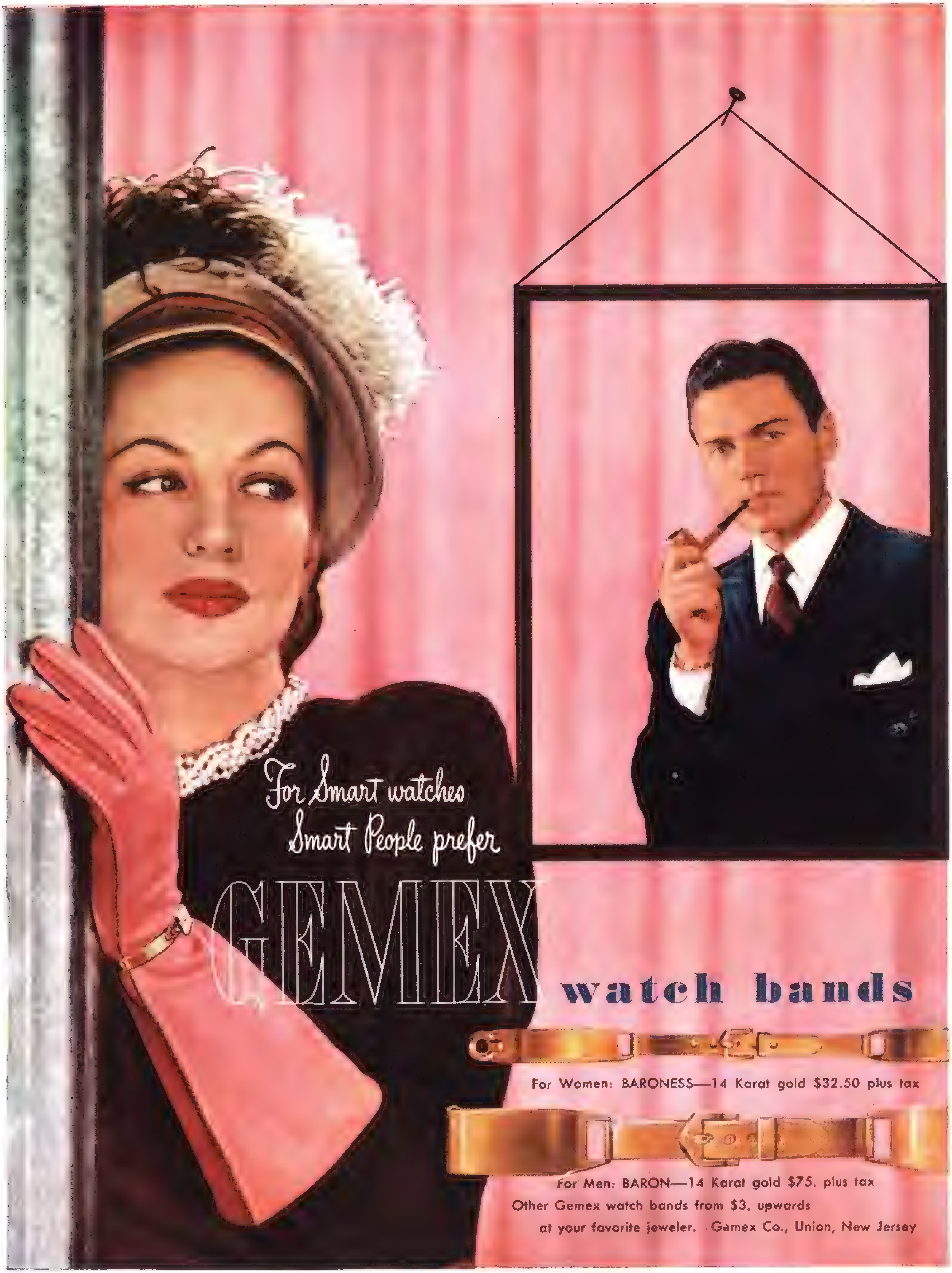
AUTHENTIC
Esquire
FASHIONS

TROPICS AT HOME

Drawing by J. Fenton

Many of the ex-military refuse to give up the cool, shall we say, "informality" of uniforms worn on island outposts during the war. Back on home seashores, this pair have mixed their own and arrived at style with no sacrifice of comfort. The fellow in the yellow wool anklets solves the problem of warm-weather reconversion by wearing his tan cotton shorts with a blue blazer and plaid cotton shirt, plus a red foulard bow tie. His hat, which might be an Hawaiian souvenir, is made of coarse-weave fibre with a narrow lei. The pipe smoker strolls along in a blue and white cable-stitched cotton pull-over and yellow rayon gabardine slacks. His white pork-pie hat is wool felt (surprise!) and his reverse calf shoes have wedge soles. Definitely not G.I.

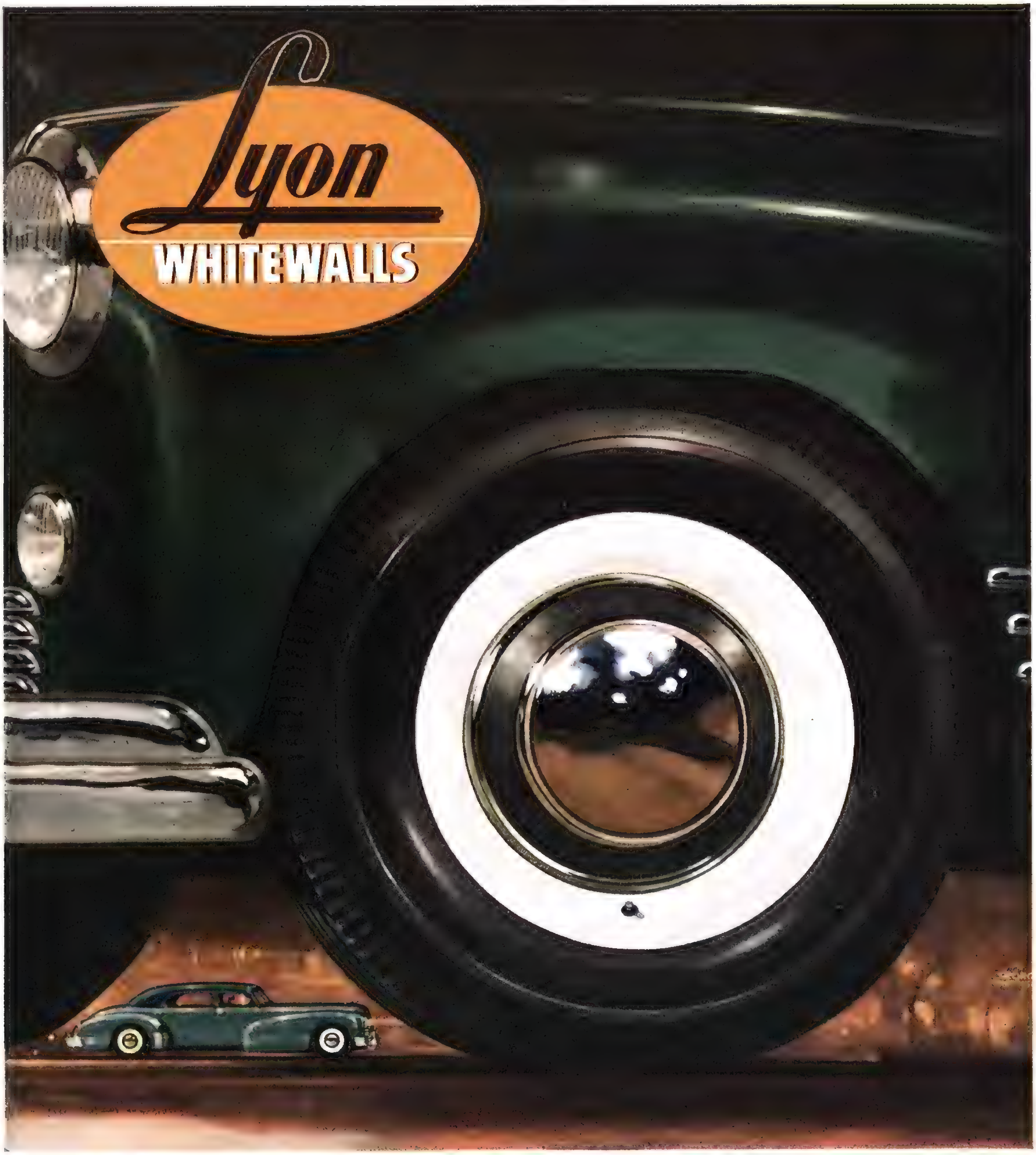
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)


For Smart watches
Smart People prefer
GEMEX
watch bands

For Women: BARONESS—14 Karat gold $32.50 plus tax

For Men: BARON—14 Karat gold $75. plus tax

Other Gemex watch bands from $3. upwards
at your favorite jeweler. Gemex Co., Union, New Jersey



PRICES: $6.95 AND UP PER SET OF FOUR

★ *added beauty and distinction*
for even the most distinguished cars!

NOW AVAILABLE AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE ★ LYON INCORPORATED [illegible] WEST CHICAGO [illegible] DETROIT [illegible]

The Rooster Bet

Cockfight gamblers have a code of ethics beyond ordinary ken

by **EDWARD JEROME VOGELER**

THE argument seemed to be getting hot rapidly and it ended abruptly with one man on the floor and the other inviting him to get up and say that again. I knew the man who was standing and later I asked him why he threw the haymaker.

"Because," he said, and he was steaming again at the recollection, "nobody is going to call me a *businessman* and get away with it."

Now it may seem strange that a man should flatten another man simply for being called a "businessman." But these two were not ordinary men. They were gamblers, and to them it was as great an insult to be called "businessmen" as it would be to the average businessman to be called a gambler. In their language, a businessman meant a heel who would "do business"—in other words "sell out." I have met gamblers whose code of ethics might seem upside down to businessmen but who positively would not "sell out" at any price.

The fracas reminded me of a businessman I once met who was no gambler. This businessman was, and still is, very important. His annual business volume runs into millions, yet there are few things he likes to brag about more than a stroke of fortune he once had which netted him a few hundred dollars.

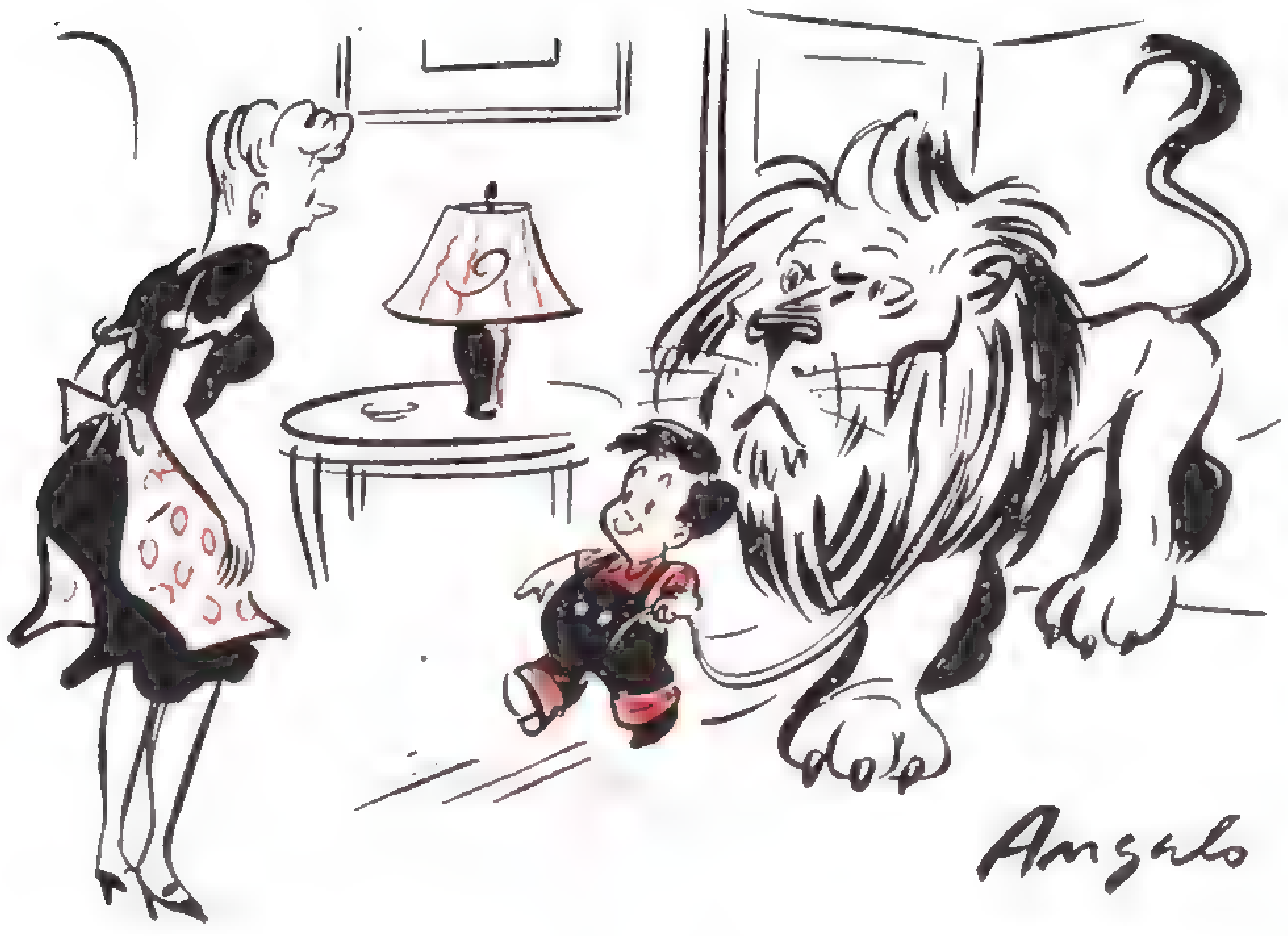
It seems that he was in South America attending his first cockfight. Everybody around him was speaking Spanish—of which he understood not a word. Our Southern neighbors are feverish cockfight fans. Bets, challenges, jokes, insults, greetings, cheers and jeers flew across the pit thick and fast and our wealthy tourist was having the time of his life. Finally, his eye came to rest upon one particularly red-hot fan who appeared to be addressing a voluble flow of the baffling dialect directly at him. Our big man was accustomed to being saluted by people he didn't know, so he responded automatically with a gracious wave and friendly smile. The South American waved and smiled back.

A few minutes later, two gamecocks were brought into the pit and soon began to murder each other according to the rules. This bored the rich visitor. He found no entertainment in a chicken fight. But when the match was ended the South American, with whom he had exchanged such pleasant smiles and salutes, came to him, poured forth another flow of incomprehensible Spanish and dumped into his lap a size seven-and-a-half hatful of money.

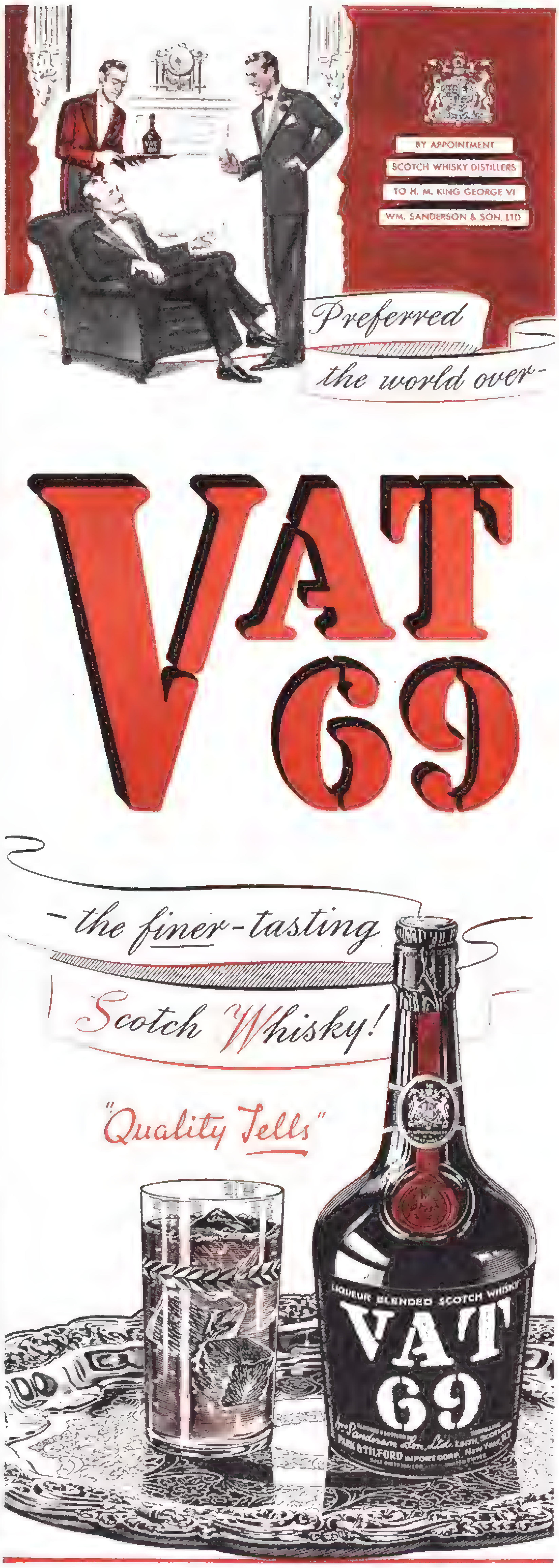
This is the climax of his story, and here my important businessman friend usually pauses for audience reaction.

"When I waved and smiled at him," he then explains, "the South American thought I was accepting some sort of a bet. So, even though I have never been guilty of wagering a penny in my life, I walked away from that cockfight about 500 dollars winner. At the rate of exchange it must have been a small fortune in South America."

His hearers are not so foolish as to suppose that he ever would have acknowledged any bet if the wrong cock had won. They are agreed that he would have declared his ignorance of the language and called on the United States Minister and the Marine Corps to defend him if necessary. He was no gambler. But he was a businessman! #



"Junior, you've been at the circus again!"



BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD

Preferred the world over-

VAT 69

-the finer-tasting Scotch Whisky!

"Quality Tells"

LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd. Leith, Scotland
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. New York, N.Y.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

They Jump for Joy
when I bait them with P.S.

PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

Maids, real or imaginary--lure 'em and land 'em every time with Puritan Sportswear. No smoother line anywhere! For instance, you're really fishing for compliments in this finely-made Hounds-Tooth Sport Shirt of Deering Milliken fabric and this lightweight, firmly-knit woolen V-neck sweater. Just two of many in the bright Puritan family. Designs, colors, styles to suit every distinctive taste in real "casual" fashion! *"Tailored To Please In the Men's Wear Manner."* At better stores everywhere.

Sweaters · Sport Shirts · Weatherproof Jackets · Beachwear

The PURITAN KNITTING MILLS Inc. • Plant: Altoona, Pa. • Showrooms: Empire State Bldg., N.Y. 1

Saturday Night

It started with a fight, but in the end things worked out fine

by **ROBERT SWITZER**

It started in the saloon over nothing, and the Finn, so clean from his steam bath that he stank, stepped close to Thompson and said it would be better if they went outside. So he and Ryan, who was with him, and the Finn and his friends and just about everybody else in the place went out of the saloon, across the street, through a hole in a high board fence into what was once a lumberyard, where it was too dark to see clearly or hit squarely, and the fight began like all other fights—a sudden lunge and then awkward, powerful blows.

The ground was slippery from rain but neither of them went down and when he noticed that the Finn was slipping more than he was, Thompson knew he was going to win. The Finn realized it, too, and rushed him, wrapping an arm around his neck and hooking a thumb at his eye. But his aim was bad and the flat, heavy nail merely ripped across his eyebrow and dumped blood down into his eye. Thompson plunged his knee into the Finn's groin, slashed the edge of his hand across his Adam's apple and hit him twice on the jaw. Kitten-weak, sick, choking, the Finn fell to his hands and knees, head hanging between his arms. Thompson dropped back a half step and drove his boot into the Finn's face. The heavy boot hit his mouth with a terrible splatting sound and the Finn reared to his knees, his mouth a messy wound, and then he fell over backwards, legs buckled beneath him. Thompson jumped forward to kick again but Ryan leaped and threw his arms around him and it was not until he felt Ryan's steady arms that he began to tremble.

"Take it easy," Ryan said. "Maybe he's dead already."

But the Finn's friends looked him over, decided he was not dead, and carried him away. The spectators followed silently.

"Well," Ryan said, "that takes care of that. Come on and wash up. You look like hell."

Thompson stood there, blood all over his face, shoulders drooped a little, fists still clenched.

"Come on," Ryan said quietly.

"I tried to kill him, Mike. That's not so good."

"You didn't try to kill him. You just tried to lick him."

"No." Thompson wished he would stop shaking; it was awful to feel so weak.

"Come on," Ryan said. "Do you want to stand here all night?"

They went across the street and into the saloon. From the way the men at the bar stopped talking when he came in, Thompson knew they had been going over the fight and he wondered what they had been saying. One of the bartenders tossed him a roll of adhesive tape and they went on back to the washroom. He washed his hands and face and Ryan applied the tape to his eyebrow.

He stood still for a moment, reading what was penciled on the brown wall. He wondered how many times he had seen that verse.

"It's a great hospital," Thompson said. "I hope they find something better for the Finn."

"They won't," Ryan said.

There was the same silence as they came out of the washroom and walked to the street.

"How about a cup of coffee?" Thompson said.

"Sure."

It was not much of a town, Thompson thought, but if you had been in the woods for a month the town was big enough and its lights bright enough. You neither asked nor expected much and what you got was the same thing over and over—a drunk, a woman, and a hangover in that order.

"How's this?" Ryan asked.

Thompson looked in the place with its white walls and linoleum counter and hamburgers spitting on the grill. He felt sick.

"I don't want any coffee," he said.

Ryan laughed. "Well, it was your idea."

They went on down the street and turned into a bar. It was packed. Miners in from the west of town, loggers down from the north, all of them in town because it was Saturday night and on Saturday night it was absolutely necessary to do what they were doing. Simple, raw men in search of simple, raw pleasures. Thompson had read that somewhere. Only, he thought, they are not all simple and they do not all think that what they are doing is the only thing in the world to do, and the poor bastards wish they could do something else.

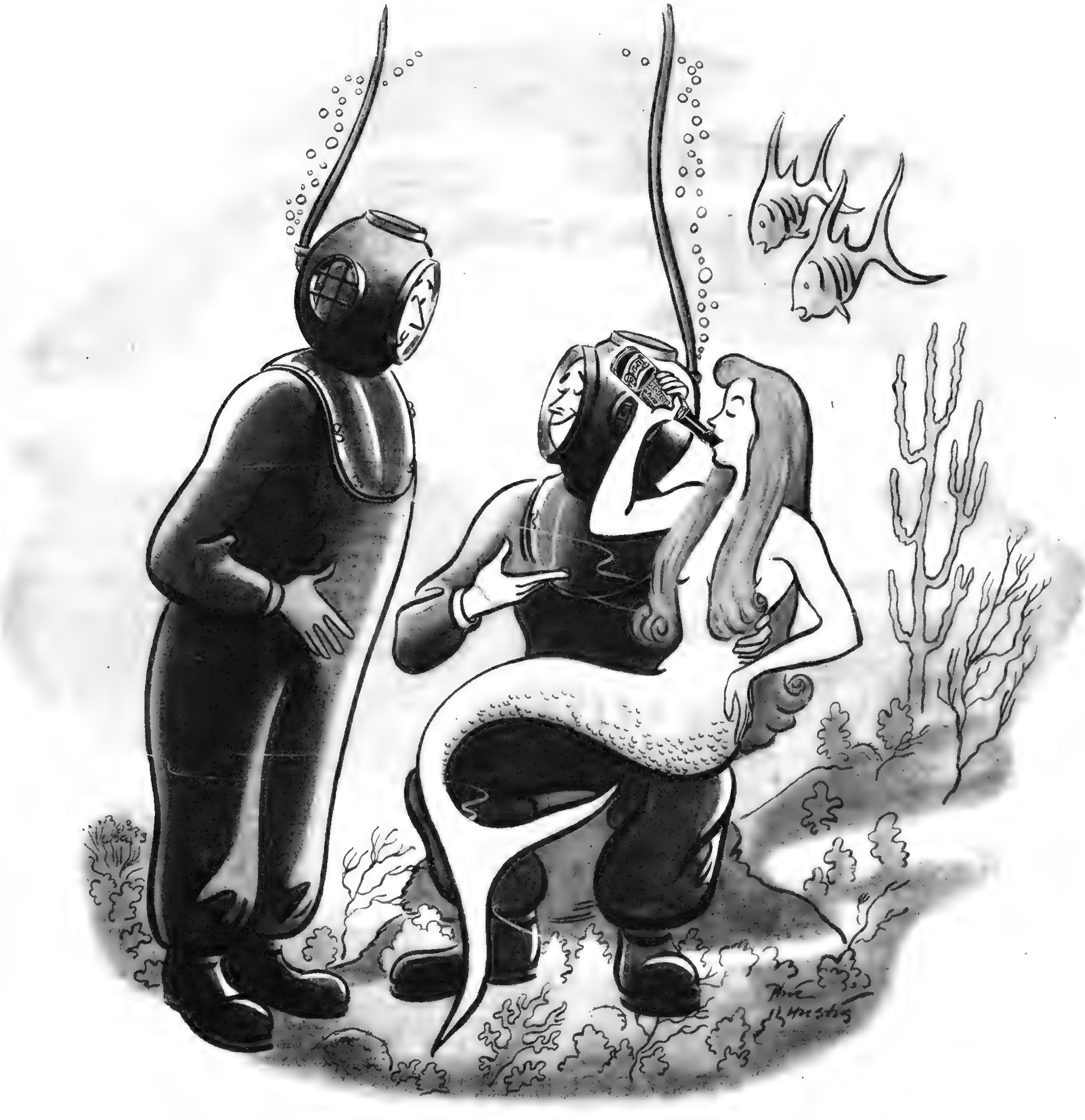
A little Polish miner and his woman left the bar and went out, she bracing him with her hand on his elbow. Thompson and Ryan moved up to the bar. Ryan ordered whiskey and when it came Thompson picked up his shot glass, and noticing the ring left on the bar, put the glass down and moved it around until the ring was a solid pool. His jaws ached and he knew he had been biting on nothing. He drank the whiskey.

"Two more here," Ryan said. "I wonder where May is?"

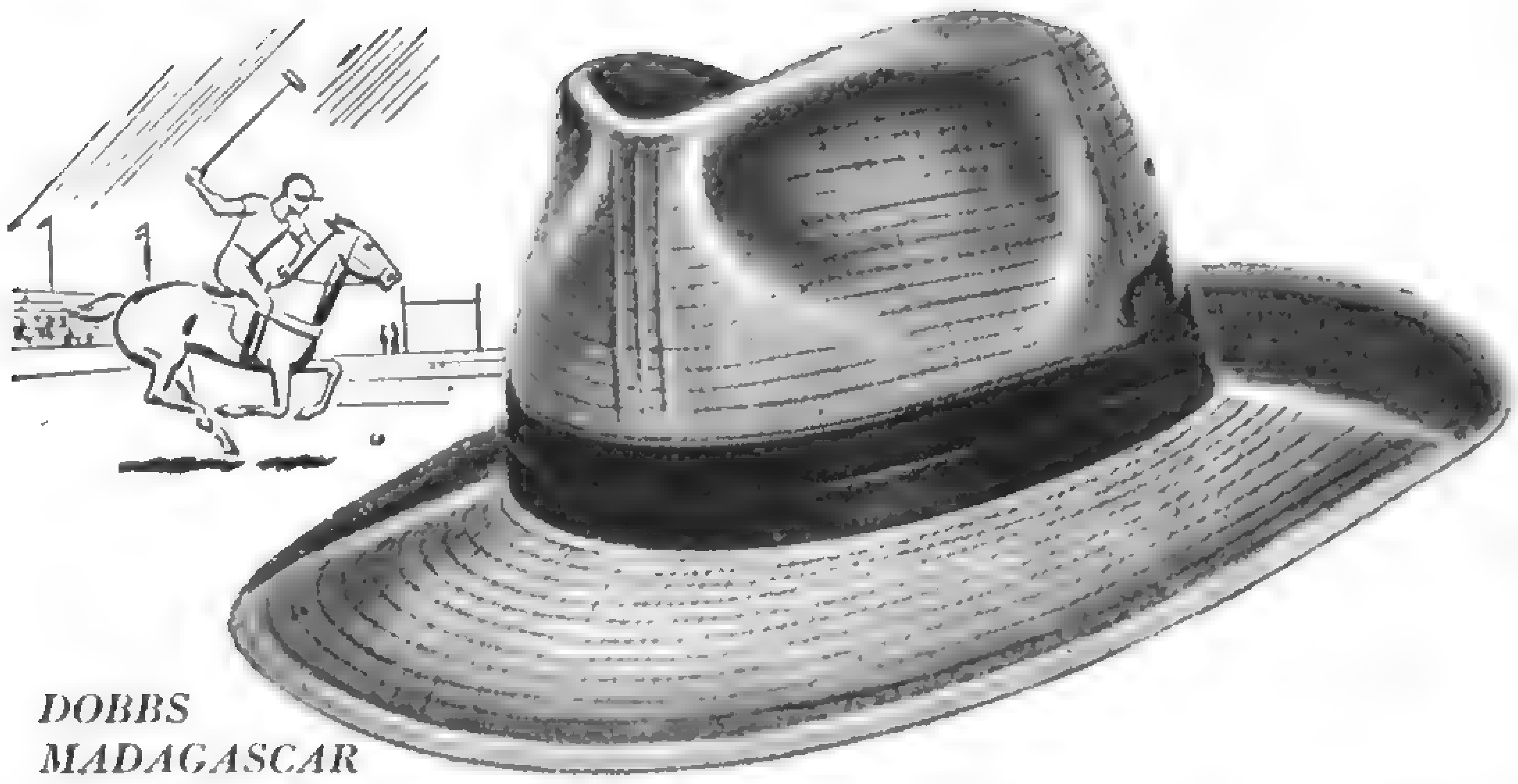
"I don't know," Thompson said.

Continued on page 116

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"You find the Pepsi crowd everywhere!"

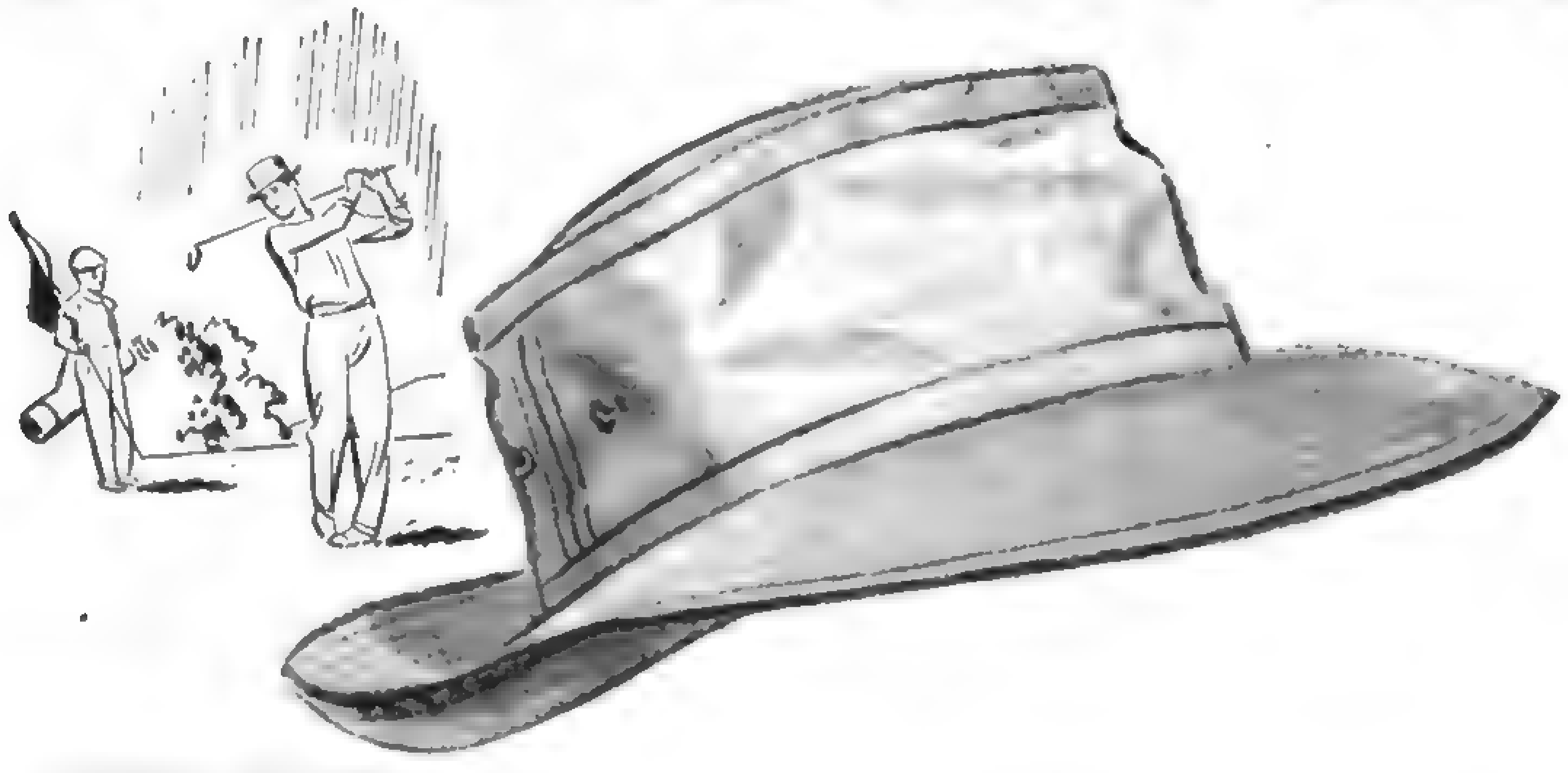


DOBBS MADAGASCAR
A great Dobbs straw as pliable as felt; open-weave for comfort. $5 & $6.50.

DOBBS

DOBBS YACHTSMAN
Soft, rakish crown styled with Dobbs distinction. $12.50.

IS FAMOUS FOR



DOBBS ROAMER
A light pork-pie in fine-textured Dobbs poplin. $3.50; in Byrd Cloth $5.00.

"LEISURE" HATS

Only Dobbs has the experience and skill to make "leisure" hats that achieve studied jauntiness . . . yet have all the quality and tailoring of more formal styles. Be your casual best in one of the new Dobbs shown above!

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES

New York's Leading Hatters *Park at 53d, New York 22*

Saturday Night

Continued from page 114

"but I know she'll be around."

"She's all right."

"Yes."

"When did you see her last?"

"About a month ago."

Ryan grinned. "It'll be a big night."

"Yes."

"Now, look," Ryan said. "You've been in fights before and you'll be in them again so come out of it. It was just another one."

"Except that I tried to kick his head in."

"What about it?"

"I never did that before."

"You got mad and kicked him in the teeth. So what?"

Thompson drank his whiskey. His heavy, black brows came down at the bite of the stuff and he felt the adhesive tape pull.

"All right," he said. "There was nothing to it."

But there was something to it. He had picked the fight and he had not been drunk, either. He had looked at the Finn's red, square face and had wanted to hit it. That was all. It could be easily explained by saying it was natural for men to fight, that man is an animal and therefore savage. But that only held good if you believed it. If you did not believe it, if contrary to almost everything you saw you still insisted that man was more than an animal, then you looked for another answer and you found one in the fact that in every fight somebody was fighting in defense of something—himself or a woman or even a dog or something else which might be indefinable. But whatever it was for which he was fighting you could call it self-defense, and whoever had started the fight had done it through meanness. And that was what he did not like. Now he had found the mean streak in himself.

"Yes," he said to the bartender. "Two more."

"Make it three," said a voice.

He turned, knowing it was May. She was blonde, of course, and blue-eyed; big but beautifully proportioned. She was smiling. Her teeth were a little yellow.

"Hello, May," he said.

"How do you like that, Mike?" she asked. "I haven't seen him for a month and all he says is hello."

Ryan moved away from the crowded bar to make room for her.

"I don't know what's the matter with him. He's been acting nuts all night. You figure it out. I'll see you later."

"Where are you going?"

"Out and around."

May laughed.

"All right," Thompson said. "I'll see you later."

May put a finger to the tape on his eyebrow.

"Who did that, honey?"

"Some Finn."

"Oh, honey, you should know better."

"No, it wasn't a knife. Just a thumbnail."

"I'll bet he's sorry he did it."

"I guess he is," Thompson said.

"Because nobody can lick my Tommy."

"No, of course not."

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"You're acting funny. Mike said so, too."

"Yes, I know he did."

"Are you mad at Mike?"

"No."

"Are you mad at me?"

"No, I'm not mad at you."

"You shouldn't be."

"I'm not."

"Then why did you say hello the way you did? You would think you didn't want to see me."

He closed his eyes for a moment because he felt the anger coming up in him. It was infuriating to be questioned when you were not even sure you knew the answer.

"I am not mad at anybody," he said carefully, "and I am very glad to see you. You look wonderful." He knew he sounded foolish but she came close against him and he felt the pressure of her thigh.

"That's more like it, honey," she said softly

"Yes," he said. "That's much better—let's sit down."

They threaded their way to a table. A waiter came over and said, "Hello, May."

"Hello, Jack. A quart of beer."

"Beer is all right," Thompson said.

Suddenly Thompson was dreadfully tired, and he knew that if he went to bed and slept for twenty-four hours he would still be tired. Because he was tired of drinking for the sake of getting drunk; and he was tired of rotten hotels with their dim halls and blurry women; and he was tired of things that smelled bad; and of fighting and now of not fighting; and of being in the woods and wishing he was in town and being in town and wishing he was in the woods; and he was tired most of all of being alone; and on these things sleep had no effect.

May spoke to him twice before he heard her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "What did you say?"

"Aw, honey, be yourself."

"Yes, but what did you say?"

She leaned over and rubbed her chin on his shoulder.

"I said I missed you, honey."

His lip hurt when he had to smile at that.

"You big Swede," he said. "Don't try to act cute."

She laughed, slid her hand under his arm and caressed his bicep. "You love it. You know you do."

"Yes," he said. "I'm crazy about it."

She tightened her grip on his arm. Her hair looked soft in the dim light. Her lips were close to his and they were soft, too. Softness.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

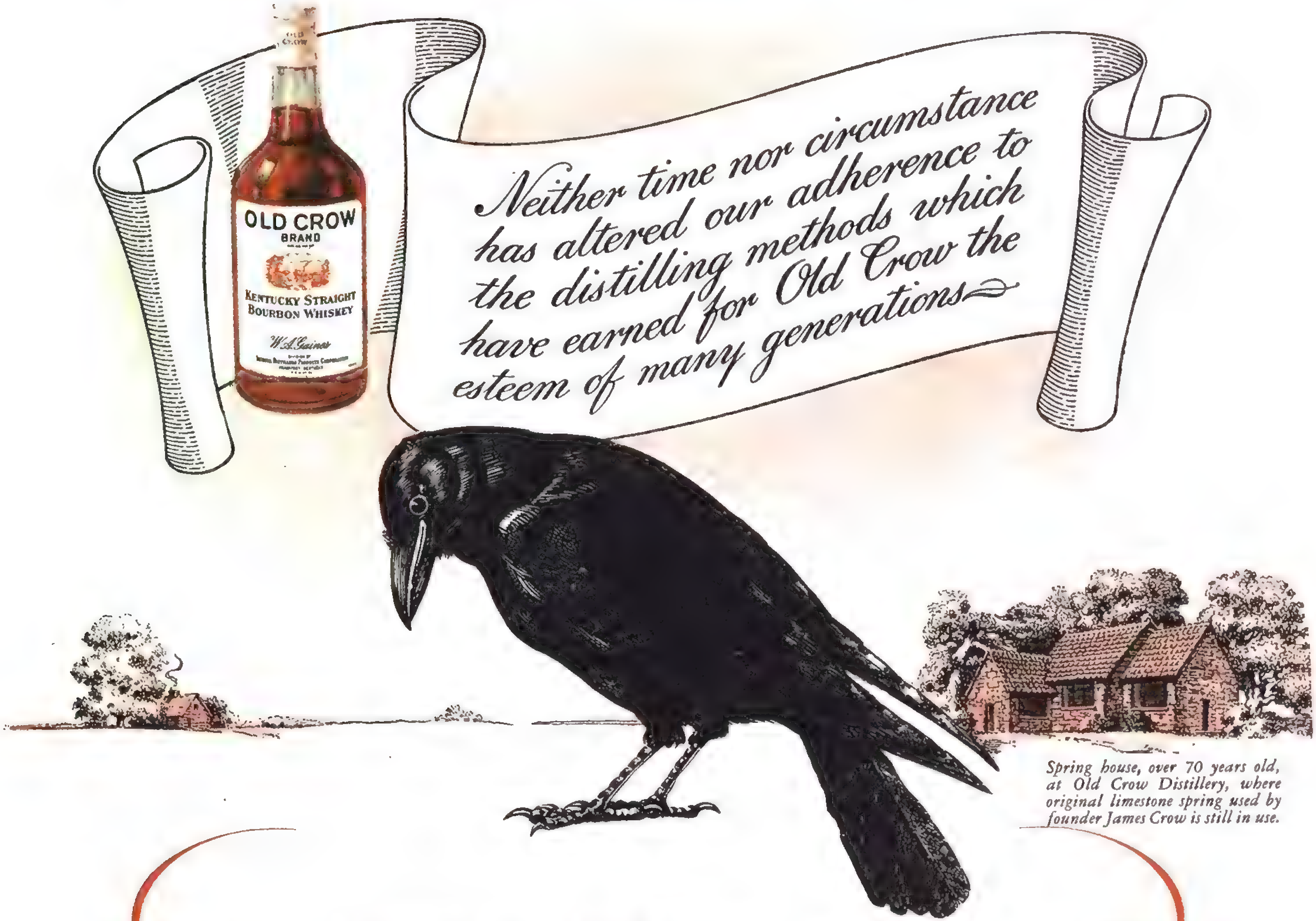
"We have beer coming."

"Never mind the beer."

She laughed again. "All right, honey." ###

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES


Neither time nor circumstance has altered our adherence to the distilling methods which have earned for Old Crow the esteem of many generations
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
W.A.Gaines

Spring house, over 70 years old, at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still in use.

Those in the know... ask for

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight

BOTTLED · IN · BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

PM &CO
VENI VIDI VICI
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
MARLBORO CIGARETTES

Plain Ends
Ivory Tips
Beauty Tips (red)

Your cigarette . . .
if you've taste for
sumptuous tobaccos,
magnificent blending,
definite distinction.

MARLBORO
CIGARETTES

Merely a penny or two more

What's Your Potables I. Q?

To improve your standing as a host make sure you know what you're serving

by **LEWIN W. WICKES, JR.**

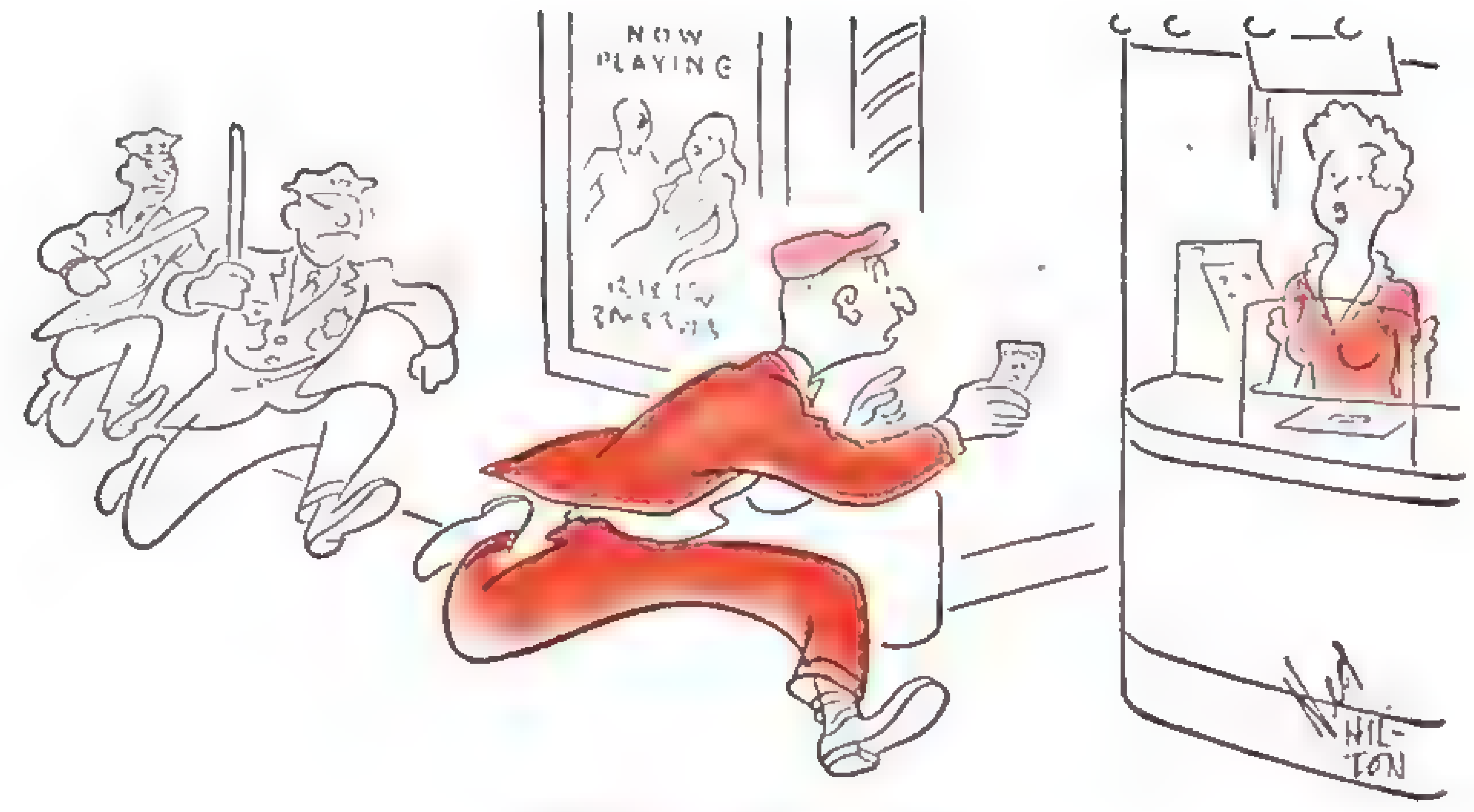
However weak you are in physics or metaphysics, it is well to know your liquor. Here are fourteen recipes for various prepared drinks, cocktails, etc. How many do you recognize? With a score of five or less, you're almost a teetotaler; six to ten, a social drinker and good host; eleven and over, a real "pro" who will know that the simpler the drink the better, so long as essential characteristics are achieved.

Warning: The box below is off limits. If you let your eye peek into it before you've answered the following questions, you're out of bounds. So let's resist that primitive impulse and heave to on our fourteen-item test for potation authorities.

1. Cream, crème de cacao and gin, in equal parts, shaken with ice and served in cocktail glass.
2. Spices simmered in wine, served hot. One of the best: Roast quarters of orange with cloves stuck in; simmer 20 minutes (never boil), one orange to one quart. But don't be bashful. Cloves, cinnamon or both with any wine, sugar to taste—delicious on a frosty day.
3. Gin and dry vermouth, three or four or five to one, stirred with ice (don't bruise the molecules) and strained into a glass with one olive.
4. Bourbon, sugar and mint leaves. Slightly bruise several (five or six) leaves in bottom of chilled, tall glass. Fill with fine ice and pour one tsp. sugar on top. Fill with chilled bourbon and stir until frosted. Stick in sprig of mint.
5. Whiskey and vermouth (sweet). Same as three but over cherry.
6. Tall glass of fine ice and wine, any wine, and you have a wonderful summer drink. Sweeten (if necessary) to taste.
7. Whiskey, sugar and bitters. Put one tsp. sugar (it doesn't have to be a lump) and dash of bitters in glass, then whiskey. Squeeze folded lemon peel over bourbon, so that little flecks of oil are seen on top, several times. Add ice.
8. Butter, water and rum. Add boiling water to rum and ½ tsp. butter with nutmeg on top. Sometimes sugar is used.
9. Gin, sparkling water and lime. Juice of ½ lime, sugar, slug of gin, ice and sparkle in tall glass.
10. Sherry, egg and sugar. Whip egg, add four oz. sherry, sweeten, shake.
11. Water and rum, just so in proportions that suit—you or the seafaring man.
12. Rum and "coke," iced in tall glass.
13. Cream, whiskey, eggs. Beat one dozen eggs (with sugar to taste) and beat in one quart whiskey. Allow to stand over night and fold in whipped quart of cream.
14. Whiskey, lemon juice, sugar. Shake whiskey (any) with juice of lemon, sugar and ice.

Answers:

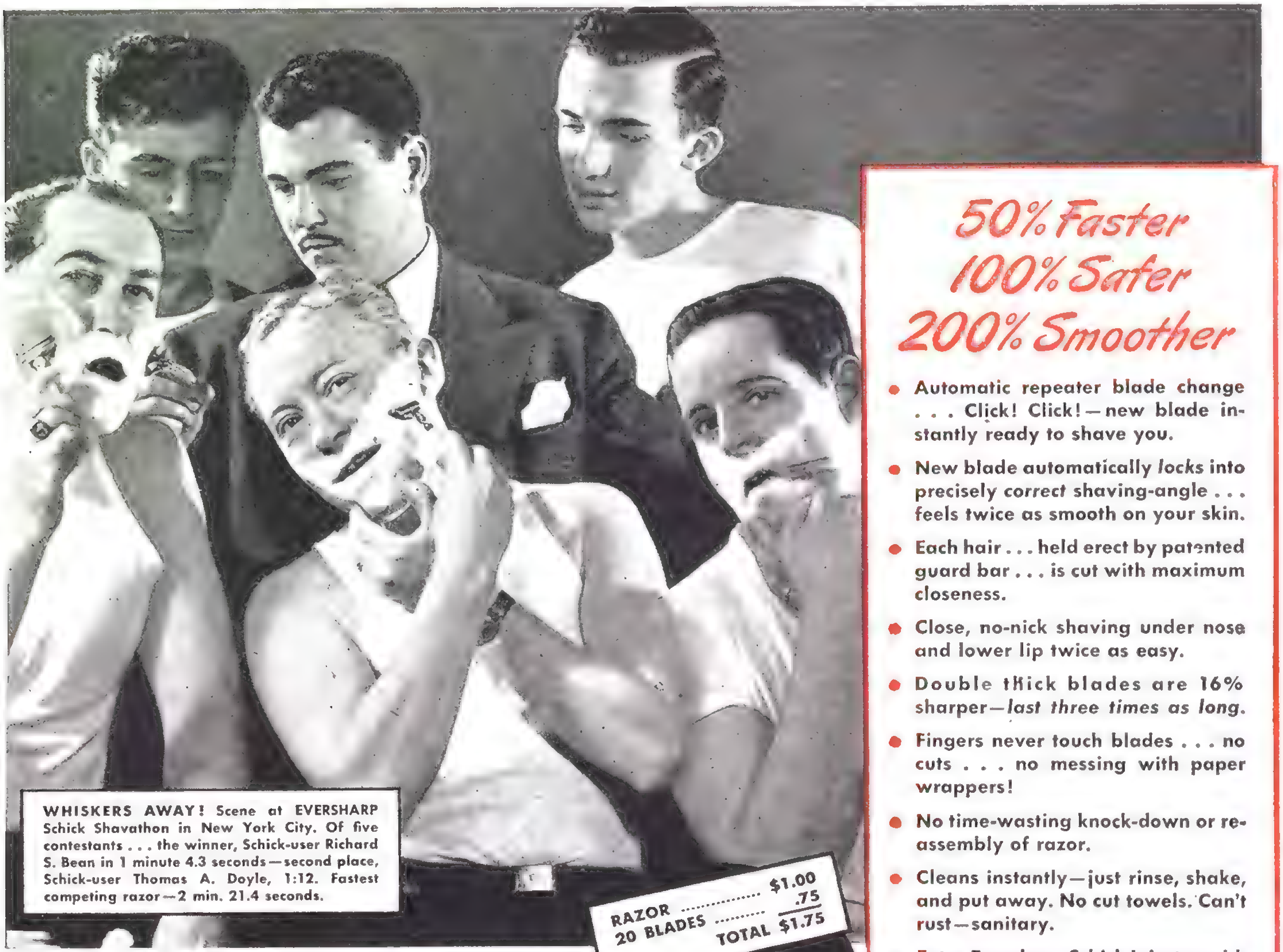
1. Alexander
2. Mulled Wine
3. Martini
4. Mint Julep
5. Manhattan
6. Cobbler
7. Old Fashioned
8. Hot Buttered Rum
9. Tom Collins
10. Sherry Flip
11. Grog
12. Cuba Libre
13. Eggnog
14. Whiskey Sour



"One, please!"

EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR FAR IN LEAD SECOND RAZOR NOT EVEN CLOSE!

Nationwide shaving contests under way with users of new EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR RAZORS piling up big lead for lightning-fast, safe, smooth, no-nick comfort shaves . . . on the air each Monday night.



WHISKERS AWAY! Scene at EVERSHARP Schick Shavathon in New York City. Of five contestants . . . the winner, Schick-user Richard S. Bean in 1 minute 4.3 seconds—second place, Schick-user Thomas A. Doyle, 1:12. Fastest competing razor—2 min. 21.4 seconds.

50% Faster
100% Safer
200% Smoother

- Automatic repeater blade change . . . Click! Click!—new blade instantly ready to shave you.
- New blade automatically *locks* into precisely *correct* shaving-angle . . . feels twice as smooth on your skin.
- Each hair . . . held erect by patented guard bar . . . is cut with maximum closeness.
- Close, no-nick shaving under nose and lower lip twice as easy.
- Double thick blades are 16% sharper—*last three times as long.*
- Fingers never touch blades . . . no cuts . . . no messing with paper wrappers!
- No time-wasting knock-down or re-assembly of razor.
- Cleans instantly—just rinse, shake, and put away. No cut towels. Can't rust—sanitary.
- Extra Eversharp Schick Injector with 20 blades—75¢.

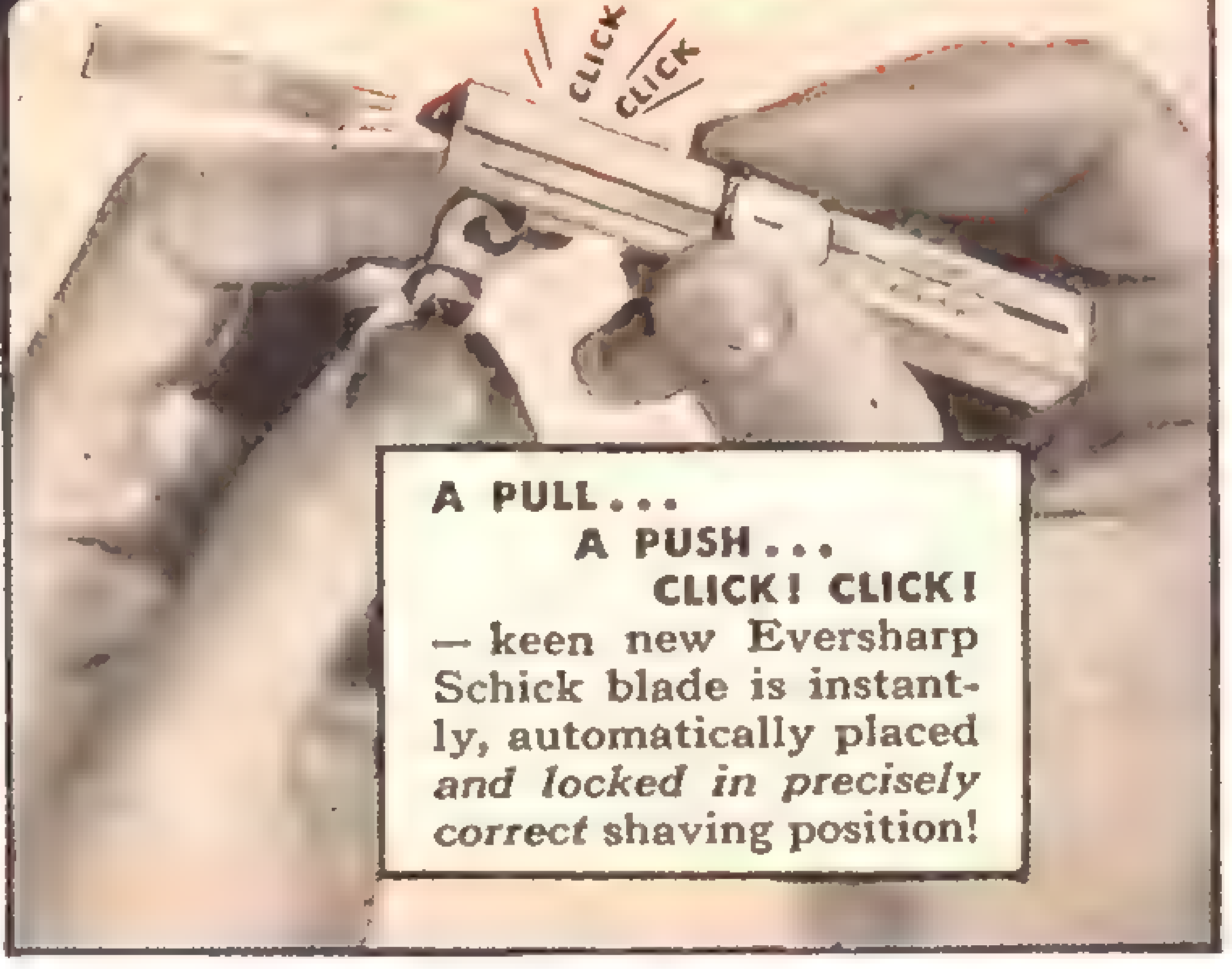
RAZOR	$1.00
20 BLADES	.75
TOTAL	$1.75

SPECIAL $1.25

For just $1.25 you can take home *tonight* the world's all-'round finest shaver . . . and *tomorrow morning* enjoy the sweetest shave you ever had in your life! Today stop by your favorite store and *get* your . . .

EVERSHARP
SCHICK INJECTOR
RAZOR
WITH 20 BLADES

MAGIC NEW-BLADE "REPEATER"



A PULL . . . A PUSH . . . CLICK! CLICK! — keen new Eversharp Schick blade is instantly, automatically placed *and locked in precisely correct* shaving position!

© 1946, Magazine Repeating Razor Co.

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST

Ocean-Clear
LOBSTERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Delicious—Appetizing
At Your Favorite Eating Places

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Boxer's Tragedy

The big Negro champ, Tom Molyneux, was beaten by his own simple faith

by **EDWARD FRANCIS WOODS**

Fighters are frequently felled by broken jaws, but nothing can drop a champion so completely and tragically as a broken heart. However big, tough and magnificently equipped, the fighter who has lost heart for the brutal business at hand is no champion at all, but a man going through motions, beaten before he starts.

Never did a fighting heart break wide open in so short a time as did the heart of Tom Molyneux, America's first heavyweight champion, in his bout with Tom Cribb on a December day in England in 1810. One minute he was a huge, beautifully-built, 198-pound Negro with thundering fists and a smile of conquest. The next minute he was a bewildered man in a fog, punching and flailing mechanically, a black and empty hulk.

The stage had been set for something like that long before. "Molyneux the Moor" was a picture fighter who could box and hit. But Molyneux had a glass heart, a simple, almost sucker-like faith that people would always play square with him. When that faith was shattered, he dropped out of history like a spent skyrocket.

He was born in slavery in Virginia in 1784 and turned up in New York about 1800, where he soon began to fight for the amusement of tinhorn sports and Market loafers. Eventually the sporting crowd took him over. His matches were arrived at by a formula which, boiled down, suggested that Molyneux could whip anyone of any size, anywhere, any time.

By 1809 Molyneux, now twenty-five, had danced and slugged his way out of the obscurity of Catherine Market brawls, had beaten every challenger the Eastern Seaboard offered and was recognized as heavyweight champion of America. It was then that the fiery black boy agreed to a match with English champion Tom Cribb, for the heavyweight championship of the world.

On December 10, 1810, the ex-slave met the cocky Englishman in a ring at Capthorn, Essex, England. The engagement was fought under the rules of the Broughton code which provided for thirty seconds rest after each round and eight seconds for the fighters to find their way to the center of the ring and resume fighting. If either contestant failed to show up in thirty-eight seconds the other was the winner. A round terminated only with a knockdown; the bout ended only when one of the contestants was unable to resume the fighting.

For twenty-two rounds, the American and Cribb smashed and battered each other. Then in the twenty-third round Cribb began to tire and Molyneux moved in for the kill. A superb craftsman, he rifled rights and lefts to the Englishman's body. With Cribb rocking under his attack, Molyneux slammed his murderous right into Cribb's midsection and the big Englishman went down and out.

Under the rules Cribb had exactly thirty-eight seconds within which to be back in the center of the ring and fighting or forfeit his title. The timekeeper droned thirty, and Cribb lay unconscious, his seconds sweating over him. As the timekeeper reached thirty-six, one of Cribb's seconds electrified the crowd with a shrill protest that Cribb had been hit with a chunk of metal. The referee, with notable willingness, stopped the count at thirty-seven. A thorough and somewhat leisurely search failed to reveal any booby trap on Molyneux' person. Cribb had slumbered throughout the ceremony, which took about two and a half minutes, but was coming around. Molyneux stood by, radiating the exhilaration of a supremely happy man, waiting for the referee to declare him world champion officially.

Instead, the referee ordered both fighters to the center of the ring. His order to resume the fight hit Molyneux like a whip. He watched in bewilderment as Cribb got to his feet and prepared to continue a contest which by all the rules of sportsmanship and common decency had already been decided. All alone in a strange land, Molyneux didn't even know how to protest. The fight went on.

The disillusionment of the farcical proceedings had a devastating effect on Molyneux. His simple heart could neither understand nor overcome the colossal cheat it had been asked to sustain. He was a lost man going nowhere in the dark. Though he fought well, the spark was gone. The fight raged mechanically through the fortieth round when Molyneux collapsed from sheer exhaustion. This time the referee counted thirty, then eight and Molyneux couldn't come out. Cribb was the winner.

After the fight, Molyneux lingered in England for repairs and they fixed him up pretty well except for the one thing. They never have found a way to fix up a man who got hurt where Molyneux did. The big Negro never came back. ###

BROWN-FORMAN
BROWN FORMAN'S
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY

KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING

A Golf Scene, painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Harrison F. Miller

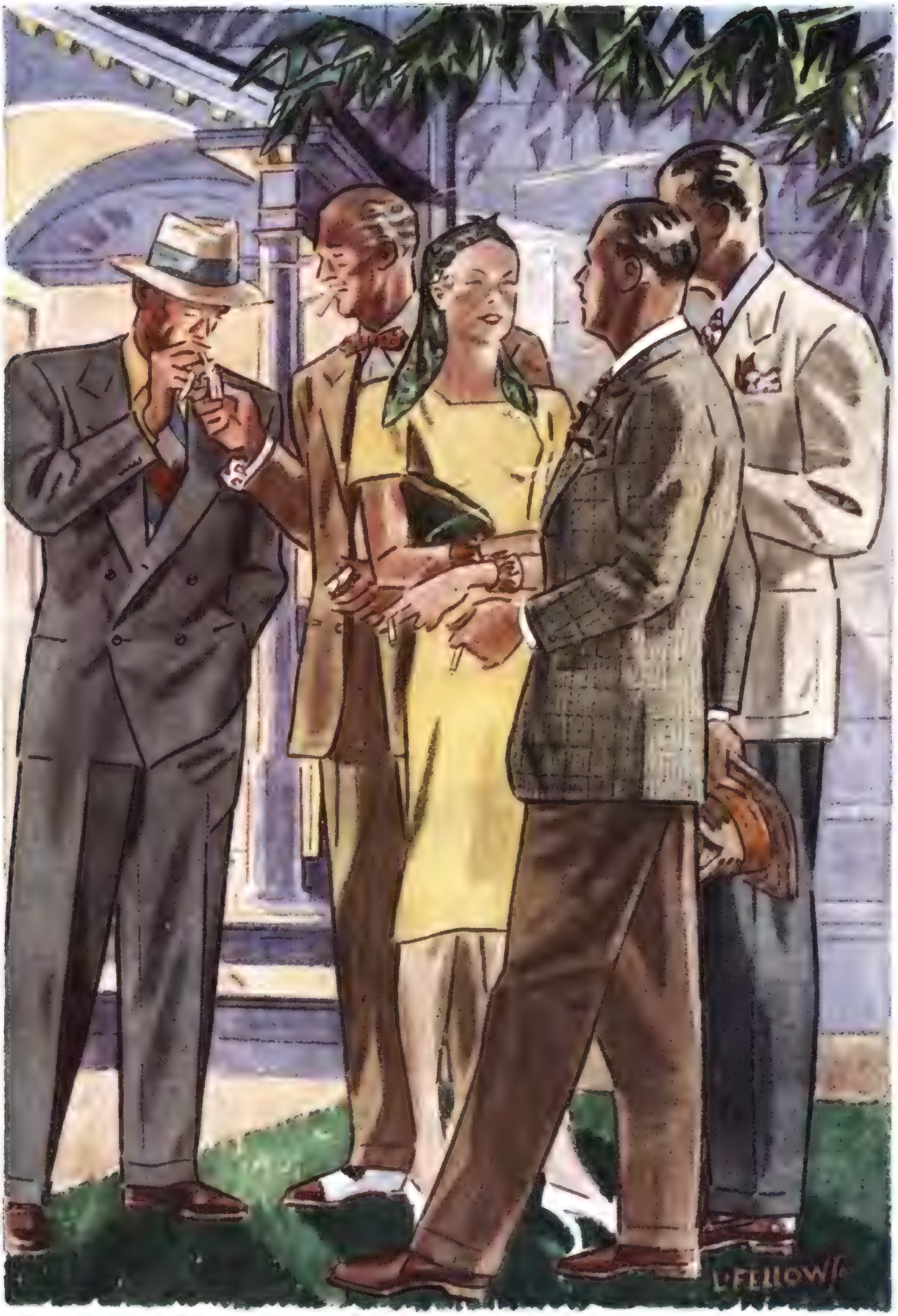
BROWN-FORMAN'S KING OF PRE-WAR WHISKY*

KING
BLENDED WHISKY

A deLIGHTful climax to any sport—Brown-Forman's King of pre-war Whisky—from *Kentucky!* Enjoy its smooth mellowness, coupled with full-flavored, satisfying taste! Then you'll know why more and more are asking for Brown-Forman's King Whisky at their favorite club, bar or package store!

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

*The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof



AUTHENTIC
Esquire
FASHIONS

MIDSUMMER EVE

Drawing by L. Fellows

Between acts on the straw-hat circuit, these menfolk who have fled the city to join the ladies for a week end at a New England resort are a fair representation of good summer style. The two on the left are all of a piece in plain color lightweight suits. One wears a slate-grey flannel and the other, Tabac Tan gabardine. They add color interest with their shirts and ties. The other pair are in step with the trend toward light-toned jackets. The amateur G. J. Nathan in the foreground wears a lovat and tan overplaid tweed jacket with his flannel slacks. A black and gold tie keeps him from looking too pastel. The other jacket is a white Palm Beach washable with patch pockets. It's paired with grey flannel slacks and a porcelain-blue batiste shirt.

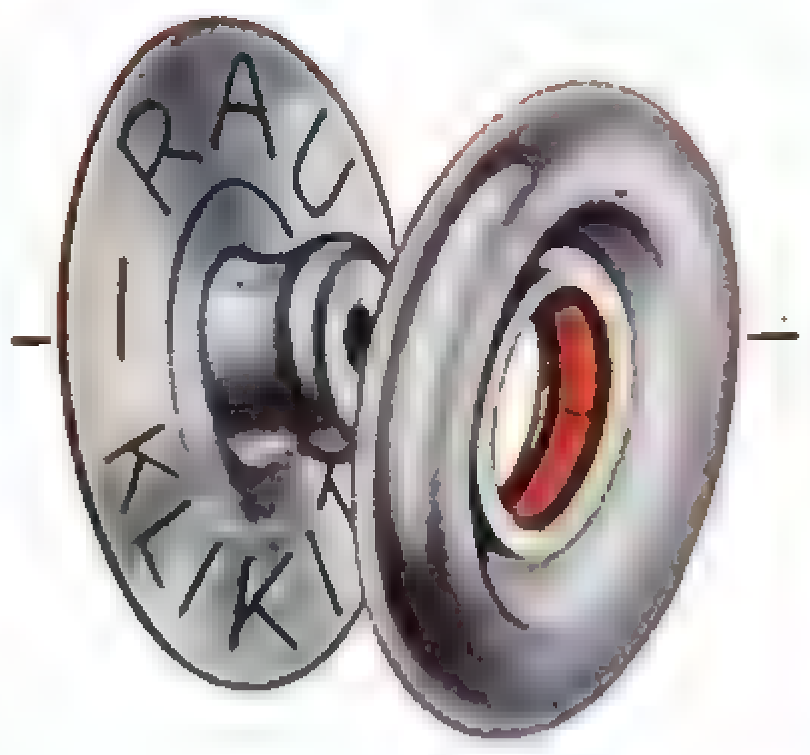
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Pick it with a

Klikit

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SNAP FASTENER



If you've a sharp eye for quality you'll look for the Klikit Snap Fastener before you buy—the choice of top manufacturers and smart garment designers. And here's why! U. S. Testing Co.* laundry tests prove Klikits *four* to *five* times more serviceable than other leading brands. That's because Klikits have a patented floating spring you'll find in no other snap fasteners. It gives you smoother tension, extra security. In sport shirts, shorts or pajamas for men or boys—playtogs for youngsters, mothers and infants—you pick it with quality when you *Pick It with a Klikit!*

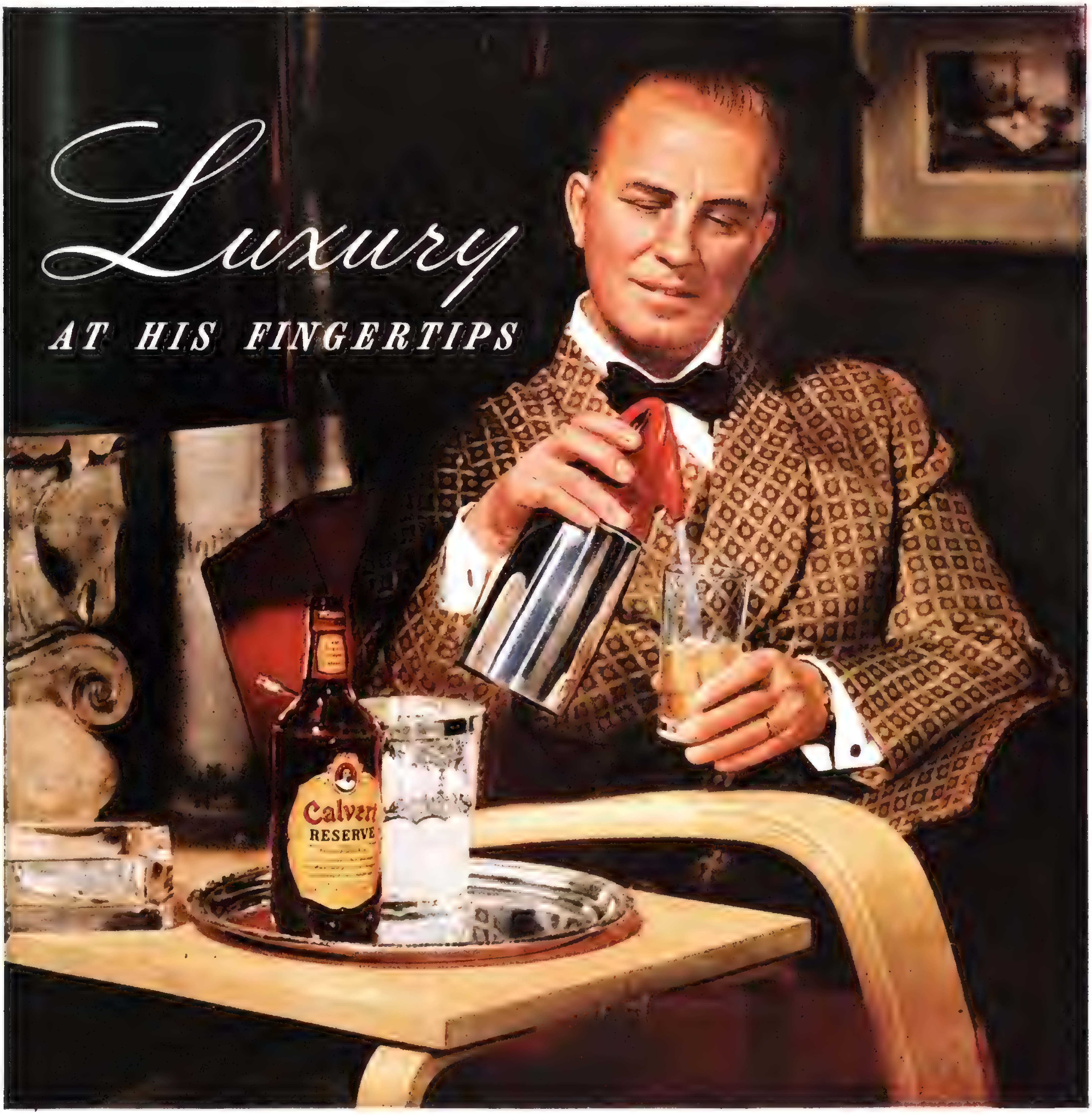
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

COMMENDED
PARENTS MAGAZINE
CONSUMER

* Test No. C 8664-7-41

RAU FASTENER COMPANY

Providence, R. I., New York, Gloversville, N. Y., Chicago, Montreal,
Toronto, Los Angeles



"This is it!" says dad. "The perfect way to mix drinks! Now I can relax and enjoy them at their bubbling, effervescent best . . . without fuss or muss or bother! No more bottles to lug home and find a place for . . . no more 'empties' to clutter up the kitchen. One tiny box of Sparklet bulbs makes the equivalent of a *case* of the finest sparkling water. And with the modern streamlined Sparklet Syphon—I can also make sparkling wines, sparkling fruit juices . . . delicious ice cream sodas."

Watch for the new streamlined, lightweight Sparklet Syphons at better stores and gift shops. And, for best results, use the one and only Sparklet bulbs.

Sparklet

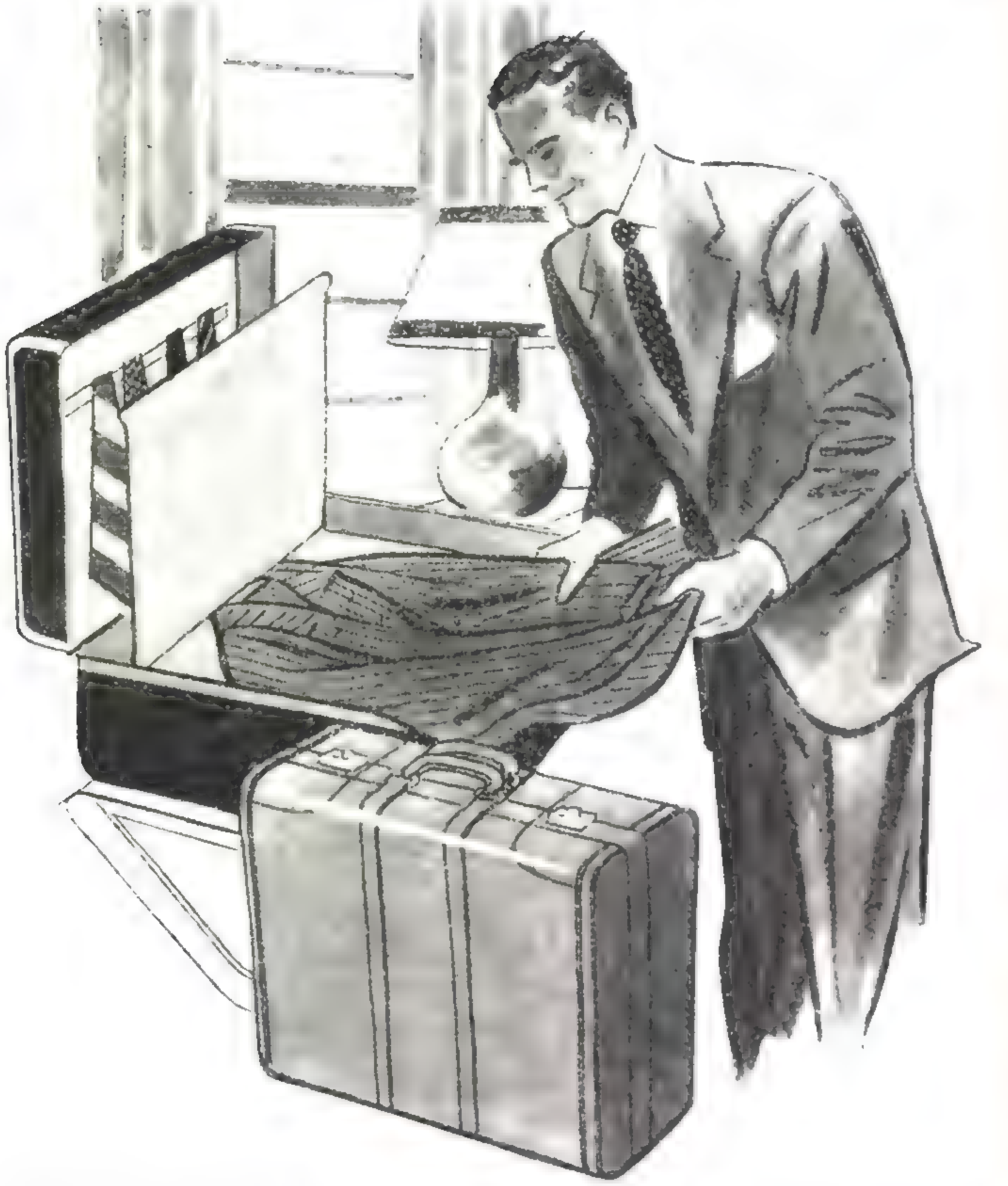
REFILLABLE SYPHON

SPARKLET DEVICES, INC., DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Vacation Packing

How to select your luggage and clothes for a two-week holiday

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER



America is on the move in perhaps the record-breaking year of all time for vacations. The skyways, railways, highways and waterways are bulging with vacationists trekking eastward, northward and westward to changes of scenery, people and routines. And each man in this holiday horde encounters the little matter of packing right for his needs.

Striking an average, it makes sense to take along two suitcases, each a two-suiter with a section for two hangers for jackets and trousers. The remainder of the space is available for the accessories, shoes, toiletries.

For more than a two-weeks' stay a satisfactory choice is a fortnight or wardrobe type of luggage that is halfway between suitcase and trunk. This, with five hangers for suits and larger space for accessories, has ample capacity. Luggage currently is furnished with fabric, plastic-coated fabric, leather trim or other material.

What is taken along depends pretty much on the destination. Men headed for mountain resorts will keep in mind a sport jacket of tweed, a flannel blazer, a casual or a light washable jacket and a couple of pairs of slacks. Specialty clothing such as a pair of rugged slacks, woolen or rayon shirt, leather jacket and stout shoes are necessary for hiking.

Outfits for trout fishing include the processed cotton jacket, trousers of the same material, waders, cotton hat, lightweight wool or rayon shirt, wool socks, soft-sole shoes. The inveterate golfer takes along a change in lightweight washable and regular-weight flannel slacks, leather belt, two or three woven rayon or knitted cotton shirts, a sleeveless pull-over sweater, golf hat, wool socks and spike-sole shoes.

The tennis player packs washable slacks and shorts, knitted cotton shirts, wool or cotton socks, sneakers, sweater and a close-fitting cap.

With the exception of the apparel for hiking, these clothes are right for men headed for seashore resorts too. Two pairs of swim shorts offer a dry pair on alternate days. Beach sandals, beach shirts, sunglasses and lotions should be on the check list.

It is important to learn about the laundry service at the destination before leaving. At least eight shirts should be taken along. Two sets of underwear, two suits of pajamas and eight pairs of socks may be regarded as minimum quantities. A lightweight robe and folding soft-sole slippers come in handy.

If you know that guests wear evening clothes on gala nights, the summer dinner jacket, dress trousers and accessories are essential.

For air-travel vacations keep the clothing to a minimum. ⧻

Tribute to your good Taste

For swinging a golf club, or for nothing more strenuous than turning the pages of a book while spine-ing in your favorite chair . . . T-MATES is the perfect knit pullover. Styled by MANCHESTER for all-around comfort, you're assured of quality, fabric, fashion and fit. Small, medium and large in a range of colors. Around $1.95 at better stores.

MKF
SPORTSWEAR
fashioned by
Manchester
MANCHESTER KNITTED FASHIONS

Made of CORAY—
beautiful blend
of cotton and rayon

MANCHESTER Knitted FASHIONS

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y. — Mills: Manchester, N. H.

IT'S THE
Golden
Touch

WE SAY Don Q has a golden touch. It's the only way we know to describe the magical new way Don Q makes every kind of drink. You've never before tasted such an incomparable, delicious flavor. You'll know what we mean when you sip your first Don Q Old Fashioned, or your first Don Q Manhattan . . . or just a tall, lazy Don Q and soda. It's nothing less than magic. It adds a golden touch you will find irresistible, unforgettable

DON Q
86 Proof

Don-Q Rum is a product of Destileria Serralles, Inc., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.
Sole U. S. Distributors: Schieffelin & Co., New York 3, N. Y.—Importers since 1794

Stratford on Arkansas

Continued from page 43

quoting reprobate "Old-castle." But when Lord Cobham, a descendant of Oldcastle, complained to the Lord Chamberlain, who controlled the theatre's pay roll, the name was changed very hastily, and Shakespeare took the precaution of having one of his players announce to the public that Falstaff was not Oldcastle—though everyone knew he was.

Falstaff is a creature of infinite adaptability and eternally philosophic compromise. He knows when to turn a laugh against himself, and often saves his hide by the skin of his teeth. When Prince Henry rallies to his father's cause and kills the rebellious Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury, Falstaff takes credit for it. Prince Hal is so fond of the venerable rascal that he lets him get away with it.

Urged on by the success of this play, the dramatist lost no time in turning out *Henry IV—Part II*, which (at the risk of belaboring our metaphor) we shall call, *Henry of Monmouth's First Long Pants*. Shakespeare knew what the ticket buyers wanted. So he limited himself to a sketchy history of how the revolt was put down through treachery, and devoted most of his scenes to his recently discovered gold mine, the comedian Falstaff.

Once again we follow the fortunes of this happily desperate opportunist. He acquires a new foil in Pistol, a big-mouthed misquoter of the classics (who survives to become Mr. Olivier's unfunny comedy relief in the movie). The play ends as Prince Hal inherits the crown and repudiates his dissolute companions.

But the Elizabethan audiences demanded more of the roaring Falstaff. And the author was willing to oblige—or at least he said he was, in the Epilogue. In this plug for the next chapter, Shakespeare promised Falstaff's fans that they would see him fighting in France while young King Henry wooed the fair Princess Katharine.

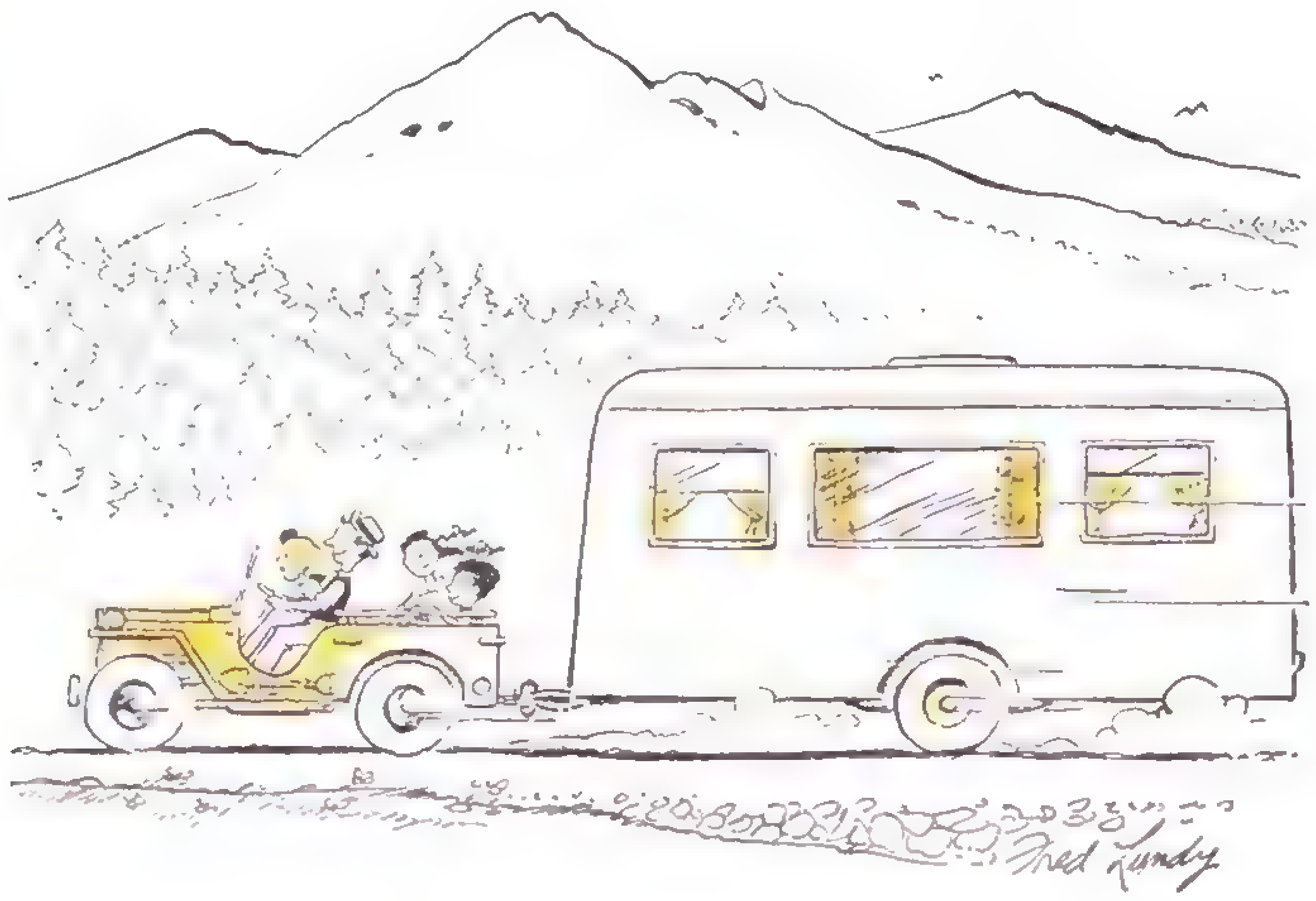
This brings us to the final episode of the series, *Henry V* (or *Henry of Monmouth's Girl Trouble*), and to the movie we have set out to review. Here, history let Shakespeare down. The playwright needed the invasion of England by France to round out his epic of the Prodigal Prince. But instead of France invading England, England invaded France. The dying Bolingbroke had told his heir that the throne must be saved by rallying all factions in a foreign war. So in order to insure the crown his father stole, the new king decided to steal another. He had to have a war and he picked a setup.

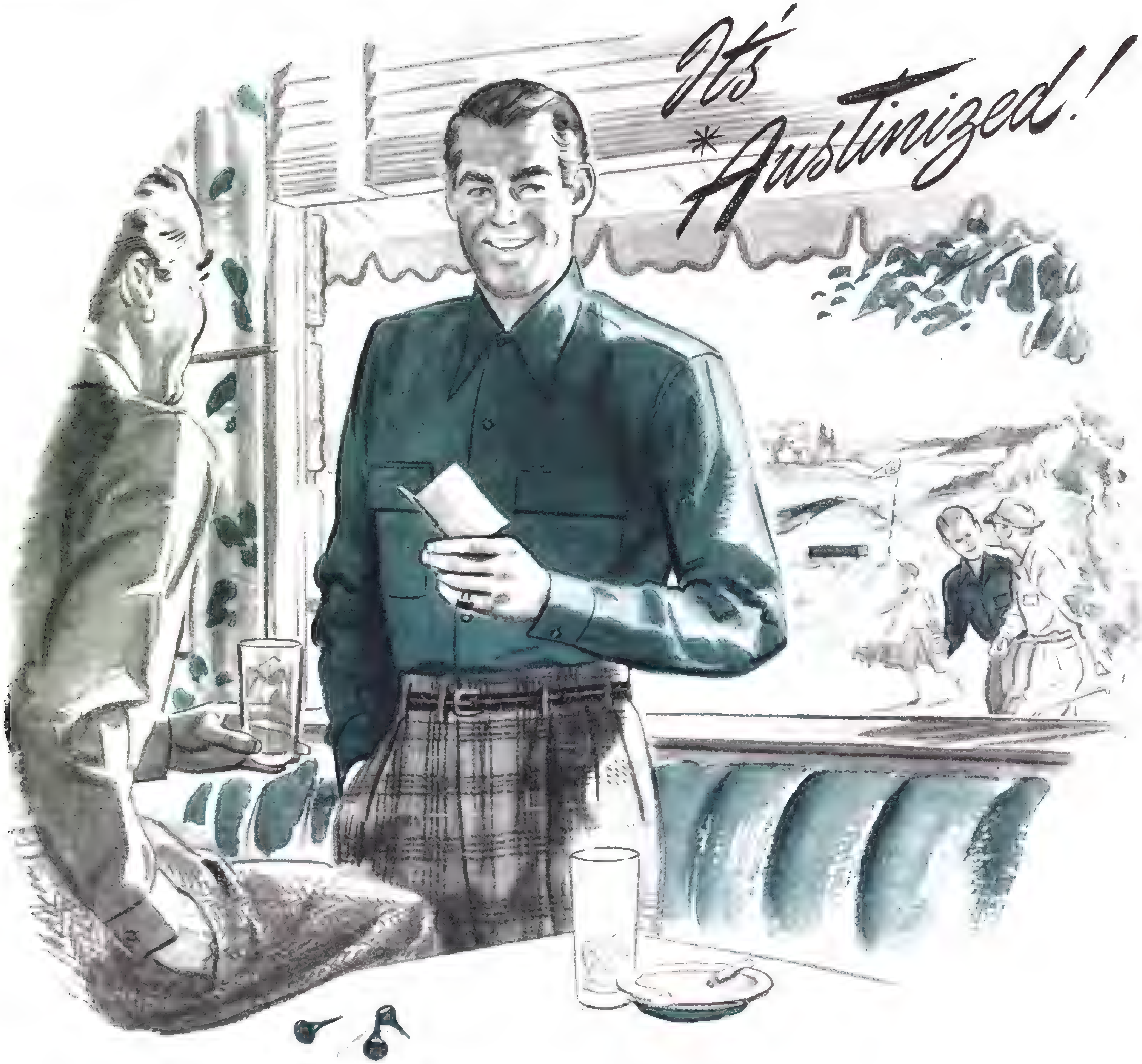
Shakespeare avoids mentioning that the French King, Charles VI, was insane and that his son the Dauphin, was no such burly dilettante as appears in the play, but the same timorous weakling who later was crowned by Joan of Arc. Harcourt Williams, who impersonates the French King in Mr. Olivier's picture, injects a note of historical honesty by a querulous delivery that hints of mental groping.

Most of Olivier's cast is superb. Ralph Truman as the French Herald could not be more urbane and dignified if he were the New York *Herald-Tribune*. Leo Genn's underplaying of the Constable of France is in refreshing contrast to the prop men who usually play the Constable in American road companies. Max Adrian is excellent as the Dauphin—not as he was in real life—but as Shakespeare wrote him. Stalwart, smug and self-assured, his quiet superiority makes Henry appear almost as crude and pushing as an Englishman's conception of an American.

To divert our attention from the sordidness of a war that was as expedient as the United States' invasion of Mexico, or Russia's co-operation with the Nazis in the invasion of Poland, Mr. Olivier opens his picture not in 1415 (when Henry V actually was hatching his war plans) but in 1600, when Shakespeare's *Henry V* was being performed at the Globe Theater in London. Mr. Olivier makes his entrance, not as the

Continued on page 128





Actually launders as easily as a handkerchief!

What a perfect combination! Luxurious rayon-and-Aralac fabric . . . AUSTINIZED to eliminate dry-cleaning fuss and expense . . . vat-dyed for fast color and complete washability . . . Sanforized against shrinkage of more than 1%. Superbly styled and tailored by APOLLO for business and leisure wear. Ask for the Apollo Sportmaster Shirt at your favorite men's shop.

Apollo
SPORTMASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

APOLLO SHIRT COMPANY
22 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

One of America's Finest TWO-WAY COLLAR Shirts
Trade Mark

Stratford on Arkansas

Continued from page 126

historic King Henry, but as a painted actor wearing a pasteboard crown.

The interest of the movie audience is not captured with a sharp revelation of Henry's character. No arresting situation creates expectant suspense. Instead, there is a charming view of the ancient stagecraft. It is amusing to be reminded that socialites once sat on the stage and exchanged ad libs with the players. Boys, awkward in wigs and dresses, enacted the female roles; and pages held up placards (an early form of subtitles) telling what settings to imagine.

The actors, in this part of the film, mug and milk applause from the Globe's gallery. Felix Aylmer's inspired clowning as the ham playing the Archbishop of Canterbury again proves that the final test of a good actor lies in his ability to play a lousy one. Robert Helpman, in a hideous bald wig and deliberately amateurish make-up, gives the Elizabethan version of the Bishop of Ely. He and Mr. Aylmer turn the scene in which Henry establishes his specious claims to the throne of France into an hilarious burlesque.

In fact, these bishops (whom Shakespeare wrote as straight characters) are so funny that they, by comparison, make Shakespeare's comedians seem to be dull buffoons. Shakespeare used the dry-as-dust Corporal Nym (played by Frederick Cooper) to kid his friend and rival, Ben Jonson. In his *Every Man In His Humour*, Ben advanced the theory that all characters should be dominated by one peculiarity or "humour." Nym's repetitious bromide: "That's the humour of it" represents Shakespeare's effort to play Fred Allen to his friend's Jack Benny—in a feud that profitably exploited both of them.

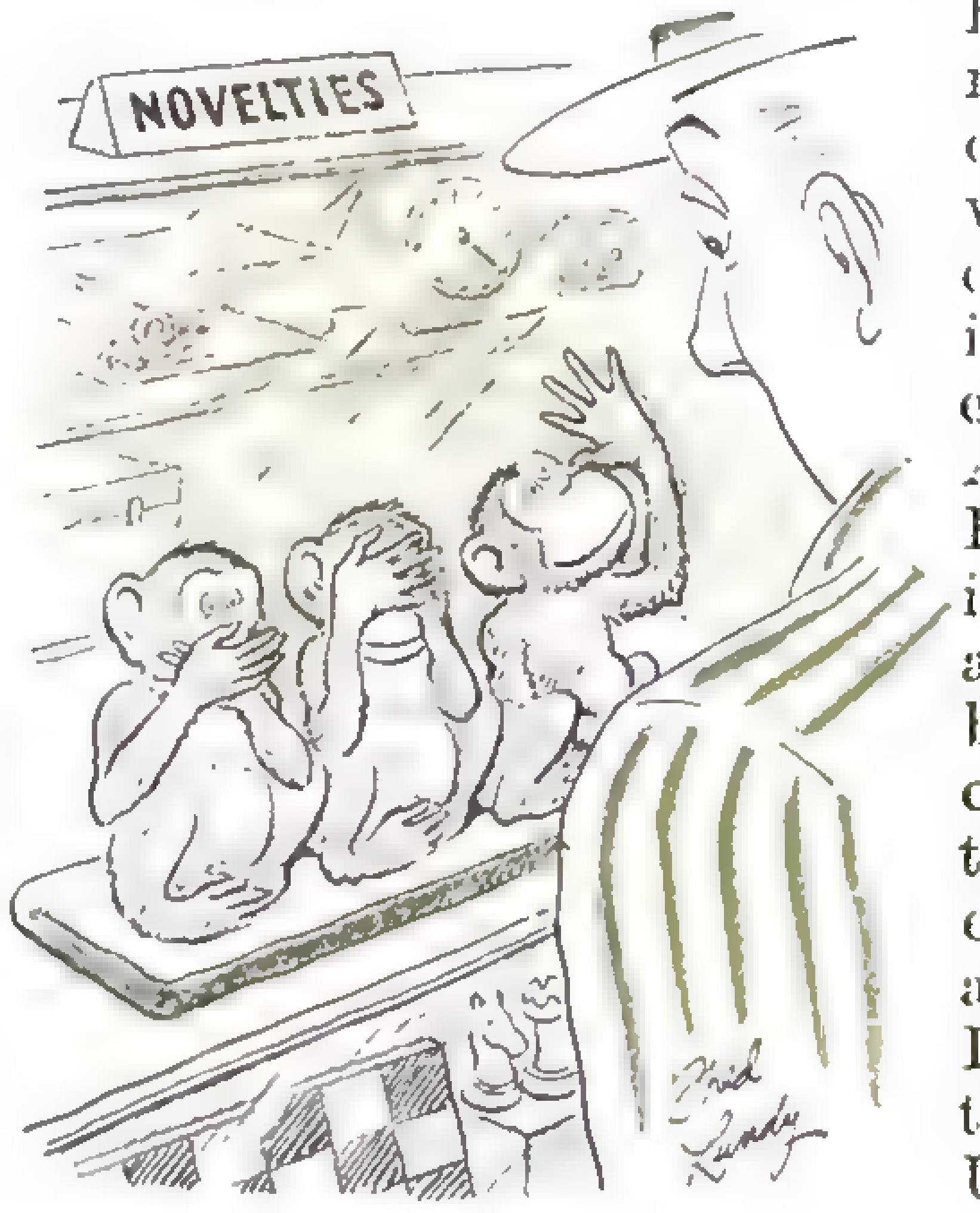
Mack Sennett has a motto, "When Mystified They Do Not Laugh" over his office desk. It's too bad that a copy of it wasn't hung in the dressing rooms of Roy Emerton, who portrays Bardolph, and Robert Newton, who portrays Pistol. Mr. Emerton has a flannel-mouthed enunciation that makes only an occasional word intelligible, and Mr. Newton might as well be speaking Ubangi.

None of Shakespeare's farce comes off well in the screen version. No doubt in his era, Pistol's high-flown, classical double talk was as entertaining as Danny Kaye's *Melody in 4-F* is today. But for modern audiences, Pistol needs an introduction and a build-up. We first see him in a long shot, mouthing bewildering jargon, while a sudden deluge comes pelting out of a hitherto cloudless sky. Admitting that English weather is unpredictable and that Elizabethan players often trouped in the rain, the shower is disastrous as a Johnstown Flood to Mr. Newton's performance. Until his final close-up, in which he plans to pass the bruises of knavery off as the scars of battle, the spectators never are able to make out what he is saying.

Falstaffian humor is grievously missed in the comedy scenes. Shakespeare did not keep his word to the Elizabethan audience. In *Henry V* they did not see Falstaff, as promised, fighting in France. But the author may have kept his word in an earlier draft of the play which has been lost. To a veteran of many Hollywood story conferences, the muddled structure of *Henry V* bears much evidence of front-office meddling. In my opinion, Shakespeare was ordered to do a rewrite (eliminating Falstaff) because his plot, paralleling the knaveries of the slums and of the palace, had grown so pointed it provoked official censorship.

This first version may have demonstrated that the poet had stopped dreaming and started thinking. Perhaps he may have come to realize that Falstaff was the hero—not the comical villain—of his epic of a Prodigal Prince. There is nothing particularly heroic about a prodigal. He has a hell of a good time squandering his patrimony, then comes whining home to be forgiven by a rich and compassionate father.

Heroes are the men who have no wealthy and noble fathers to forgive them—the men who face life as it is, and who manage to survive by compromising, fawning and using their wits to seize every opportunity. In spite of Ben Jonson, life is not lived on an every-man-to-his-humor basis. It



Continued on page 130

Look Smart! Be Smart!

WEAR AN MC UNIFORM CAP

OVER 5,000,000 M C MILITARY CAPS MADE AND DELIVERED TO OUR ARMED FORCE PERSONNEL SINCE 1940

Whether you are the proud wearer of a uniform in our Armed Forces, or in civilian life, you'll find the M C uniform cap your best choice on every count. M C caps lead the field today on quality, on craftsmanship and on style . . . as they have led it for years. Ask for an M C cap the next time . . . you'll find it's right on value too.

ALSO OVER SEAS CAPS FOR OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

WE ALSO SPECIALIZE IN ALL KINDS OF UNIFORM CAPS

- Chauffeurs, Taxi Drivers and Bus Drivers
- Air Pilots
- Rail Men
- Yachting
- Musicians
- Door Men
- Elevator Operators
- Messengers
- Mail Men
- Policemen and Firemen
- Gas Station and Garage Attendants

EXCLUSIVE SHAPE SUPPORT · ASSURES LASTING SMARTNESS · PAT

Mid City UNIFORM CAP CO.

2330 CERMAK ROAD • CHICAGO 8, ILL.

World's Largest Makers of Quality Uniform Caps

to have and to hold

Esquire Creations for raising eyebrows
in your game room

THE NEW 1946 *Esquire* PLAYING CARDS

Smart—Convenient bridge-size . . . cellulose-coated . . . gilt-edged . . . attractively packaged in a cellophane-wrapped box.

Sturdy—Durable two-ply stock . . . dirt-resistant . . . so simple to keep clean (a damp cloth revitalizes them).

$2.00 a pair **$1.00 a deck**

With every pair of decks this special gift from Esky—

. . . The rules for Esquire's Contract Gin Rummy

. . . Four thirty-page score pads

OUTSTANDING ESQUIRE REPRINTS

Exactly what you need for cheering up your recreation room . . . Packed in sets of 50, printed in full color . . . page size (10" x 14") . . . gatefold size (17¾" x 14") . . . a refreshing variety of the best of four-color Esquire art . . . Each picture is different . . . 50 for $5.00.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

Please send me the articles checked below. I have enclosed $______ payment in full. No Stamps PLEASE.

________pairs of the 1946 Esquire Playing Cards (Free: instructions for Contract Gin Rummy and four 30-page score pads) @ $2.00 per pair of decks. U. S. and Canadian Orders Only.

________"A" decks of 1946 Esquire Playing Cards @ $1.00 a deck.

________"B" decks of 1946 Esquire Playing Cards @ $1.00 a deck.

________Sets of 50 Esquire Reprints at $5.00 per set. U. S. Orders only.

Name________________________________
(please print)

Address______________________________

City________________Zone________State______

ATTENTION CANADIANS: Price of the 1946 Esquire Playing Cards in Canada is $3.00 per pair of decks and $1.50 per deck. Please make all Canadian remittances payable to and send to. Sinnott News Co., Mail Order Dept., 172 John St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Stratford on Arkansas

Continued from page 128

is every-man-to-his-boss'-humor. Men don't do what they want to do, but what they have to do. When Henry plots the expedient (and highly immoral) French war in order to keep the barons from revolting, he himself is living by the Falstaffian principle. Falstaff laughs at his own shoddy motives with a cynicism that is basically honest. The king glorifies his.

I do not believe this was Shakespeare's original intention. The ruins of a grander plan stand out in the play like blackened chimneys on a devastated plain. Shakespeare never again was to paint black and white heroes. Brutus, Lear, Othello and Hamlet, immortal blunderers, are men floundering in the crosscurrents of life's necessities. Many clues hint that Henry may have been the first of these—before the censors went to work on him.

Studious commentators condemn Henry for being too cat-and-mouseish in the Southampton scene, where he pardons an insolent drunk and executes the arrogant nobles who have condemned him. If the drunk, who railed against Henry, was the repudiated Falstaff, this scene would have a tragic irony. The king was beginning to realize that he had rejected the threadbare crooks of the taverns only to sit with gilded traitors at his own council table.

In spite of his good intentions, Henry was being drawn into the same opportunisms that had made him flee from his father. As the play progresses, expediency piles upon expediency. Henry, fighting France to maintain peace in England, hangs his old crony, Bardolph, for looting a church. Great thefts must not be disgraced by petty thievery.

In Shakespeare's first draft, I feel sure the plot lines of sovereign and commoner merged in a mighty climax on the eve of the Battle of Agincourt. Here honesty was begotten in the still watches of the night, as king and knaves awaited the dawn that was to bring them annihilation or glory. Here, I believe Falstaff had the part which later was given to the young soldier, Williams.

The troubled king, stalking through the camp disguised as one of his officers, heard Falstaff, embittered by Bardolph's death, say that Henry, on Judgment Day, would have much to answer for. To this, the king made the angry reply that rogues had no right to judge him. War brings death to many who, in peace, would receive death at the hangman's hands. To the sinful Falstaff, such a reply would be answering truth with truth. (It is a caddish reply to Williams.)

NATIONAL BANK
K. Gentry

Later the king examined his conscience and, in a powerful soliloquy, decided that, while he may be no better than other men, at least he is no worse. Care makes him pay a heavy price for his crown, and even his opportunism is exalted by his desire for the good of his country. He prays, asking God not to punish his army for his family's crimes, and goes joyously into battle. This is the adjustment of a healthy mind, making the best compromise in the face of an insoluble spiritual dilemma.

With a new honesty, Henry offers to release any of his men who want to escape the battle. But they do not desert him. It is the commoners, not the nobles, who give Henry his great victory over the outnumbering force of French chivalry. After the battle, Henry perpetrates an insufferably patronizing practical joke on soldier Williams. But read "Falstaff" for "Williams," and you have the attempt of Hal to effect a reconciliation with his old friend. Then Falstaff, not Williams, roused to self-respect by this victory of the commoners, refuses the coin-stuffed glove which the king sends him. The ironic reversal is complete. The king is the supplicant and the sycophant is kingly.

This is pure surmisal. But it represents plot logic and it answers the perplexing problem of why Shakespeare did not fulfill his promise to show more of Falstaff in *Henry V*. I think the Elizabethan censors insisted that this plot must be obscured, and commanded Shakespeare to have Falstaff die off stage.

Even so, the author succeeded in emphasizing the basic honesty of Falstaff in the description of his death, related by Mistress Quickly (and read with great beauty by Freda Jackson in the picture). She tells of how she saw him "fumble with the sheets and

IT'S A Wimbledon America's finest sport shirt
ZEPHYR
©

• 100% virgin wool Zephyr Weight, Tropical Worsted...in six rich color tones: tan, cocoa, amber, blue, wine and green.
At America's finest stores. $12.50

Wimbledon Shirt Co. CHICAGO 54, ILL., U.S.A.

play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends." And of how he "babbled of green fields." Thus, in death, Falstaff ceased to be the sycophant and toady. The mind of the hardened old artful dodger wandered back to babyhood—the only time in his life when he could be guileless and trusting.

Unfortunately, Producer Olivier refutes the significance of Mistress Quickly's speech by introducing a brief scene of Falstaff (played by George Robey) gasping and trembling on his deathbed as he listens to the Prince's voice echoing the lines of repudiation: "I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers; how ill white hairs become a fool and jester!" So, in the Olivier version, Falstaff dies not "babbling of green fields," but cringing and still subservient.

A more intelligent innovation is suggested by Leslie Banks, who, as the Chorus, subtly implies that Shakespeare acted as his own Master of Ceremonies. His upbrushed mustache looks like the one in the "Flower Portrait" (considered by many researchers the most authentic likeness of Shakespeare) and his costume resembles that in the Droeshout engraving, which was endorsed as recognizable by Ben Jonson. Mr. Banks handles the drapes and stage furniture of the Globe with an assured and proprietary air. And, at the end of the performance, he is shown receiving the congratulations of the spectators.

The stirring lines which he recites with clarity and knowledge contain some of the finest imagery in the English language. As the invasion of France approaches, the Chorus frets at the restrictions of the Elizabethan theatre: "Can this cockpit hold the vasty fields of France?, or may we cram Within this wooden O the very casques that did affright the air at Agincourt?" "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts!" he entreats, as he asks us to transport ourselves directly from the Globe's stage to the soil of France (and to the very type of realism which the camera makes available). It's a simple transition, but Olivier takes us all around the belt line to get there. Between the artificiality of the Globe and the actuality of Agincourt, he sandwiches a new and useless artificiality.

All the early scenes of the invasion are done against deliberately studied backgrounds that resemble fifteenth-century paintings. "Now entertain conjecture," Shakespeare tells us. It should be noted that he asks us to entertain it; not to get it drunk. He does not suggest that we imagine real horses galloping across painted landscapes done in false perspective. This is sheer fadism.

We first see the Princess Katharine, cutting real roses from prop bushes, atop a cardboard tower. Renee Asherson brings a doll-like daintiness and a Gallic charm to her role of the French princess. She looks both wise and demure. Sophisticated and at the same time virginal.

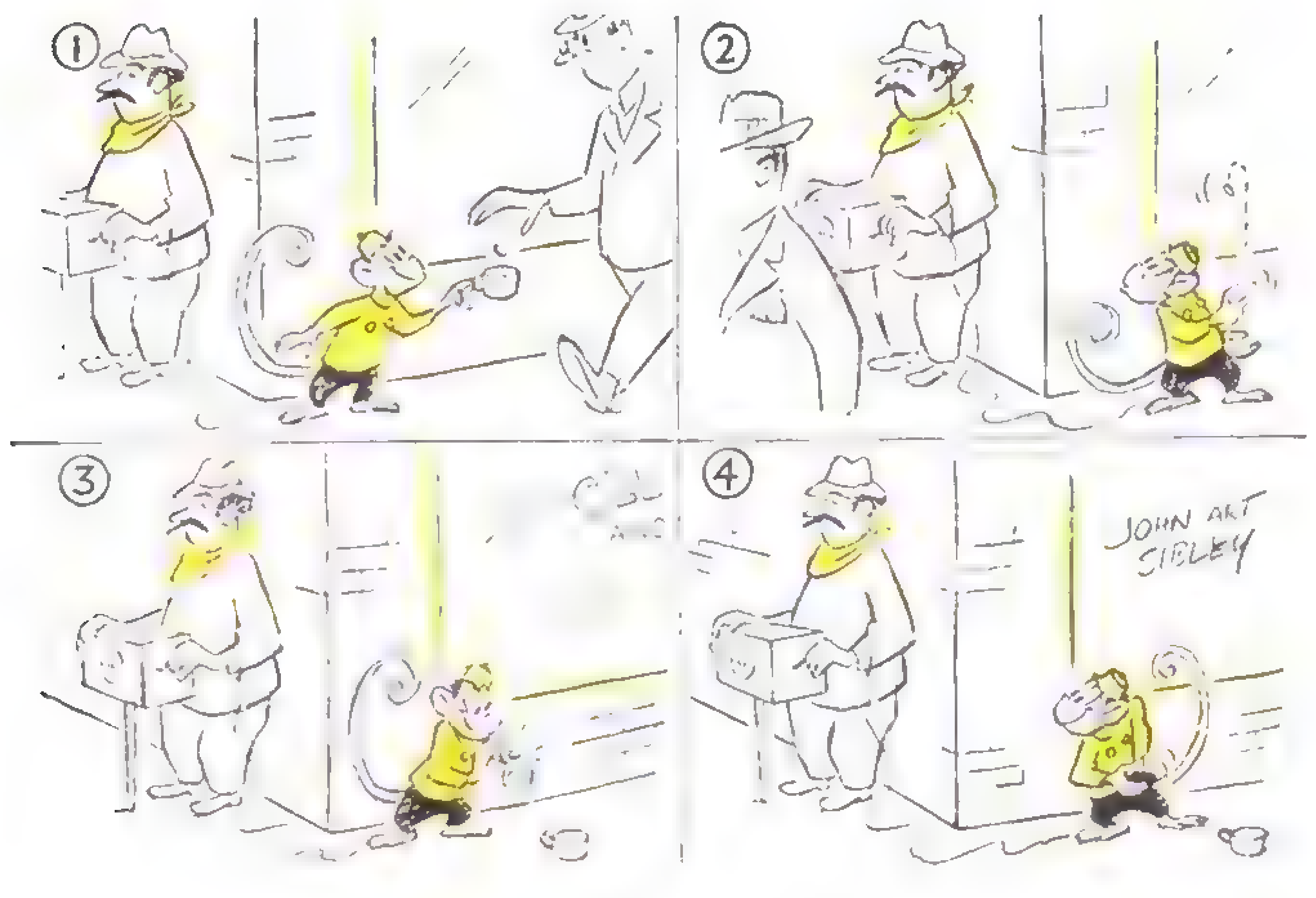
It is particularly ironic that this movie should be crammed with pedagogical booby traps, for in *Henry V*, Shakespeare gets off his loudest laughs at pedants. The Welsh captain, Fluellen (made doubly satiric by Esmond Knight's fine performance) is an hilarious lampoon of overeducated antiquarians. Olivier, with his digressions on medieval art and Elizabethan stage technique, produced two-thirds of his picture for an audience of Fluellens.

But in the last third of his film, Olivier finally turns to realism and considers the problem of real drama and real men. His presentation of the play, from the eve of Agincourt on, is magnificent. Jimmy Hanley gives a hauntingly beautiful reading of the speech in which the young soldier, Williams, accuses Henry:

"But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, 'We died at such a place'; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left."

Olivier uses this to cue a mighty spiritual climax. This review has

Continued on page 132



Style Champions

To get more than you expect, don't say "suspenders," say "Free-Swing."* There's a big difference between suspenders—a difference in comfort, in style, in wear. Only "Paris* Free-Swing" Suspenders have the exclusive rotary action back that gives with every gesture, moves with every motion—"Can't skid off your shoulders." No strain—no skid—no pull to these widely imitated, never duplicated champions. Ask for All Elastic "Paris Free-Swing" Suspenders—at better stores everywhere $1.50 to $3.50.

Also enjoy "Paris" fine leather Belts $1 to $7 and "Paris" Garters 55c and $1.

LOOK TO "PARIS" TO LOOK YOUR BEST

***Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—a product of A. Stein & Company—Chicago—New York—Los Angeles.**

FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS

Can't skid off your shoulders

Cobean
ADVICE TO A MAN WITH SAGGING SHORTS!

(1.) **Hi Ho, Everybody!** Here's a wonderful way to keep your shorts hoisted when buttons pop and drop. If you can't get balloons, next best thing is shorts with Gripper fasteners. You *can* get them!

(2.) **Always Keep Wife Handy.** If you're a fast talker, persuade the wife to follow you everywhere, needle poised, to sew on buttons that fall by the wayside. Otherwise, better buy shorts with Gripper fasteners.

(3.) **Cheers!** This man discovered that Gripper fasteners are back. He needs no advice. He already *knows* Gripper fasteners are laundry-proof, outwear the shorts themselves, and end button-bother. And his wife is no longer a sew-and-sew.

GRIPPER* FASTENERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
*the laundry-proof snap fastener that ends "button-bother"
Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury 91, Conn. • America's Leading Manufacturer of Snap Fasteners

Stratford on Arkansas

Continued from page 131

said a number of harsh things about his decisions as a producer; but I have only breathless admiration for his skill as an actor.

By sheer force of a restrained but dynamic personality, the star seems to refute the charge that Henry's character lacks development. By three progressing incidents that are humanly conceived, thoroughly well-reasoned and powerfully presented, a superlative actor picks up the disjointed fragments of a jerry-built play and uses them to prove that this last of Shakespeare's chronicle kings was a kinsman to the great human heroes that would follow him—Lear, Othello, Brutus and Hamlet.

His embarrassed and evasive reply to the accusing soldier is delivered in a mood of self-protective anger that dispels its basic weakness. The troubled, introspective soliloquy is read by Olivier with brooding and contemplative dignity. Then, after self-accusation and humility, he makes us glory in the re-awakened buoyancy with which the king decides to face the future honestly and to do his valiant best. Most actors use Henry's brass-hat harangue beginning "Once more unto the breach, dear friends" as their big moment in this play; but Olivier, more wisely, makes his climax the comradely St. Crispin's Day speech which says: "He which hath no stomach to this fight, Let him depart." Here is a hero who can be understood in Arkansas—or Australia. He dramatizes the most inspiring traits of English character—its ability to face disaster gallantly and its refusal to become lost in the bogs of introspection.

In the spectacular battle scenes, we see Olivier as the lusty man of action, slaying in single combat the Constable of France. He is the romantic champion every boy longs to be and every girl longs to meet.

After his triumph the action moves swiftly to the best scene in the picture: Henry's playful wooing of the French princess. Many scholars have pronounced this scene coarse, but in the hands of Olivier and Miss Asherson it is delightful. Every shading of meaning is clear and chuckle-inspiring. Shakespeare's wit, as bright as when first minted, provokes spontaneous laughs. Olivier proves the camera's greatest asset is intimacy—not scope.

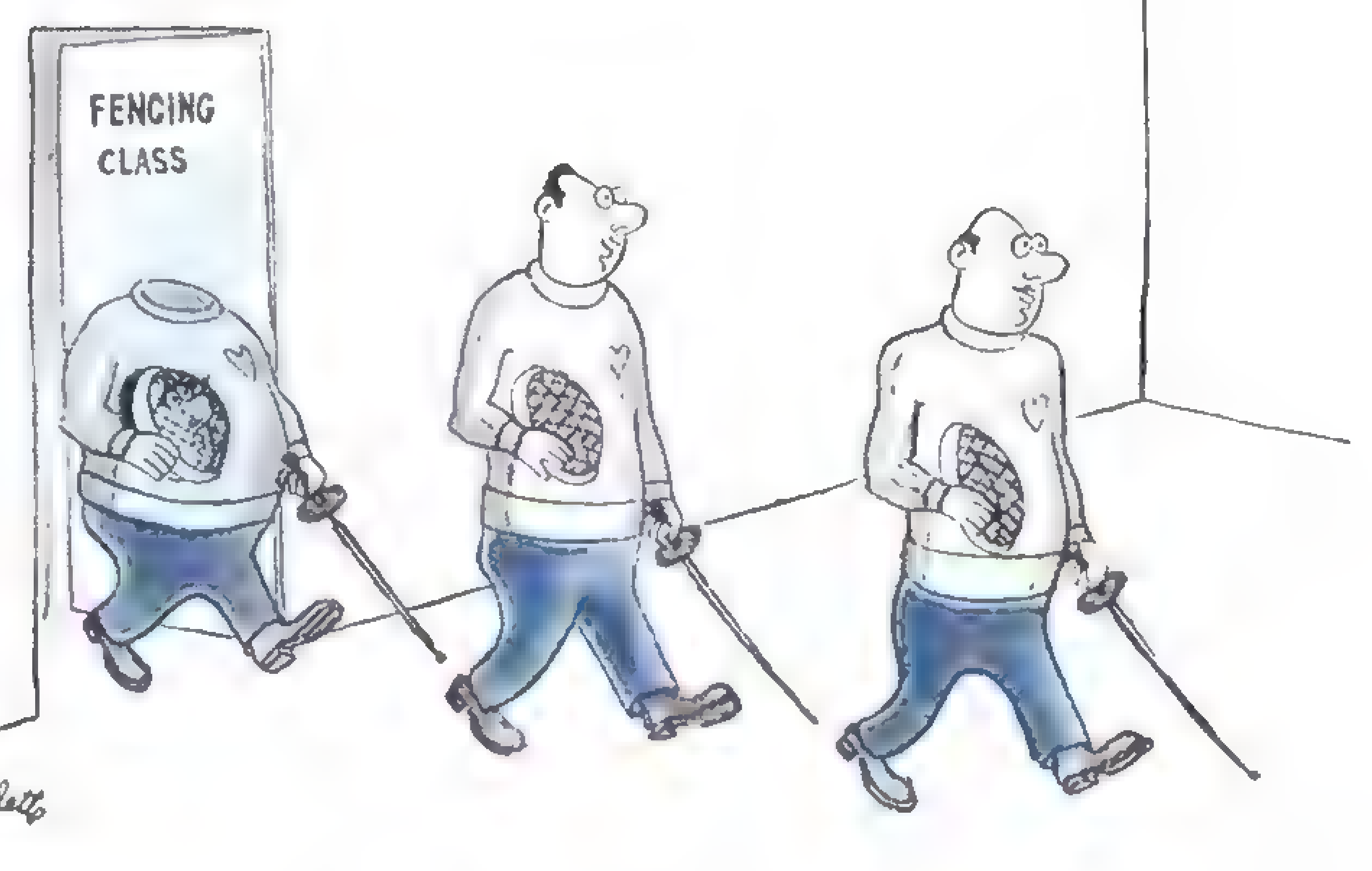
The first duty of every producer is to tell a complete and understandable story. It's too bad this fine actor did not forego scholasticism and condense the whole series of chronicles into one intelligible movie.

It would be the story of a youth who flees to the underworld because his father is a royal thief and murderer. Upon the father's death, he repudiates his disreputable friends, and tries to blind himself to the fact that it is as difficult to be honest on the throne as in the taverns. But, on the eve of battle, the truth is thrown in his teeth by a common soldier. After a deep inner struggle, he decides he must face life as it is. Accepting the heavy responsibility Fate has placed upon him, he fights honestly to triumph. And when he tells the woman he loves that he is a plain simple man, we can believe him. For there has been growth in this character, and the growth has been toward simplicity.

This is the story Shakespeare told. It is easier to understand its entirety than its sections. Shorn of its deadwood, it contains heart interest and entertainment. By using the Old Vic's fine comedian, Ralph Richardson, as his Falstaff, Mr. Olivier could employ the camera to bring this whole mighty saga into focus. In the last third of the present picture he already has shot the climax. If he will go back and reshoot the events leading up to it he may succeed in wresting Shakespeare's great creation from the long-hairs and restoring it to the people—for whom it was created. This would be a great victory in the history of letters.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friend, once more." ⧺

Continued from page 43



Meloso! Delicioso!
because it's
"Mountain Distilled"

© 1946, N.D.P.C.

Smooth and delicious! This rum, Senor, is a harmony of taste, blending zestfully into so many delectable drinks. You'll find Ron Merito distinctive, because it is mountain-bred-and-born in sunny Puerto Rico. There — high above the sea — soil, water and tropic air unite with patient human skill to give you rum with a matchless "mountain flavor." Remember—the better the rum, the better the drink, and there *is* no better rum than Ron Merito. Make your cuba libre, collins, daiquiri or other favorite drink with "mountain distilled" Ron Merito — and make it *delicioso!*

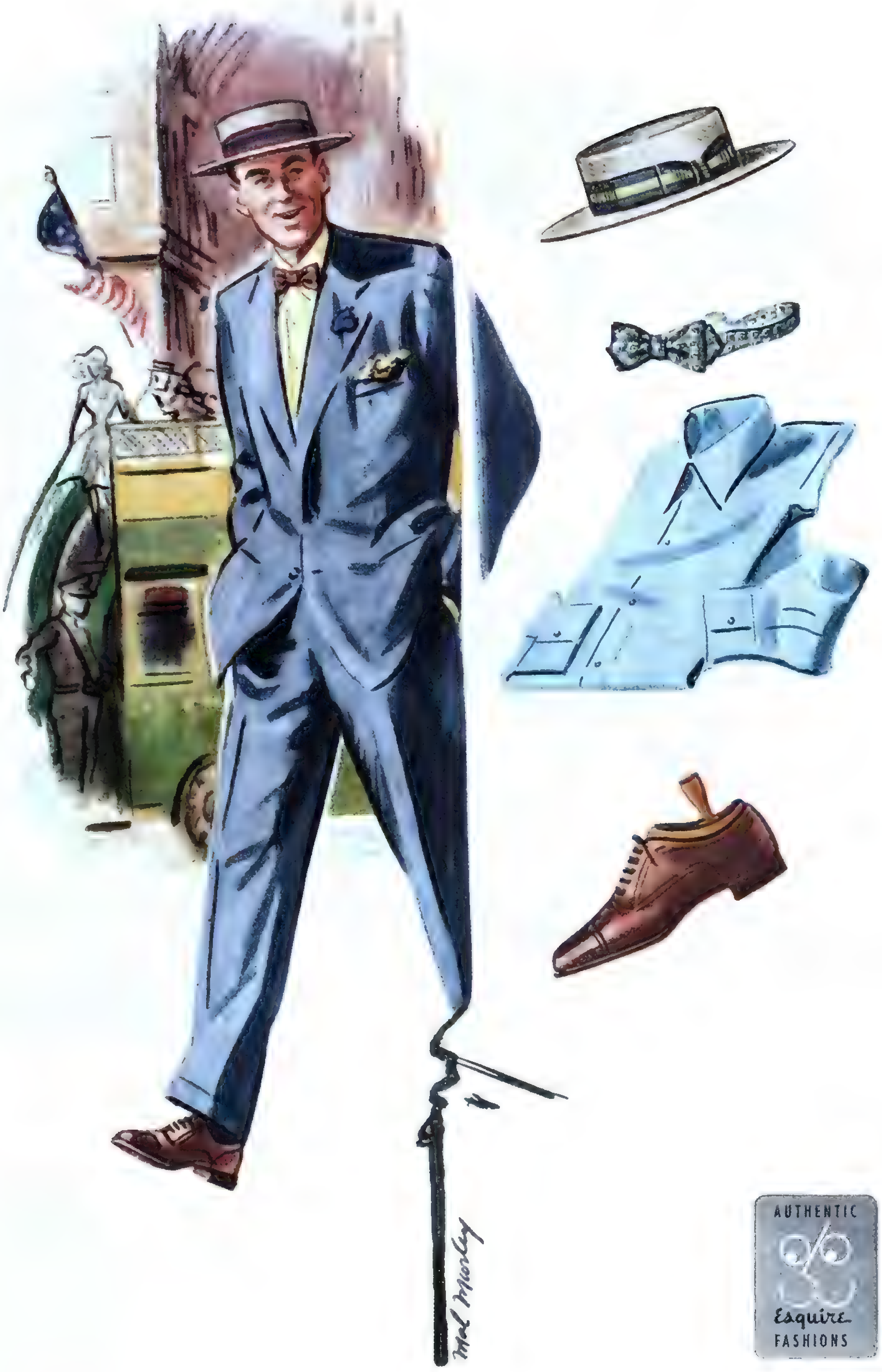
Ron
MERITO

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Ron
Merito
White Label
Ron
Merito
Puerto Rican
Rum
Ron
Merito

SEND FOR FREE COLORFUL 24-PAGE RECIPE BOOKLET

AVAILABLE IN BOTH GOLD AND WHITE LABEL. 86 PROOF. WRITE NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., DEPT. E34, P. O. BOX 12, WALL STREET STATION, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.



DOUBLE-TAKE ON GREY

Drawing by M. Murley

Many a steaming pedestrian will turn for a second look at this Fifth Avenue ambler, who appears cooler than a Tom Collins in his suit of rayon-blend fabric in slate grey. This color with a bluish overtone blew in on the spring breezes and has carried on into summer, together with the two-button style jacket. A double set of accessories is shown here. The first includes a yellow shirt of thin cotton with matching chest handkerchief and with red-ground foulard tie, straw boater hat with club-striped ribbon band, blue socks and brown shoes to finish it off. The other outfit is built around a batiste madras shirt in a soft shade of grey, and it carries out this year's new yellow-and-grey theme in the foulard bow tie and band of the hat.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

A Labtex WASHABLE Fabric

Label-wisdom is quality-wisdom! When you look for the LABTEX *Washable* FABRIC identification mark, you tab yourself as an astute buyer of sport shirts. Here's why:

LABTEX offers a revolutionary *new* washable fabric remarkable in its ability to absorb rough treatment. The broiling sun won't dampen its luxurious spirit...and it will survive the ordeal of repeated laundering beautifully! Won't fade, discolor or shrink!* ...looks "right smart" whether you're loafing or at a business conference. One of the LABTEX *Washable* FABRICS is "Kandure" featured by

Manhattan

in their distinguished "Terrace" Sport Shirt...in colorful shades...presently available at leading stores everywhere.

Labtex Fabrics

A DIVISION OF CANTOR GREENSPAN CO., INC.
469 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, 1

*Average residual shrinkage 1%

Glenmore's
OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

As lovely as a tulip
Is a tall and frosty Julep
As easy on the taste as on the eye.

It's a summer-time delection
That approaches sheer perfection
That's best described by
"Umm—and my oh my!"
James B. Wilson

So welcome when it's warm

A MINT JULEP: A real Kentucky Mint Julep in its ice-encrusted shell defies description, especially when you compliment its fragrant sprigs with the mellow richness of Old Thompson. Blended in Kentucky by Glenmore, Old Thompson has that Glenmore touch-of-quality, that priceless flavor of Old Kentucky.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

A Glenmore Product

© 1946 G. D. CO.

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

A Gun for Atluk

Continued from page 89

peated the order and cursed him. Then he nodded, and glanced at the sky, and spoke gutterally to the dogs. They strained into their harness, and the runners bit into the new snow. Atluk plodded along beside the team, while Jarvis watched with an amused superiority. He had already planned that Atluk would not outlive his usefulness, which would end when they were within perhaps a day's safe journey from the gold fields. Certainly he could not allow the Eskimo to return to Herschel Island with his story . . .

It was a matter of some four or five miles to the burial ground of the Itkillicks, but the rising wind was at their backs and part of the route lay over the smooth ice of the straits. Jarvis put down his impatience with the pleasing contemplation of his own resourcefulness. He was still engrossed in this when the sled stopped, and the dogs dropped panting in the snow, and Atluk came up to him hesitantly, in the grip of a great fear.

"We go, quick!" he suggested. "This place bad luck. This place of spirits!"

Jarvis looked out through the white flakes swirling across the twilight. The Itkillick burial platforms stood high on their posts, as rigid and bare as skeletons propped against the dim sky.

"Which one is Ituknek's?" he asked.

The Eskimo retreated to the far side of the sled, shaking his head. "Atluk no tell!" he said. "We go, hurry!"

"We'll go when I've got Ituknek's rifle!" Jarvis retorted, climbing out of the sled. Atluk raised a high, shrill cry, but the white man strode to the nearest platform and looked up at the skin-shrouded huddle it supported. This would be Ituknek's, for the timbers were new. He climbed, and Atluk's shrieking found words.

"No, no!" he protested. "No touch gun! Ituknek's spirit be angry!"

Jarvis laughed. He reached one hand over the platform rim, and his fingers closed on the frosty barrel of the rifle that had been left there for the use of Ituknek's spirit in those happier hunting regions of the sky.

He slid back to the ground with the gun, and pumped a cartridge into the firing chamber to assure himself that it was in working order. Atluk was groveling in the snow, loudly imploring the spirit of Ituknek to forgive this blasphemy. Jarvis strode over to him and gave him a resounding kick.

"Get up, you damned fool!" he ordered. "You wanted a gun, but you'd leave this one to rust. Get going! Take me back to Captain Mallory's snow house!"

He settled himself in the warmth of the sleeping bag. Atluk got to his feet, his beady, unwinking eyes once more impassive. He looked long at the sky. The snow came down in a blinding flurry, and the wind moaned through the bare timbers of the burial platforms.

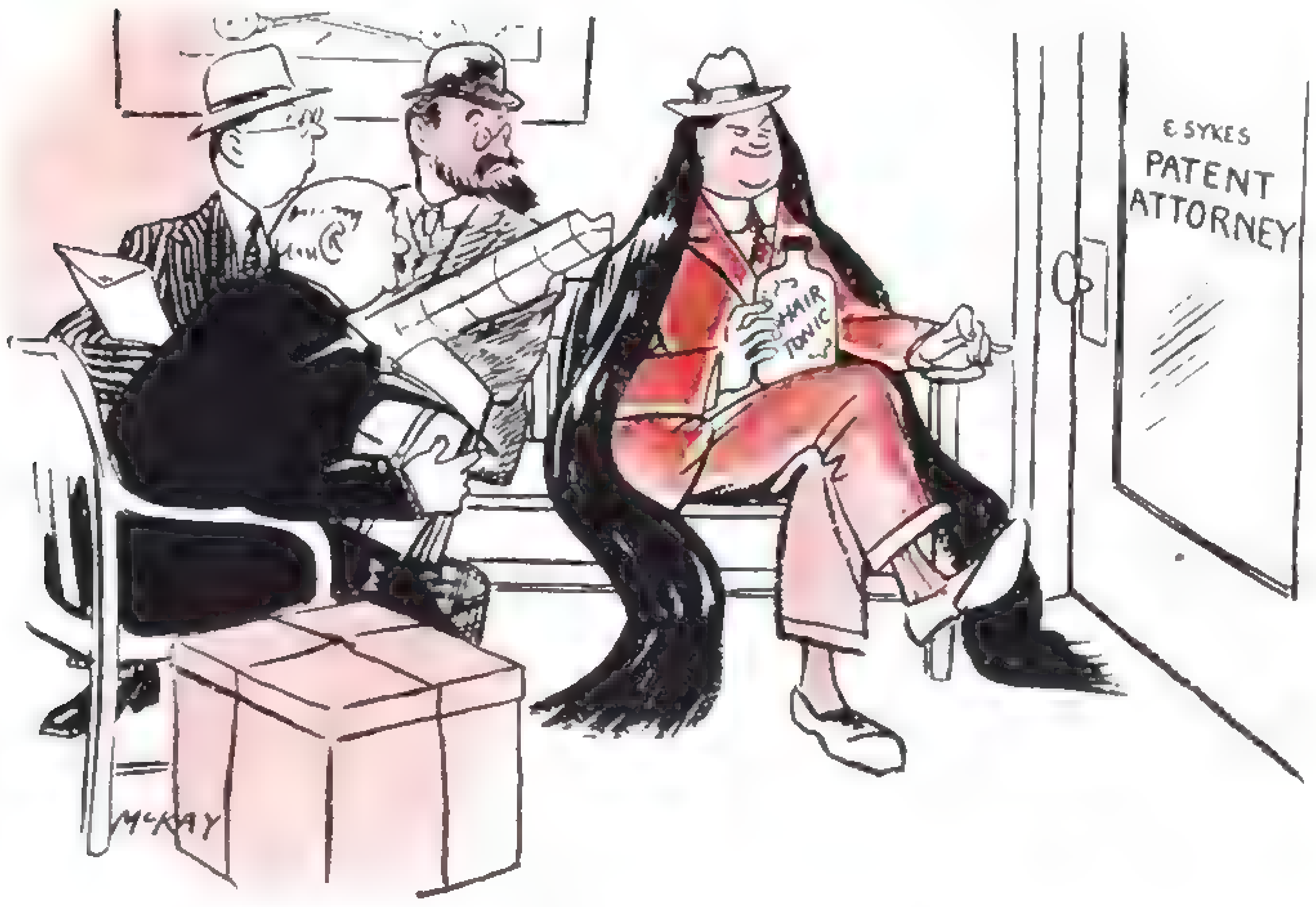
"Bad storm come!" Atluk said. "No go back. Better go with wind."

"Let it come," Jarvis laughed. "I'm warm enough, and you'll stay warm if you keep moving. Turn around."

The wind became a savage, howling thing, lashing out with needle-sharp points of icy sleet, driving with physical force into the faces of the dogs and against the bent head of the Eskimo guide. There was no day or night here at this time of the year, but only the dimness, and the eternal stars when the clouds had blown by, and the Northern Lights flickering beneath the stars like a great fan opening and shutting. But these clouds did not pass; they rode low, wrapping the white land in a weird darkness, covering it with a new mantle that would not lie on the high places, but worked ceaselessly to make everything level.

Jarvis was unworried. He had pulled the rifle into the sleeping bag with him; now he drowsed there, warm and comfortable. This

Continued on page 138



Not just another sweater...

another WELGRUME

Comfort *plus* virile styling lifts this sweater out of the "knockabout" class, gives it distinction, marks it indelibly *"another WELGRUME"*! Handsome V-neck slipover with broad-shouldered masculine lines, long sleeves, the luxurious soft feel of 100% pure zephyr wool. Tan Heather, Autumn, Ram Blue, Ram Green, Maize.

Because of post-war difficulties, your dealer may not have a complete WELGRUME selection. Just remember that WELGRUME is worth waiting for.

PAUKER BROS. 1237 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Just Right!

MORGAN DENNIS

Blackie: "This breeze is grand, Whitey—shall we turn it on faster?"

Whitey: "Why experiment, Blackie, when you've got something that satisfies you?"

Right indeed, Whitey—especially where BLACK & WHITE is concerned! Ever since this famous blend was created generations ago, other Scotches have come and gone—but BLACK & WHITE has stayed on. And the reason is—character!

BLACK & WHITE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

A Gun for Atluk

Continued from page 137

much he would gladly grant Atluk; an animal's instincts in the matter of weather and direction, a brutish skill at survival in storm and cold. Jarvis had no fear of treachery. He had dared to take the gun of Ituknek; he was the master.

He might have been alarmed had he known that Atluk was not yet twenty years old, that the Eskimo had yet to prove himself as a hunter, or take a wife. Or that Atluk—as ageless looking as all the Itkillicks—was dreaming now, while he fought the wild wind, of just such a gun as Ituknek's. With a gun, Atluk could kill caribou and walrus, fur seal and sea otter for their pelts; he could attain a man's stature in the eyes of a certain delightfully fat Itkillick maiden.

Atluk knew those essentials with which Jarvis credited him, but his knowledge went far beyond what the white man suspected. He was as sensitive to the weather as a barometer; he knew a hundred little tricks of making the white wastelands yield sustenance and shelter. His intelligence was of an order that Jarvis could not understand.

And now, lifting his head to sniff the wind and feel the texture of the snow and sleet against his face, the Eskimo came near to what was, for him, a smile. The blizzard suited his purposes, too. Jarvis had forgotten that it was Atluk who chose the time for delivering the file, the time for departure . . .

Jarvis awoke to a jolting, wrenching crash that flung the sled sidewise and left him floundering, still in the sleeping bag, in a deep snowdrift. He fought his way clear, gasping and cursing Atluk's clumsiness. There was a pain in his side where the rifle had bruised his ribs.

Atluk stood over the wreckage of the sled, shaking his head mournfully. "Bad," he said. "Plenty bad. Plenty no good. We camp here."

"We can't camp here!" Jarvis shouted at the top of his voice. "Don't you understand? When they find I've gone, they'll watch old Mallory!"

A sharp gust blew him off his feet, and he floundered again. Atluk merely leaned into the wind, bracing himself on his snowshoes.

"No can go," he said stubbornly. "Fix sled."

And he dropped to his knees and began scooping snow out of a hollow, moulding it into bricks with his hands and stacking them around the little depression. Jarvis squatted in the lee of the sled, watching helplessly. The dogs dug in, huddling together for warmth, letting the snow cover them. The snow hut took shape with astonishing rapidity.

When he had roofed it, Atluk dragged the sleeping bag inside, and lighted a seal-oil lamp from the sled.

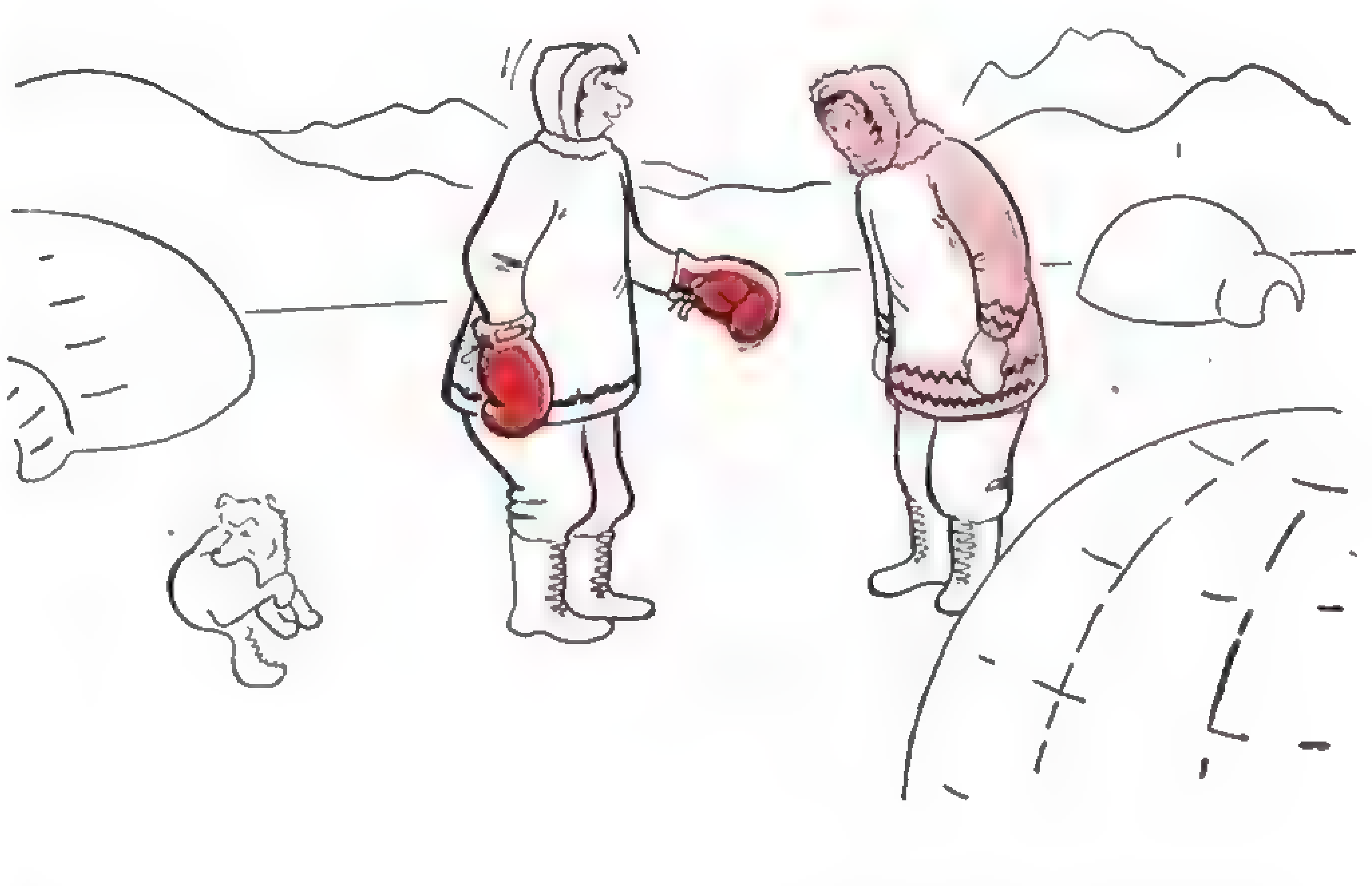
"Sleep," he told Jarvis. "Atluk fix sled. Here—need this."

And he untied the wide deerskin thong that served as a drawstring on the neck of the sleeping bag, and went out into the wind. There was nothing Jarvis could do. His plans, he told himself sullenly, would have to wait.

Once, during those hours while the storm blew itself out, the white man awoke. Smoky light still came from the seal-oil lamp, and Atluk squatted, beady-eyed, against the curved wall of the snow hut. He had not slept. Jarvis did not know that Atluk could go for a week without sleeping or eating, making up for it later by doing both for a week.

Jarvis only thought contentedly that it was fitting for him to be comfortable in the sleeping bag while Atluk kept vigil. After all, he was the master.

They ate, and Atluk threw frozen fish to the dogs, and they traveled again. The wind was down and the snow had stopped falling, but the sky was still overcast. They had journeyed for several hours before Jarvis knew definitely that something was wrong. This was tundra country; he had to leave the sled and don



"They're nice and warm, but they're so darn clumsy"

the extra snowshoes. He was aware that they should have been back on the smooth ice of the straits before now.

He called a halt, resting the butt of the rifle on his snowshoe and leaning on the barrel. He was blowing hard, and hunger had begun to assail his stomach again.

"Look here!" he demanded. "Are you trying to get smart with me? We didn't come this far last night!"

"No," said Atluk, glancing at the sky. "No stars. Atluk lose trail. Find trail pretty soon."

Jarvis glanced around in the dimness, cursing his luck. The snow lay in drifts and hummocks, and there were patches of reindeer moss on the high places. In the twilight, the land was all of a white sameness. Jarvis looked back at Atluk, and when Atluk returned his stare he lifted the rifle muzzle significantly.

"You'd better find it, damned quick!" he warned, patting the gun. "Or do you want me to kill you?"

Atluk shook his head, and his shoe-button eyes held a mocking suspicion of a smile.

"No," he said calmly and with assurance. "You no kill Atluk. Kill Atluk and you plenty lost. Go like this."

He made a circle with his mittened hand. Jarvis stared, and slowly lowered the gun in a sort of acknowledgment of defeat. The Eskimo's words were true enough and there was no room for bluff.

There came a time when they had to rest and eat, and much later a point at which Jarvis all but collapsed from sheer exhaustion. Atluk built another snow hut, fed the dogs, and sat stoically while Jarvis greedily devoured the last of the pemmican. When Jarvis cursed him for not bringing more food, Atluk was silent and unmoved.

One thing Jarvis learned for certain. Atluk would not touch Ituknek's rifle. His eyes caressed its length, his arms ached to hold just such a weapon—but this gun belonged to the spirit of Ituknek.

"Get me to Mallory's snow house tomorrow," Jarvis said, changing his attack, "and I'll give you this gun. Is that a trade?"

"No touch that gun!" said Atluk, recoiling.

Jarvis smiled. "Then I guess I won't have to sleep with it tonight. Superstition is a wonderful thing!"

He went hungry at breakfast. The traveling was hard, and Atluk, studying the sky, said another storm was making up. By now suspicion grew dark and ugly in the mind of Jarvis, but he could prove nothing. And, above all, he could not do without Atluk.

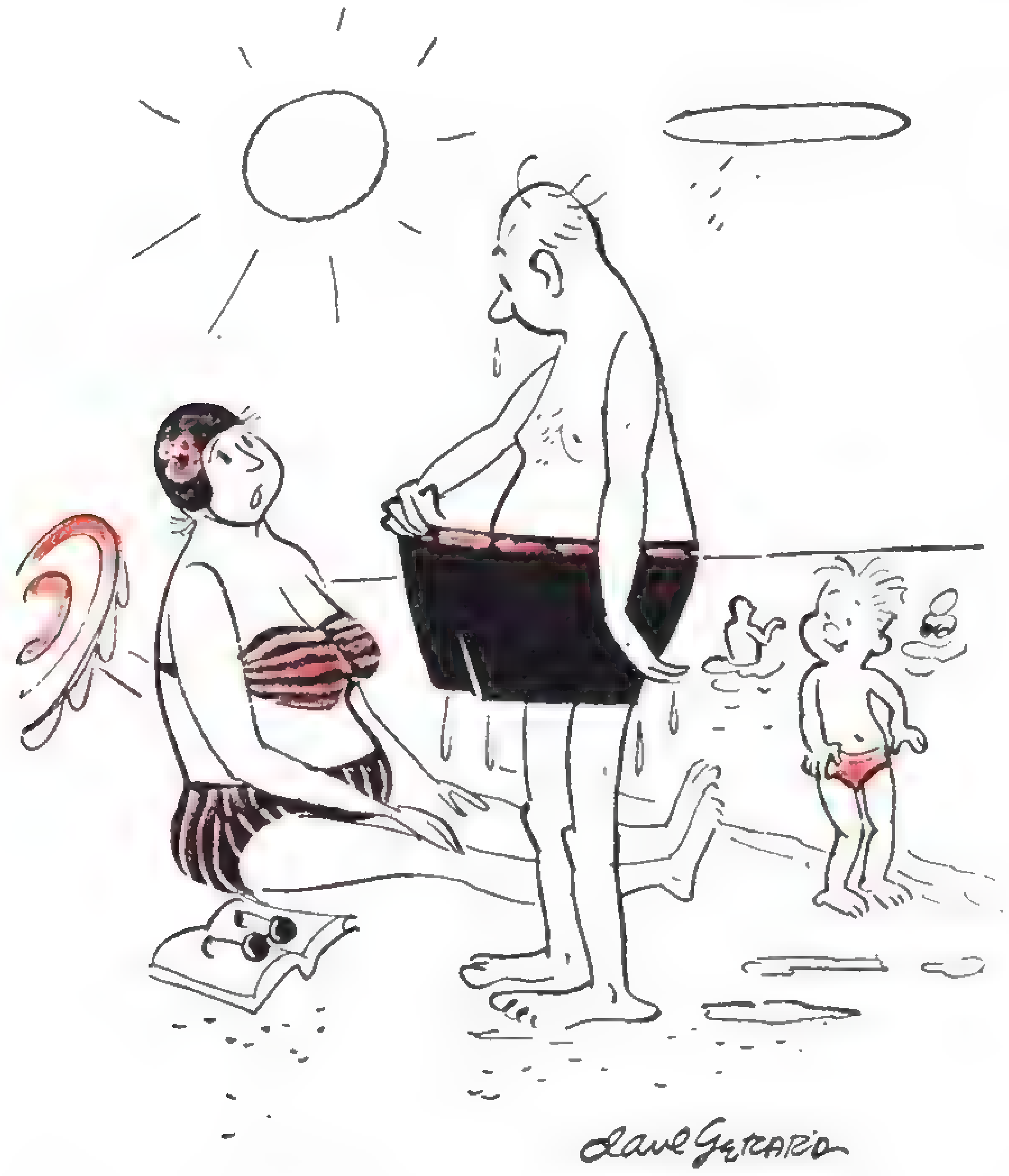
But finally he rebelled at walking further, and announced that he was going to ride. Atluk protested, but Jarvis got into the sleeping bag and stayed there, complaining that without the drawstring cold air came in at the top. He had intelligence enough to know that he had been burning energy at a great rate, that the chill he felt was a warning of lowered vitality. Before he could walk further, he said, he must have food.

Atluk wrestled with the sled over the rough places, took many detours, and made slow progress. After several hours of this he halted the dog team, and pointed to a band of caribou feeding on a ridge.

"Maybe so you kill meat!" he said.

Jarvis took new hope. He crawled behind the ridge, getting his clothing wet from lying in the snow until he could take aim, and

Continued on page 140



"But I don't think I can take them back—they just guaranteed them not to shrink!"

11 AM - Rehearsal
2^{30} P.M. - Announce "Fashion Televiews"
5 P.M. - Cocktails with sponsor

These are times that try men's clothes!

Balanced Tailoring makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better... longer

Balanced Tailoring* means a wealth of flexible hand tailoring reinforced with sturdy machine sewing . . . in *scientific* proportions. Result: luxurious lines that *last*. Only in Timely Clothes, moderately priced at $40 to $75. For the store nearest you, write **TIMELY CLOTHES, Inc., Rochester 2, N. Y.**

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Gun for Atluk

Continued from page 139

brought down a cow with a single shot. The wind chilled him while Atluk skinned the caribou with astonishing dexterity, and carried the meat back to the sled.

Now there was a double load, but while Jarvis tried to thaw himself out in the sleeping bag, they came unexpectedly upon the high, tumbled barrier of dirty blue ice that marked the sea. Atluk did not know whether Herschel Island lay to the left, or to the right; they would find out tomorrow, he said, after another sleep. Meanwhile there was a great quantity of driftwood on the beach, washed down the Mackenzie River by the summer floods, and they could have shelter and a fire, and cooked food.

The storm struck. Jarvis, well-fed and warm again, lighted his pipe and leaned back against the shelter they had made of logs, and laughed at the wind's howling. He smiled inwardly, too, as he remembered the low ebb of that day, when he had been at the point of weakening, of abandoning his scheme for revenge against Mallory. For a little while, he would have been glad to go on to the gold fields—to go anywhere where there was warmth and food.

But now his determination returned, and with it the hate and the anticipatory pleasure. The delay wouldn't have hurt matters. By now Mallory and the rest would be certain that Jarvis had perished somewhere in the storm, that first night. And it would be easy going along the beach, once Atluk got his bearings.

Already he had renewed confidence in Atluk. The Eskimo was squatting well away from the large fire, carefully cutting a long, wide strip from the fresh caribou hide. He brought this to the shelter.

"You sleep, now?" he asked, and his beady eyes caught the firelight. "Atluk fix sleeping bag, keep out cold. Storm be plenty bad."

"I'll sleep like I never slept before," Jarvis smiled. "But wake me early, so we can get an early start."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe and crawled into the sleeping bag. He was thinking that it was a good thing he had kicked Atluk and cursed him and threatened him with Ituknek's rifle. An Eskimo could be useful, but you had to do his thinking for him, and let him know who was boss . . .

Jarvis snored. Atluk rose and looked solicitously to the new drawstring on the sleeping bag, pulling it well up under Jarvis' whiskered chin, tying it close so the cold could not enter. Then he piled more logs on the fire.

After that, the little Eskimo squatted against the wall of the shelter, listening to the wind devils and the grinding of the ice; dreaming of a rifle like that Jarvis had left on the sled and of the beautifully fat Itkillick maiden.

There would be much to tell that fat one. There would be a new rifle—Atluk did not doubt that Captain Mallory would give him such a gun—to show to her and to her father. And he would tell them how he had first planned simply to abandon Jarvis on the tundra and to follow him and see him die. But then the white man—too big a white man for any Itkillick to handle—had defiled the grave of Ituknek and had stolen a gun there, forcing Atluk to change his plans. And he would relate how he had purposely upset the sled and pretended a need of the drawstring for repairs; how he made the stupid white man think they were lost, when Herschel Island was only a few hours away!

Atluk dozed over these pleasant thoughts, and slept. He awoke some time later to hear strangling, gasping sounds from the sleeping bag, and he went out to get more wood to put on the fire, and to pick up a stout club that could have bashed in a man's skull.

The firelight showed Jarvis thrashing desperately over the snow, his face contorted, his eyes protruding from their sockets. He struggled in vain to get his hands at the slowly contracting rawhide that was shutting off his life, and his thrashings carried him nearer to the heat of the fire.

Atluk did not have to use the club. But as he bent over Jarvis, he saw the question in the white man's bulging eyes, and thought it only fair to answer.

The Eskimo straightened, and pulled back his parka. That meant nothing to Jarvis, to whom all Itkillicks looked alike.

But Jarvis heard what Atluk said. It was, "Me, Atluk—son of Ituknek." ⧺

Continued from page 89

GEORGES BIZET 1838-1875

CARMEN

Created by a Master for all the world to enjoy

What "Carmen" is to music, Cointreau is to after-dinner liqueurs—a masterpiece. It, too, is a lasting tribute to the man who created it, Edouard Cointreau. And like Bizet's opera, this rare and distinctive liqueur has been enjoyed the world over for close on a century.

The finishing touch to a perfect dinner

COINTREAU LIQUEUR

80 PROOF • COINTREAU LTD. • PENNINGTON, NEW JERSEY • PRODUCED IN U. S. A.

And Now Delilah

Continued from page 61

that befell Pedro González." Prior to this he had been congratulating me on my Spanish novels, one of which he had read, and on my bullfighting articles. "You have heard of González, of course?"

"Of course," I said. "I suppose he is the most notorious matador of modern times."

"Notorious," my friend said. "Yes, it is so. And once, only a fraction of time ago, he was famous, with a glory and a dignity unequaled in Spain. Now he has only the fame of disrepute. He is notorious. You must beware, *m'amigo Ingleez*, lest your life continue the parallel, for you must know that Pedro González also struck a Fascist, and also for honor."

"A Nazi?"

"To be precise, a Falangist. But the distinction is too subtle for observance. Nazi, Fascist, Falangist. It is not of consequence. But you have heard this, I have no doubt, of González?"

"I have not heard it, Señor," I said. "I have read only of the incident of the *coleta*, when the Madrid crowd expressed their disapproval and those who had worn his favors were beaten in the streets. For the rest I had heard but rumor."

"You never saw him run the bulls."

"Never," I told him. "I regret it."

"He was an artist," the little man said. "A great artist. The last of the classicists. He aspired to bring the running of bulls to perfection. Señor, you are an enthusiast, a real *aficionado*, and I contend that it would have given you much pleasure to have witnessed his cape-work, his classical passes, his *recorte*, his *Verônica*, so pure and stylized, the bull and the *muleta* and the man in the single mold, the movement of incomparable fluidity yet with the air of great simplicity that belongs only to the master like Belmonte, like González."

"I gather," I said, "that you were acquainted with Pedro González."

"It is conceded, Señor. Permit me to effect an introduction. My card. Yes, I knew Pedro González with intimacy. I knew him before he was married. Then he was at the summit of his achievement. He was celibate as a priest. He neither smoked nor drank. He lived entirely within the limits prescribed by training and—I make my joke—although a Castilian, in this period of his life he smiled freely. Then on tour, in Pamplona in Navarra, he met Tisbea who was of humble origin but young and excessively beautiful.

"Tisbea married him. I reverse the natural order by design, for assuredly, although later he conceived a great passion for Tisbea, in the beginning it was she who desired and married him. I personally am of the opinion that she loved him truly at this juncture. She was very proud of her husband—of his rectitude, his art, his fame. You must understand that Tisbea, although unfinished in education, was possessed of considerable talent, and thus in a brief period of time acquired gentility from the men and women of luster in Pedro's society. Her tastes, which had hitherto been simple, developed into the tastes of a woman of fashion and soon she no longer strove to attain the level of Pedro but rather attempted to elevate him to her successive planes.

"At times she would manifest symptoms of jealousy. There was no other woman: that would have been an absurdity. No, it was in the bulls that she recognized her rival. She spied on his training, regarding the various acts of discipline as the rituals of a fetish from which she was forever excluded. She created scenes. 'You love your stupid bulls,' she would say, 'better than me.' And then when Pedro denied it she would demand proof. She would require him to break training and accompany her to a theatre or a function. Sometimes Pedro withstood her, but not always. He had no experience in the management of women. He tolerated her jealousy, and he tolerated also her acquisition of new, sophisticated friends, men equally with women, with whom he had no acquaintance. Tisbea's scenes became more frequent, and of increasing violence. I trust, Señor, that you do not find this preliminary account of negative interest?"

"It is of great interest," I said, and I meant it. I had always wanted to know more of Pedro González, the idol of Madrid who had committed the only sin that the bull fans will never forgive: turned coward: and who in the moment of his humiliation had been exposed as a charlatan and a liar in the trifling but dramatic matter of his much-publicized *coleta* or pigtail. I kept my eyes on the staircase. I wanted to hear the whole story, but I also wanted to see the girl who had stepped so providentially into my arms. "Forgive me if I give the impression of inattention," I said. "But I am expecting a friend. Meantime, permit me, Señor, to replenish your glass. And please continue."

"I shall relate the facts of the *coleta* incident. At the time of this affair Pedro's fame was at white heat. A documentary film of his life had been made and distributed all over Spain. You saw it everywhere, although, of course, you cannot see it now because it has been withdrawn by official decree. In this film mention was made of the *coleta*, and it was exhibited with considerable magnification, Pedro turning his head from left to right to display it. You will have learned perhaps that he, Pedro González, alone of all

Continued on page 142

PERSONAL COOLING SYSTEM

...a remarkable new hat by Lee...invisibly ventilated... lighter, cooler, smarter.

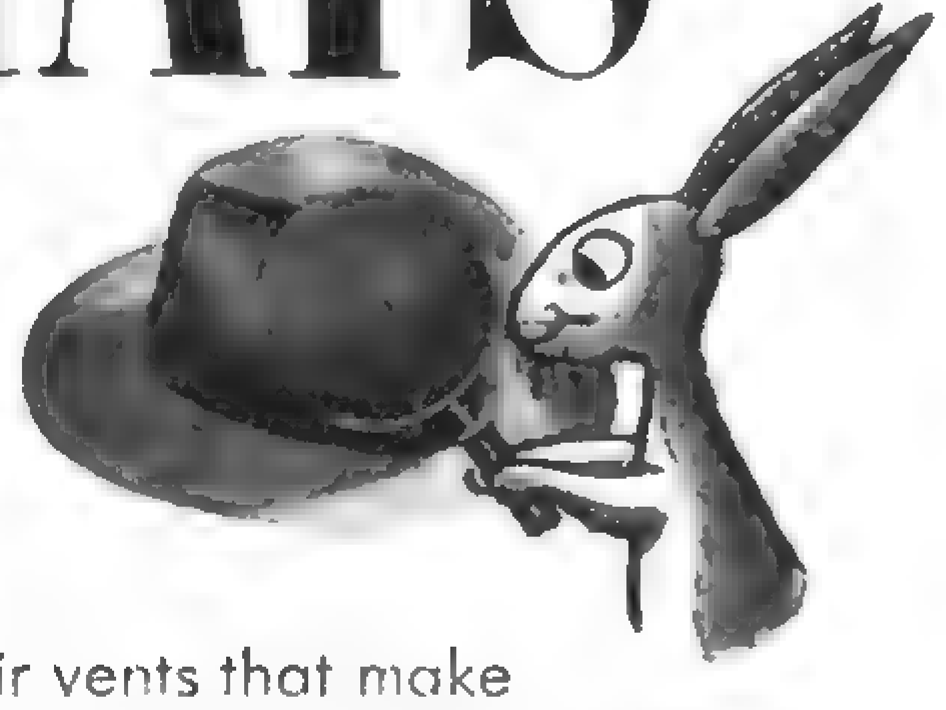
An exciting new idea! Hundreds of tiny air vents... invisible to the naked eye...so effective, they coax each wandering breeze to soothe and cool your brow.

The coolest, lightest, best looking felt hat you ever wore.

Select your Lee Vent-O-Lite* in the shade you prefer at leading hat stores everywhere.

VENT-O-LITE

LEE HATS



Close inspection reveals 500 to 700 tiny air vents that make this new kind of hat sensationally different and amazingly comfortable.

Tune in Drew Pearson and his "Predictions of Things to Come" every Sunday, coast to coast over the American Broadcasting Company's Blue Network. Lee Hats, Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

© COPYRIGHT 1946, THE FRANK H. LEE COMPANY, DANBURY, CONN. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Look your Best with L.B. HAIR OIL*

Would you like to have better-looking hair? Do you want to see results...*instantly*? Then get a bottle of L.B. Hair Oil at your dealer today. Use as directed and see these results...*instantly*:

- ✓ **Dull, dry hair *gleams* with new "life" and lustre.**
- ✓ **The color is enriched . . . grayness less noticeable.**
- ✓ **Any wave, natural or "permanent" is encouraged.**
- ✓ **Hair stays perfectly groomed without greasiness.**
- ✓ **Dandruff literally "dissolves" before your eyes!**
- ✓ **Your scalp *feels* . . . your hair *looks* . . . wonderful!**

Why is L.B. SO DIFFERENT? SO WONDERFUL?

Because L. B. contains a rare animal oil, an element of one of the most beautiful, lustrous and abundant growths of hair known . . . *that's* why L. B. gives *your* hair such *instant* benefit!

✓ **No matter what hair preparations you have tried or now use, you owe it to yourself to try L.B.!**

★ IT'S THE ANIMAL OIL THAT ANIMATES YOUR HAIR

L.B. HAIR OIL

Ask your dealer for L.B. TODAY

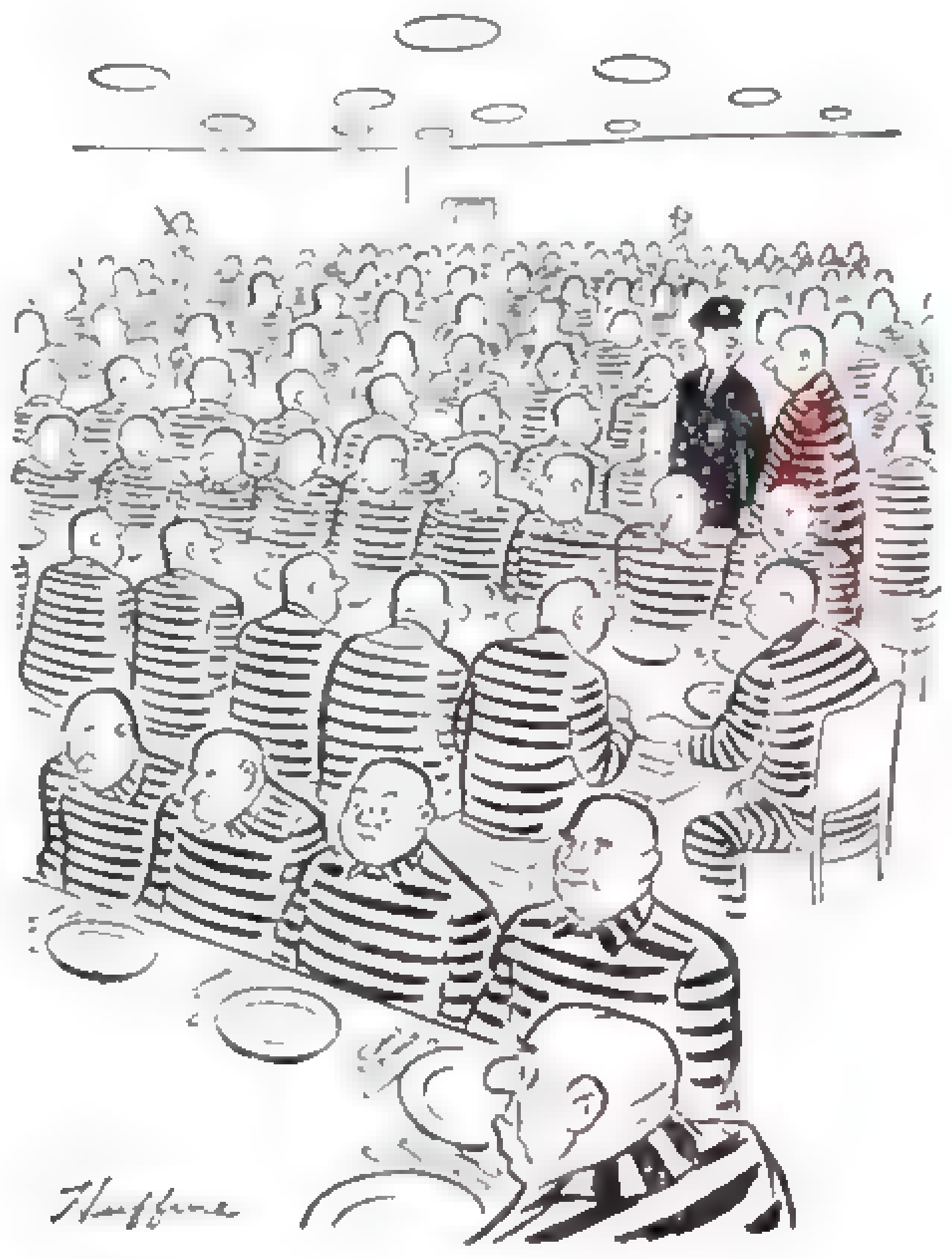
L.B.
HAIR OIL
5 FL.OZ.

And Now Delilah

Continued from page 141

the modern *toreros* retained the *coleta*. Naturally every *torero* must wear the *coleta* during the *Corrida* when he is actually running the bulls, but it must be understood that this *coleta* is nowadays an object of artificiality appended to the back of the *torero's* head. The *coleta* is traditional, and Pedro González was superbly a traditionalist and a classicist. He alone of all the *toreros* grew his own hair into the shape of a *coleta*. It was a symbol."

"But surely," I said, "it was proved that González' *coleta* was a sham!"



"I don't understand it—you were expected, weren't you?"

"Let me continue, Señor. Pedro González' *coleta* was of the hair of his head, as I shall presently make manifest to you. This *coleta* was a symbol to him. It was a symbol equally to the tens of thousands of *aficionados* and—in a converse manner—to Tisbea, his wife. In Pedro the pigtail of the bullfighter was a source of humiliation to Tisbea. She spoke of it with scorn and on numerous occasions. It was the mark of his trade. It was conspicuous. It attracted attention, and in the cafés even foreigners from the luxury hotels would remark it and make Pedro the focus of their curiosity. Such attention did not displease him for he knew it to have a basis in respect and he accepted it as a tribute to his profession and to his personal art. But Tisbea disliked it exceedingly. She hated the *coleta*. It was her enemy. One night when Tisbea returned from a party at which there had been much champagne she found Pedro asleep. He was to "run the bulls" in a charity the following evening. Thereupon Tisbea extracted the pearl-studded razor from his toilet case and cut off his *coleta* close to the scalp. Pedro wakened while she was bending over him and in the struggle for possession of the razor the open blade slashed his wrist, severing the radial artery so that a spout of blood came. Pedro removed the trousers of his pajamas to stanch the wound and a tourniquet was applied with all haste.

"The next day the arm was stiff, but he could employ it. The fingers, however, were powerless. 'The cloak can be attached to the leather strap on my wrist,' Pedro remarked to his friends when they tried to dissuade him. 'In this way it will be possible for me to function in the *Corrida*.'

" 'It is impossible,' they said. They tried in vain to dissuade him. 'It is suicidal,' they told him repeatedly. 'It is madness.'

" 'It is imperative,' Pedro said. They could do nothing against his resolution. Had he met with an accident that may befall a man of honor it is possible that they might have prevailed upon him to default, but he was determined that not even the humblest spectators in the *Sol* should suffer the smallest diminution of entertainment by reason of his wife's indiscretion.

"A *coleta* of the correct hue and texture was obtained with difficulty, for it must be understood that this is not commonly an article to be purchased ready-made, and he left the hotel in good time to be dressed in the punctilious fashion that his prestige demanded. The rest, Señor, is common knowledge. He was weak and lacked agility. The crowd was very patient, but you know the bull crowd. They do not make allowances, and from the great *torero* they demand perfection. They hate an act of cowardice, yet they seek it always as hounds seek a scent, and having once sensed it in a falter or a compromised movement they are immediately in full cry. They had loved Pedro and he was their idol. Now they pelted the arena with cushions, with bread, with bottles. They stood and screamed in an hysteria of abuse.

"Pedro could not kill. The *picadors* did what they could, but he was very weak and his hand would not grasp the sword. It was a matter of universal relief when, finally, the horn pierced the ribs under his left arm, and the tragedy was brought to a conclusion. Momentarily there was a revulsion of feeling. The great González was down with the horn in his breast, and the bull, sluggish now but still on the move, was scuffing his weighted horn across the sand of the arena. There must be an explanation, it was thought.

"Then someone saw the *coleta*, and the cry went up. 'His *coleta*! Witness it, the great *coleta*!' It became the universal shout. '*Coleta, coleta*! The great *coleta*!' You will understand that the *coleta* had become detached from Pedro's head. The hoof of the bull was caught in the elastic band of the *coleta*, and as the bull dragged his hoofs along the arena he dragged also the *coleta* and emphasis was laid thus upon its artificiality. Those leaning over the *barrera* could see plainly the elastic. It was the final insult. They had been proud of the classical *coleta* of Pedro González. It had been a symbol of honor and now was the symbol of his degradation, and of their degradation also as his dupes. They would not forgive that. They reviled him, and in fact I am assured that even today, Señor, they spit on his name in Madrid. I trust that I retain your interest?"

"You have undoubtedly the whole of my attention," I said. "Save only the courtesy of my eyes. You have presented this history with commendable clarity and provided the food for much thought."

"There is more. Pedro González lay in the infirmary for many weeks. They said that he would have died had it not been for the ministrations of his wife Tisbea. She made a residence of his bedside. She gave him strength and heart. She was beyond praise, but while still convalescent Pedro learned that she had contracted the habit of unfaithfulness with the senior consultant physician. Although unrecovered in health, Pedro, like you Señor, struck down the traitor who was a party man, a Falangist, of note. He struck him down with his fist, and killed him."

"Killed him!" I said incredulously.

"It was a matter of honor. There was a knife in his fist. He then confronted Tisbea with the act. 'That restores a semblance of cleanliness,' he said.

" 'You fool!' Tisbea said, laughing in hysteria. 'You would have to kill the half of Madrid!' It was thus that Pedro first learned the character of his wife. You will understand, naturally, that it was now necessary for him to leave the country of his birth and to proceed with all dispatch into exile, in which project he was assisted by a loyal friend, who procured for him a disguise and unauthorized documents."

"And Tisbea," I asked him when he hesitated. "What happened to Tisbea?"

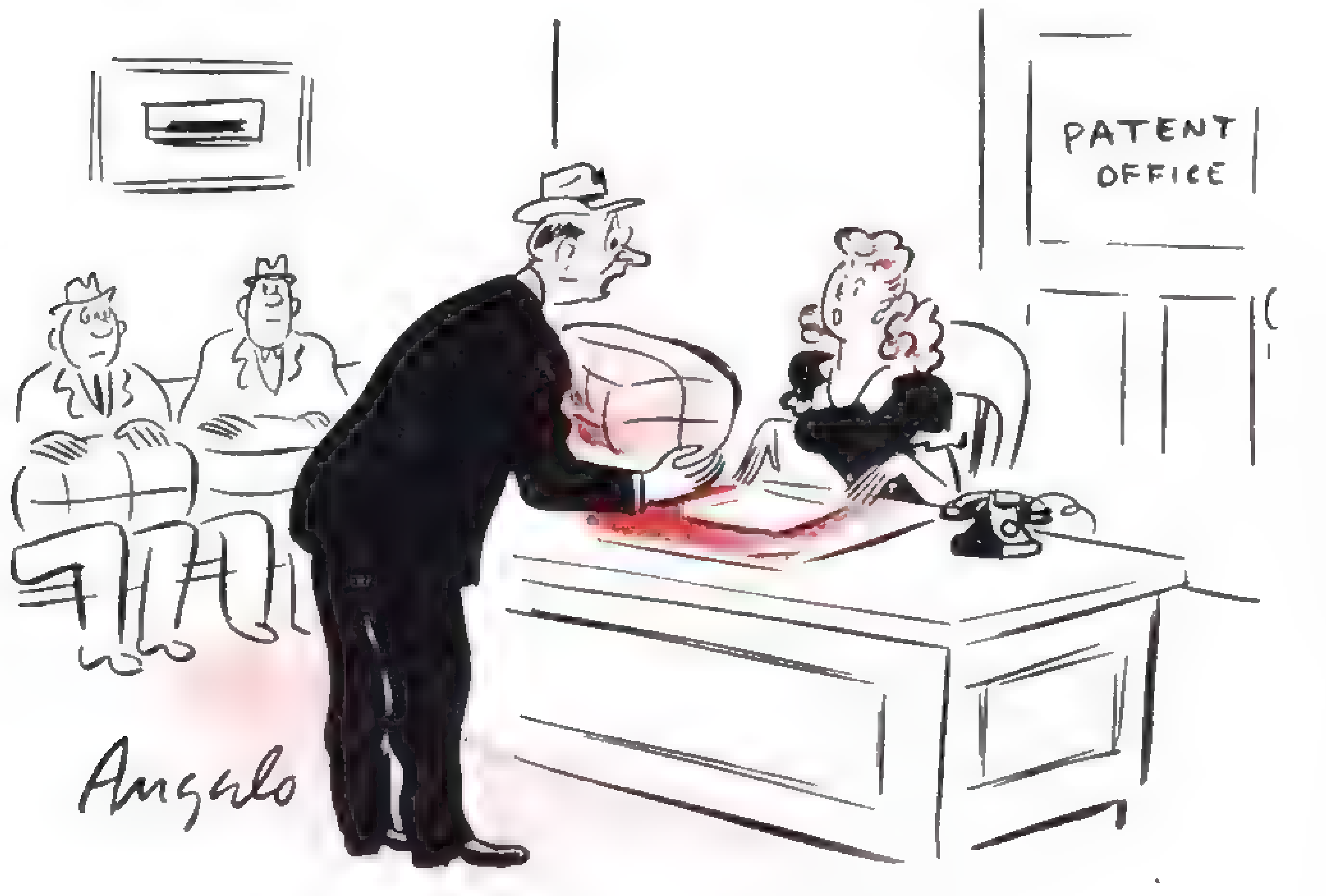
"She was his wife, Señor, and accompanied him." He paused and raised his glass. I thought that the narrative had come to an end, but I was wrong. In a few seconds he continued, speaking more slowly now and choosing his words, I felt, with greater care. "The remainder of the facts, though less concrete and lacking, perhaps, a truly objective basis, serve to point the moral and may be welcome, accordingly. Now that Pedro was no longer of consequence Tisbea's attitude was observed to change and there was marked deterioration in their relations. She no longer treated him with the courtesy that the humblest man demands of his wife. She was cold and defied him in public. It is to be conceived that primarily Pedro believed this revulsion to be due to his act of vengeance, but with the passage of time it become clear that she was gratified that he had killed for her: it was, conceivably, the thing about him which gratified her most. Manifestly, this is not a solid foundation for marital content, and soon there were other incidents of an unsavory nature. These, fortunately, were brought to a termination by Pedro without further fatality, although in one case blood, undoubtedly, was let. It is not my object to make a catalogue of infidelities. Such affairs are not of interest in themselves, Señor, but only insofar as they illustrate a peculiar facet of character. You may have noticed, Señor, that talent is no substitute for breeding in the assessment of matters of good taste, and thus in many instances, notably the affair of the barber of Villa Real, Tisbea confused the base alloy with the metal and selected for association not a man of true fame but a creature of notoriety. It was a source of regret to Pedro González."

I liked that. And apparently so did Señor Sansón. He repeated it. "Considerable regret," he said. "But I perceive that your glass is empty."

"No more," I said. "I have had a sufficiency. There is just one matter that now remains obscure to me. I accept your version, Señor, of this history, but I do not understand why Pedro González should have retained so fickle and cruel a wife."

"It is possible, is it not, that he

Continued on page 144



"I can't wait very long to see him—this is a time bomb"

FOR YOUR DAY IN THE COUNTRY

*B.V.D. Liray BRAND

*RUGGERS SHIRT

Here's a "B.V.D." sport shirt so cleverly styled that it goes to town in the country—and vice versa. "B.V.D." Liray Ruggers Shirt is only one of a smart new family of sport shirts in cool informal fabrics and colors. Wear the double-purpose convertible collar open or closed—right for the rustic life, right smart for the city rounds. Remember—whether it's sport shirts, swim trunks, pajamas or underwear, *"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"*

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Founded P&T in 1840

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
America's Luxury Whiskey

P&T
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS INC. Midway, Ky. New York, N.Y.

From the Treasured Stocks of a Century Old House

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

And Now Delilah

Continued from page 143

still loved her?" he questioned.

"No, no," I said. "It is not possible, surely. And she. Why did she not leave him? Why did they continue to live together? I am a writer of fiction, Señor, yet with all the devices of my trade I could not make such behavior credible."

"Señor, is it not conceded that the behavior of men is seldom credible? It is possible that in her fashion she too loved. You shrug? In such matters one cannot ever know. One may probe the complex caverns of sex for a lifetime in search of wisdom, and emerge a fool. I do not know the answers to your questions. I do not know why they continue to live together. But there is, surely, a factor of import which you have omitted to consider. Consider it now, Señor: They were married."

I was intensely interested now, not only in the story, but also in Señor Sansón himself. I was interested in the man he had revealed to me in his last few sentences, and I proceeded immediately to develop a line of argument for argument's sake, to provoke contradiction and further to uncover the texture of his mind. I was intent on this fascinating project and had, for the moment, quite forgotten my date with Lisa when her voice sounded close to my ear.

"I am ready," she said. "I have been standing on the stairs."

"Oh, hullo!" I said. I swung round and in doing so brought Lisa and Señor Sansón face to face.

"You!" Lisa said.

I realized immediately that some sort of faux pas had been committed, although I did not then realize its nature. Lisa was no longer smiling, and now, despite her recent repairs, she looked older and less extravagantly a lulu. Her face had become rigid: stylized, the alabaster mask of a sophisticated woman, the sort of thing you see hanging on beauty-salon walls. It was a startling metamorphosis. I turned, for a clue, to the little man, and he gave me a small dismissive bow. He was unchanged—dapper, formal, and above all, nondescript.

"Let us dance," he said imperatively to Lisa.

"I do not wish to dance. I am going out on the terrace with this Ingleez. Besides, you know how it always hurts your side to dance."

"Nevertheless, we shall dance, if you please."

"Very well, if you wish it," she said.

He laid his hand on her arm and she had to screw her head around to speak to me, her throat showing all of thirty or more and her eyes black and captive. "Darling," she said. "I shall come back. He does not understand it, in English."

I watched them go down to the dance floor; then, because one must accept defeat philosophically in such affairs, I shrugged my shoulders, slipped the little man's card into my pocket, and turned to the bar.

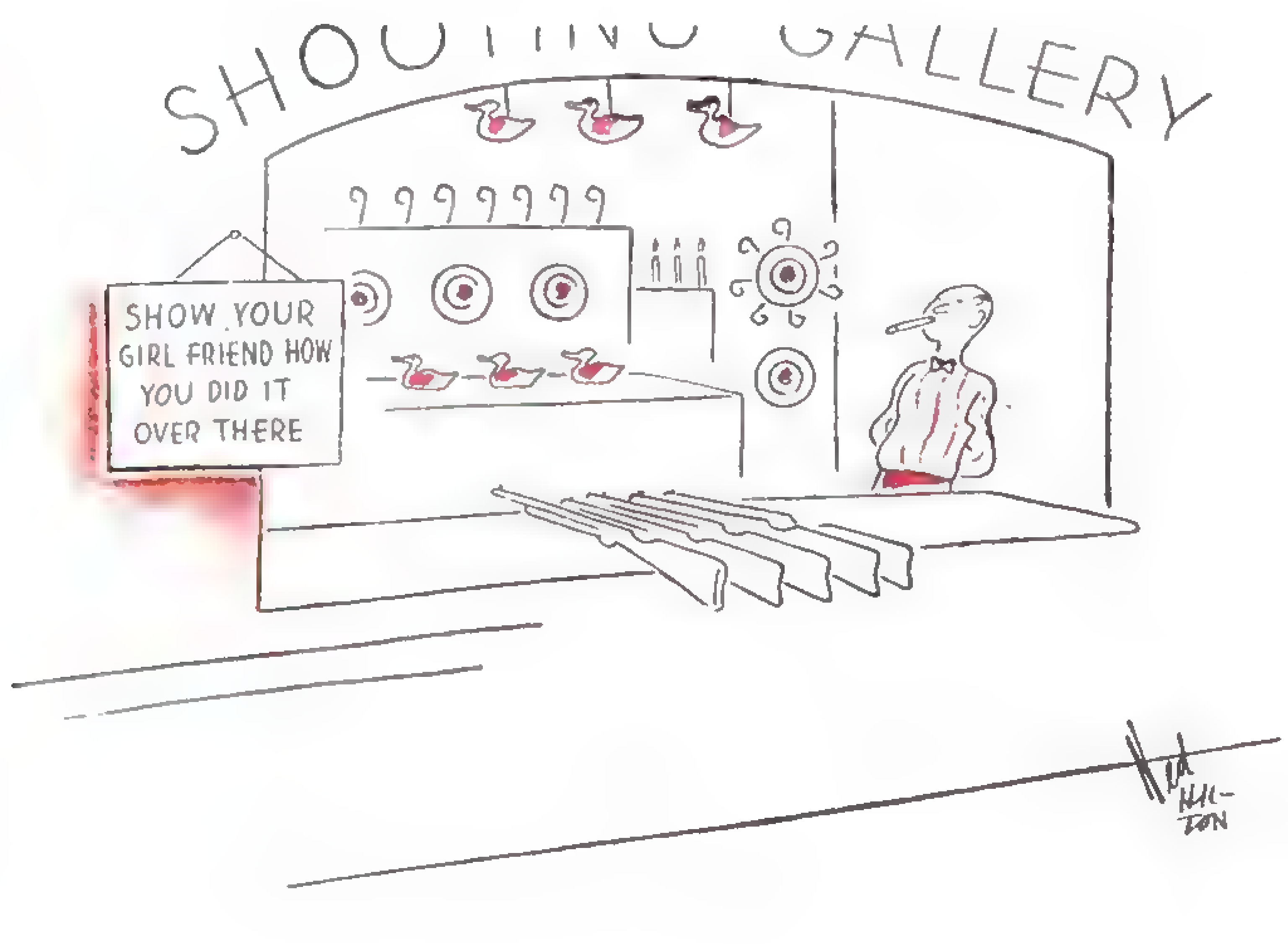
As I sipped my brandy I found my eyes straying to the dance floor. When I found them the girl was watching me above Señor Sansón's shoulder while he moved her on implacably, dancing stiff-legged yet with a certain formal grace, and the sudden thought struck me with an impact that drove the breath back into my body that he danced quite beautifully—like a bullfighter in fact—and that he was every inch a classicist, with a wound in his side, to boot.

I left the bar without finishing my drink.

The following week I sailed from Lisbon, and of course I never saw either of them again. But from time to time at odd moments I have thought about them and I have wondered whether my imagination, battening on coincidence, played me false or whether my Castilian friend really was Pedro González. I am quite sure now, however, having his card before me and having at last observed its irony.

For Sansón, you must know, is the Spanish word for Samson. ⧺

Continued from page 61


SHOOTING GALLERY
SHOW YOUR GIRL FRIEND HOW YOU DID IT OVER THERE

The Diligent Duke of Ellington

Continued from page 91

just for the purpose of catching an Ellington stage appearance. Duke's records sell so regularly that they enjoy somewhat the same prestige as a book-club selection—they are practically subscribed in advance. Unlike some band leaders, Duke feels a personal attachment to each of his admirers and has been known to spend several hours at a stretch answering questions for the faithful.

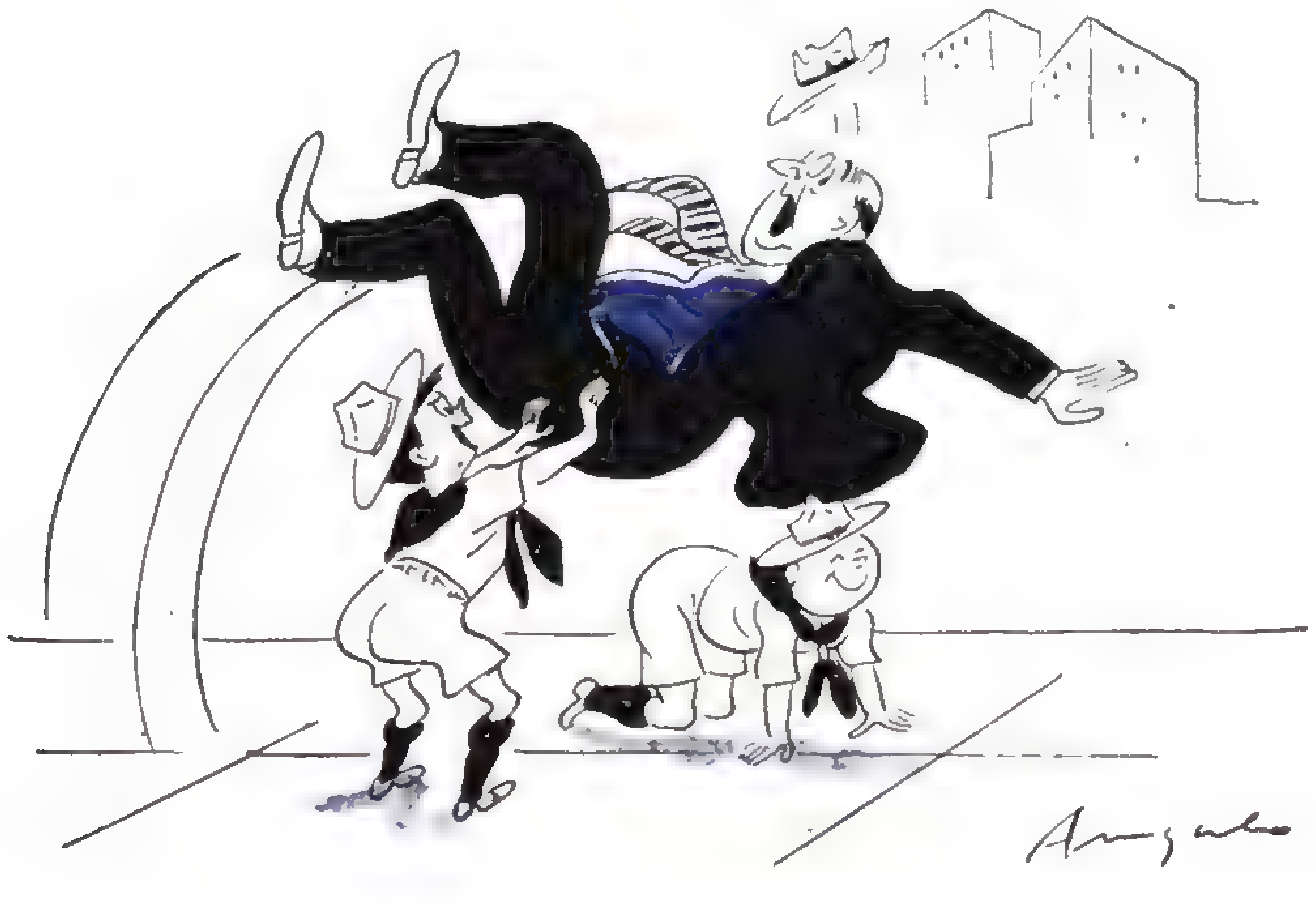
As a show-business figure, Ellington is fortunate in being the kind of man who is everything to everybody. To those of his admirers and associates who expect him to be the prototype of the Negro jazz musician as popularly conceived, he is gay, carefree and "sharp." He dresses well, owning an extensive wardrobe of clothes that mostly combine good taste and flash. His suits have been estimated to number as low as forty and as high as two hundred, and if they've never helped him to write a note or play a lick, at least they've given him a lot of publicity. He is a sucker for a sartorial inspiration and will on occasion travel twenty miles to buy a different "big fat" knit tie. He talks like the layman's conception of a jazzman, too. His conversation can become so laced with jive talk that even a hep high school freshman cannot understand him.

Duke's more sanguinary fans are appeased by the constant disorganization of his life which borders on utter confusion when he plays a crowded schedule of one-night stands and five-a-day vaudeville engagements. (He'll add to this chaos now and then when he and his band will descend on an obscure hole in the wall and join the local swing band to play out the night and half the next day in a wild jam session.) Reporters who like to prove that genius is eccentric are gratified to note that Ellington has an appetite which comes close to lacking control; that he goes to his doctor four times a year for a complete physical checkup with several interim visits for imagined ailments; that he has an abnormally low pulse beat; that he possesses a flamboyant attitude toward the "chicks;" that he cultivates a disregard for punctuality; that he will go without sleep for several days at a time; and that he will spend hours developing a tune and balk at spending a few minutes to write a thirty-two bar lead sheet.

On the other hand, those of Duke's fans who stress the deeper aspects of a man's personality are not disappointed in Ellington either. They find him to be well educated, with an insatiable curiosity for further knowledge. He reads extensively in history, poetry, music, literature and religion. He has a simple, unshakable belief in God, has gone through the Bible on an average of once a year, prays every night, and wears a plain gold cross around his neck, a habit that several of his musicians have been inspired to copy. He often writes poetry and imaginative prose and, when circumstances dictate, he drops the jive idiom in favor of carefully-phrased sentences that combine a wide command of words with the spontaneity of his dressing-room conversation. When he speaks of something he feels deeply, he achieves the cadenced music of poetry, and he has developed a mature philosophy of quietude and acquiescence to the turmoil and intolerance of the world that permits him to enjoy life to the fullest while catching few of its punches. Friendliness surrounds him like an aura and he is equally at home among the impecunious relatives of one of his musicians or among the habitués of one of Europe's prewar salons. He believes in democracy, living it himself. His manners know no dividing line of race, nationality or creed, and in his dressing room between shows an heiress might find herself sitting next to a tattered little colored boy from PS-89.

Like many composers who have achieved success writing popular music, Duke Ellington nurtures a secret ambition to compose serious works. He long has considered

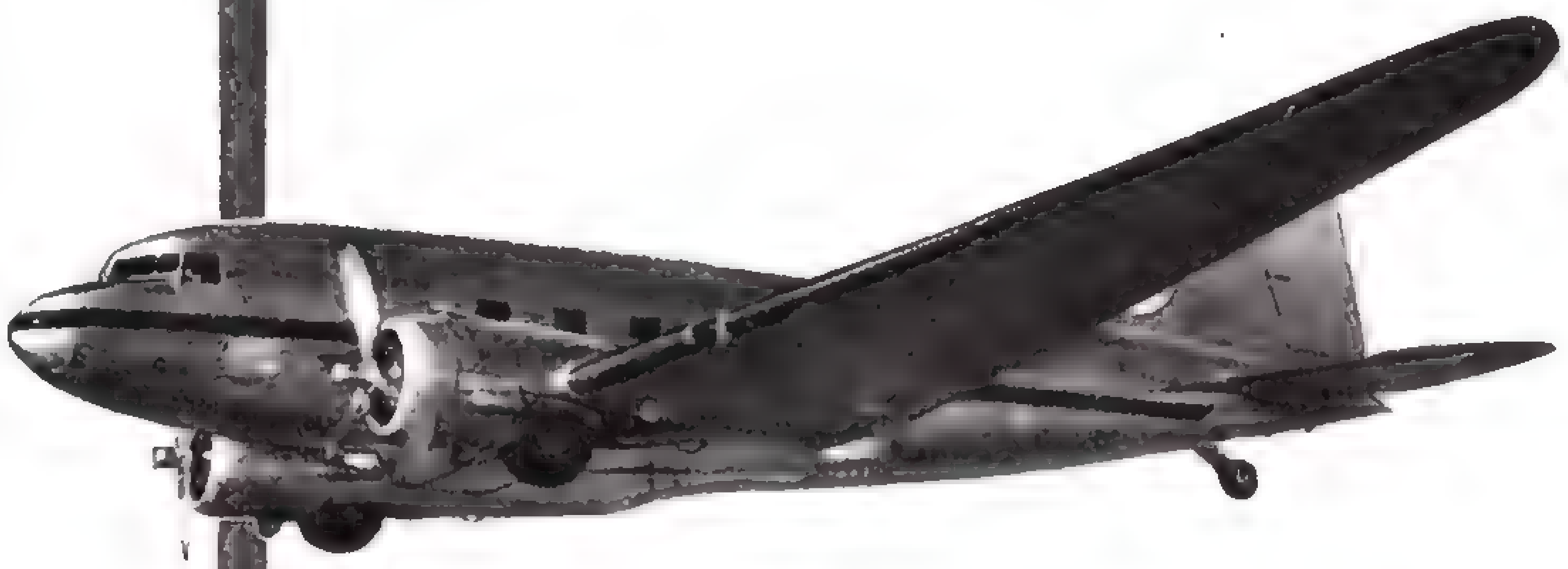
Continued at top of page 146



"We've always wanted to do one bad deed"

THE DOUGLAS DC-3

Executive Airplane



A luxury version of the world's most thoroughly proven airplane—especially equipped for private use. Prices and delivery dates on request.

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY, INC.

Santa Monica, California

Dewar's V.V. Whisky
Dewar's
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
Specially Selected and Blended
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Perth
Awarded 60 Medals
Perth
White Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Distillers
Perth

As Traditional of Scotland as THE BAGPIPES

CAMERON OF LOCHIEL

Famed in legend is the Piper of this ancient Clan. The position of the Piper was so honoured that it was handed down from father to son.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

White Label
Medal Scotch
for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"
Liqueur Scotch

MUSIC is *international*—but the skirl of the pipes brings to mind one nation alone—Scotland!... So too with Scotch Whisky. And a call for *this* traditional drink brings to hand the *Highball of the Highlands*—Dewar's...Wherever you are in the whole wide world, enjoy this wee bit o' Scotland in a glass.

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

IMPORTED by Schenley

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. © 1946, Schenley Import Corporation, N. Y.

The Diligent Duke of Ellington

Continued from page 145

writing an opera tracing the history and struggles of his race, and almost three years ago he finished a tone poem called *Black, Brown and Beige*. It is a symphonic parallel of the Negroes' struggle and was written in time to receive its initial performance at Duke's first Carnegie Hall concert.

A few years ago, Duke heard the siren call of Hollywood when a film company hired him to write the score for a serious movie on jazz. Nothing came of it though. After thirteen weeks at a thousand dollars per week, he had received no directions on exactly what was wanted, and he couldn't even locate the parties who hired him to tell them he had dreamed up sixty-four bars of music he thought they ought to hear. But he did enjoy the fabulous atmosphere of the movie capital and was gratified to learn that among his devotees were a good number of movie stars, including Orson Welles, Bing Crosby and Judy Garland. Incidentally, Duke was surprised to find that Orson Welles knew more about his history than he did himself, and he was flattered when Welles, in a generous mood, proclaimed him a genius.

Welles' sentiments are shared by men of considerable musical authority. Stokowski and Stravinsky not only believe Ellington is a contemporary genius, but they are willing to place him high in the ranks of all-time musicianship. Duke himself is extremely modest about his work and refuses to agree even that he has become a landmark in American music. At best he admits that he lives solely to write and play music in the Negro idiom; that his compositions have never been anything else but Negroid; that he has never apologized for their origin nor has he tried to polish away their simplicity; and that he has always tried to recognize musical excellence wherever he found it. He knows that his efforts have been sincere, but he is not sure that he has accomplished anything lasting.

Over-all, however, he acknowledges the slight probability of any one man achieving immortality through his art. "It's like this," he says: "There are plenty of fine songs and serious compositions that have been kicked around until they were lost. Maybe there were more Bachs and Beethovens and Brahmses than we'll ever know about. But something happened. Their music got shelved or lost. The way I figure, it's like a crap game whether people two hundred years from now are even going to know who I was. I've got a chance, sure. Just like in a crap game I got a chance to throw five naturals in a row." ⌗

Continued from page 91

Yo Ho Ho and a Cup of Coffee

Continued from page 95

human leeches who kept sailors in literal bondage until late in the 19th century, selling them to the captains offering the highest slice of their wages. Shanghaiing—the nautical euphemism for kidnaping sailors onto ships while drunk or unconscious from knockout drops or a wallop on the head—was not outlawed in this country until 1906. Then the law provided only comparatively mild penalties: not more than one year in jail and/or not more than 1000 dollars fine.

If a sailor quit his job without the captain's permission, though the ship was safe in a port, it was desertion. He lost his pay and effects and had to get back to the States on his own.

The Coast Guard broke down much of this attitude simply by dispensing even-handed enforcement. Commander Dugan, for instance, told his group in New York that "ours is the responsibility to deal a clean deck with all hands above the table. We must favor neither the captains nor the crew members. We must be neither anti-union nor anti-owner." Gradually, the crews began to see that the Coast Guard wasn't just another plot to pick on them.

This realization was furthered by sentences such as Commander Edwards imposed on a first mate, a radio officer, a bos'n and three seamen who went AWOL from a Liberty ship shuttling reinforcements and supplies from Southampton to France two weeks after D-day. The mate and the radio officer were found living with two women in Wales, and the rest were dug out of various bars and brothels. Edwards revoked the licenses of the mate and the radio officer, suspended the bos'n's certificate for two years, and the seamen's for one year each. His theory that officers should be punished more drastically because they had greater responsibility was backed up by headquarters.

Sailors have been given punishments ranging from admonitions to revocations for such things as assault, theft, public lewdness, pilferage, property damage, drunkenness, violation of wartime regulations, brawls, incompetency, absence without leave, and disobedience to orders. Extreme disrespect to officers is punishable, too; but a Coast Guard Examining Officer laughed off a captain's complaint concerning a sailor whom he accidentally overheard referring to him as "a . . ." "There's never yet been a sailor," the Coast Guardsman said, "who hasn't sometimes said his captain was a . . ."

Once an Examining Officer noted on a ship's log that three men had been buried at sea. Investigating, he found they had died of wood alcohol stolen for them from the ship's paint locker by a fourth seaman who, though he had drunk drink for drink with the late departed, seemed none the worse for it. "Oh," he explained, "I cut mine with pineapple juice." The Coast Guard, warning him that his survival was due to an extremely rugged constitution rather than the efficacy of pineapple juice, revoked his certificate. Another cherished belief among thirsty seamen on long voyages is that the poison in wood alcohol can be strained out through a loaf of bread. This faith has caused a number of deaths without diminishing the faithful except by exactly that number.

One captain came aboard drunk and beat up the mate on watch. At the hearing before Commander Dugan, he denied the whole thing, and when Dugan stared at him with open skepticism, he added hastily: "Besides, there were no witnesses." He got a year ashore. Another captain was too perfect a host when some guests visited him in his cabin while his ship was lying off Liverpool. One of the guests said he preferred Swiss cheese to the American cheese which was being served. The captain drew a .38 caliber revolver and fired five shots into the chunk of American cheese. "There you are," he exclaimed. "Swiss cheese." This feat earned him a month's suspension of his license.

There was also a captain who, during a spree in Africa, drew 500 sheets from the ship's stores and sold them on the black market to the Arabs, who used them as robes. He made six dollars on each, but when the Coast Guard caught up with him, he lost his license for one year.

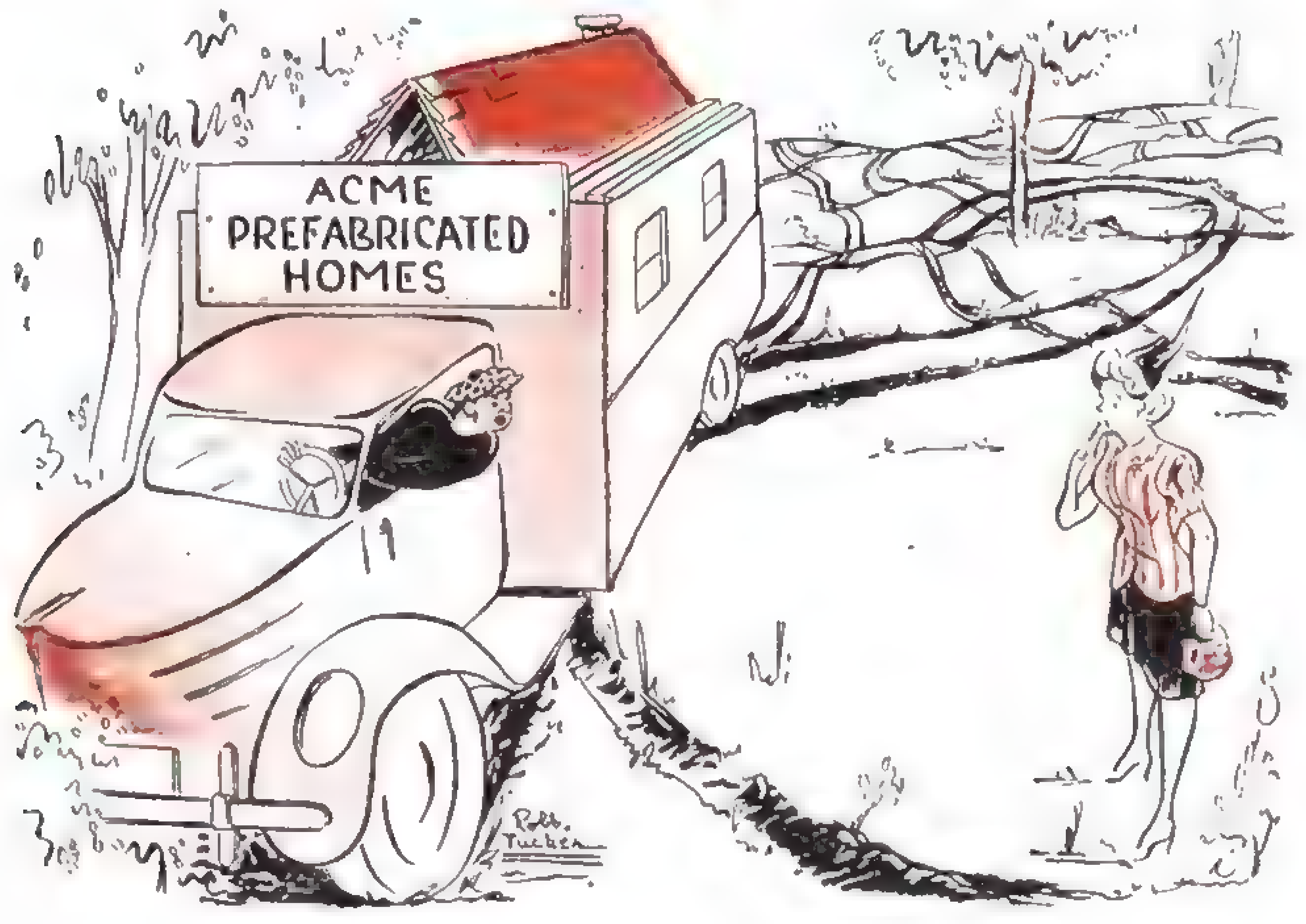
In line with the legends concerning sailors, episodes involving women have been fairly frequent. A captain, whose absence delayed the sailing of his ship for seventy-two hours, was found in Skipperstrat, a red-light district in Antwerp. He had been there ten days. At the hearing he produced the proprietress of a Skipperstrat establishment to testify that he had kept tabs on his ship by daily visits to a bar frequented by docking pilots, whom he asked when his ship was to sail!

The Coast Guard was more lenient with a sailor who smuggled a girl whom he met while drinking in a North African port into his quarters aboard ship. The official report states that "investigation revealed that her presence aboard was not for the purpose of sabotage" and that "since the soiree can fairly be ascribed to a playful attitude on his part when the nervous strain of the long and dangerous voyage was temporarily eased, no charges were filed."

In addition to these disciplinary duties, the Coast Guard inherited other jobs. It now sets up the standards for and supervises the design and construction of all nonmilitary ships. It enforces safety at sea regulations. It controls the caliber of Merchant Marine personnel by the fact that it issues the licenses and certificates and holds the examinations for upgrading. It investigates maritime accidents and punishes those responsible. How important proper execution of such functions is even in peacetime is indicated by the fact that almost all major sea disasters of the past few decades—the *Titanic*, the *Vestris*, the *Mohawk* and the *Morro Castle*—were attributed largely to cheating on safety measures and inefficient, over-worked crews.

The Coast Guard expects never again to reach its wartime peak of 5000 disciplinary cases a month. That figure was not the reflection on the men of the Merchant Marine it might seem, since less than one per cent of the total roster was involved. The figure was swelled by repeated offenders who largely have been weeded out.

Sometimes, as in the old days, seamen took care of situations in their own ways. There was a sailor on a Victory ship who decided the first mate was picking on him. One afternoon he came aboard with a six-foot snake, sneaked up in back of the mate, and wrapped it around that worthy's neck. The mate let out an hysterical scream. The sailor departed swiftly, and up to this writing has not tried to ship aboard any vessel again. ###



"Make up your mind lady—we ain't got all morning to set this thing up"

for whom it may concern...YOU!

The new shoe...

THE John C. Roberts Shoe
FOR PARTICULAR MEN

\$6.85 to \$9.85
Some Styles Higher

New style!
New comfort!
Try on a pair... today!

Want smart, distinctive styling and finer materials? Then you'll certainly want the new John C. Roberts Shoe.

And when you try it on --say! You're due for a brand-new idea in shoe comfort! Because it's specially designed for easy, long-lasting fit!

Made by Friedman-Shelby, a division of International Shoe Company, world's largest shoemakers, St. Louis, Mo.--the new John C. Roberts is truly the shoe for you.

...also the Robertson Shoe, \$5.50 to \$6.50

Accent on Action!

"Stag in Bag"

From Bag to Jacket ...in 4 seconds!

Add this neat trick to the functional White Stag jacket, and you have the fashion-winner for the year. It's the dependable poplin water-proofed 4-Seasoner with disappearing self-bag that rides easily on your belt. From bag to jacket or jacket to bag in seconds! About $9.50.

White Stag SPORT TOGS

HIRSCH-WEIS MFG. CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

at Smart Stores

Without Identity

Continued from page 29

her by her first name, but the housemaster said she was not in.

That was on a Friday. On Saturday afternoon he was walking along the creek bank in the village park when he saw them standing on the bridge. She greeted him politely, but without enthusiasm. Her companion did not smile once.

"Martha is upset because next week they are sending 400 of us back to Poland," she said, avoiding his eyes. "She doesn't want to go, but her life here has been very unhappy and she has decided to go anyway. She thinks I ought to go to teach the children, but I don't think I am that essential. There are plenty of capable teachers and I only took the work here to pass the time."

CAMP PINE DELL
HOTEL
CABINS

"Then your life here is happy enough. You don't intend to go back to Poland?"

"I am staying—for a while at any rate." She looked directly at him now, but with that flat gaze. It was the impersonal look she would have given the man behind the counter. Only there was an oddity in it, as if she were under a great strain and forcing herself to be impersonal. "I have a great problem—the most important in my life, and I am staying here to solve it."

"Maybe I can help you."

"You are the very one who can." She looked at his decorations. "I see you have the Silver Star. You are brave. All men who fought are brave, but everyone has a breaking point. That is the position I have reached in my life, the breaking point. How much can you stand?"

"That is something nobody can answer."

"But I'll have to know before I can ask your advice. It may hurt you, and if what I am thinking about you is true it would be a terrible thing for you to bear—I mean, without being angry. If I made you angry then it would all come to nothing. Tell me, do I attract you?"

"In a way that I can't describe." He offered them cigarettes and when he lighted them he threw the match into the creek. They watched it float downstream. "Go ahead," he said.

"Well, I was up on the hill the other day when I was supposed to meet you and watched you from behind the rock, just to see if you would come. Yesterday I was in the barracks and I watched you from the window. You are the most repulsive person I have ever met in my life and I despise you." She gasped for breath and he thought she would faint. Turning her head away, and in a voice which nearly broke, she continued, "Forgive me. I cannot help it, and there is nothing wrong with the way you look—only I cannot stand the sight of you and to have you touch me would be abhorrent."

He was laughing out loud. "That's all right."

She looked at him for the first time, openly and searchingly, with a light so intense that he felt strong wine settling in his blood. She might have been the woman on the bus, or the woman on the bus might have been this one. It made no difference, for the intangible quantity he saw in the eyes was the same. It was simply a substance, indescribable, which the other body had possessed before it had died. Now her body had it.

"You are not angry?" she said.

"No."

"Then you have no pride."

"Now wait. I said I was not angry."

"You know what I am talking about?"

"It's strange," he said.

"Then you know why it is only you who can give me advice and why I am obliged to despise you when I have to ask you for it?"

"I think I understand."

"Then meet me tomorrow afternoon on the hill."

That night he slept as peacefully as a child. The other officers chided him for singing at breakfast. "What have you been drinking, Howard?" the captain asked.

In the afternoon when he walked up the hill he saw her waiting for him under the willow tree. She extended her hand, smiling pleasantly, searching his eyes with that open gaze. "I am sorry you don't appeal to me as a person," she said. "But I saw something in you which gave me a great shock and I could not imagine you as the sort of person who would carry it."

"If you saw a stranger walking down the street carrying your most valuable possessions you would be upset," he said. "You would question his right to them."

"That's it exactly." She looked down into the valley. "I have lost my soul. I had given up all hope of finding it."

"You have got it back," he said.

"Only when I talk to you. When you go away I don't have it. That's why I was so reluctant to admit it when I first saw you. I was so used to living without it that I could scarcely believe that this other life existed. I am frightened—I can see it only as a promise, not as a reality, like trying to seize a handful of quicksilver. I have no claim on you, and if you told me to go to hell this minute I could not blame you."

"You had it once—before you ever saw me. Isn't that true?"

"Yes. I was sixteen, in the Spring of 1938, and I thought I was going to become a great singer. " Her father had been a music teacher, she said, and she had made many public appearances. She had also fallen in love with a medical student who lived on her block. When the Germans came through, all of her neighborhood was wiped out and her family and her lover were killed.

She was sent back into Germany as a refugee and placed in a house for German officers.

"Of course I could have rebelled and been sent out as a laborer," she said. "But I enjoyed living in that house. I got a perverse pleasure out of feeling I was forced to live there, you know, and I enjoyed the company of those officers even when I despised them. I had no citizenship papers, no card of identity—everything I had in Poland was lost.

"I don't have anything now but affidavits signed by the military government, and a board that examined me with witnesses who hadn't known me before I came to Germany. So you see I do not really have any identity, like millions of others stranded here, and the country I knew no longer exists. Could I have a soul after living with those German officers, they who destroyed my country and my identity?

"When you Americans came I lived with your men the same way, but with honest pleasure. What was the difference? Life meant nothing, but each day was bright—I am healthy and vigorous—but each day was walking death in all that brightness. I had no identity. I did not know I could identify myself with the world—this planet, I mean, not a country or place, but with the fact that I am a human being on this planet, recognized by another human being. Do you understand me? I did not see that until I realized you were seeing the same thing up here that day, but I do not know what it was about you that made me see it."

"Let's go for a walk," he said.

They went down the path and around the side of the hill. They could see the women working in the wheat fields and the procession of homeless people and vehicles on the road. He held her hand but he did not put his arm around her.

"It's just that I don't know you very well," she said. "I hated you that first day because I knew that you knew what I was, but as though you were one of my family and could not hold it against me. I hated you for making me despise myself. But you saw something that went beyond all that and that was the promise you held out to me."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "Do you like to dance?"

"Very much."

"We're having a little party down at the officers' club tonight. I'll pick you up at your barracks and we'll go there."

They danced at the officers' club. It was a gay party. Several nurses were there and a few other women from the DP barracks that the officers brought in after dark.

"I've got to get up early in the morning," he told her on the dance floor, "so I am letting the captain take you home. Is that all right?"

"You have to go?"

"I'll see you tomorrow on the hill," he said. "Same time, same place."

The next morning the captain said, "Howard, that's a good-looking number you brought around last night, but what did you do to her? She never let up on you, wanted to know how you got the Silver Star and had us all going about you."

In the afternoon he met her under the willow tree. She held out her hand and when he grasped it she did not let it go. She reached up and kissed him and then she shivered.

"Hold me tight," she said. "It's just that I've never known anyone quite like you before and I am so desperately attracted."

They walked up the path through the pine trees and down on the other side of the hill to a pleasant place in the forest where they had never been before. #

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
– the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T FOUNDED 1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC
NEW YORK, N.Y.
FOUNDED P&T IN 1840
"The Blend of Experience"
– backed by over 100 Years of knowing how!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

"Swellest SPORTS RAINSUIT EVER MADE....."

PRO-JAK

FOR SPORTSMEN...GOLFERS FISHERMEN • HUNTERS YACHTSMEN

FRANCIS GALLETT, nationally famous golf professional, of Milwaukee Blue Mound Country Club has this to say of his PRO-JAK Rainsuit.

"This 3-piece rainsuit is certainly ideal, for golf or any other sport. It's so light you don't know you have it on, yet it's really rainproof *and* windproof, too. It doesn't interfere with my golf swing, bind in any place, or cling to clothes, and *doesn't rustle* when I swing. I like the ventilating holes under the arms, in the crotch and in the hat, to prevent sweating. The extra big flap keeps rain out of the roomy jacket pockets, keeping cigarettes or tobacco dry. Another thing — you can whip it out of your golf bag and put it on in nothing flat . . . fast. I'll use it for a windbreaker, too."

The PRO-JAK 3-piece Rainsuit is waterproof not merely water-repellent. Made of marvelous new plastic material. Can be folded without cracking, or peeling.

Hat—has longer back flap for extra protection and ventilating holes for comfort.

Jacket—Talon slide fastener, roomy slash pockets with large flap, adjustable wrist straps, metal-rimmed underarm vents.

Trousers — wide, roomy, elastic front and back, snug-fitting waist, with two size adjustments on each side, adjustable ankle straps. Ventilating holes in crotch.

Four Sizes:

Small	(34-36)
Medium	(38-40)
Med-Large	(42-44)
Large	(46-48)

COLORS: Clear — Brown — Beige

WHITEWATER RAINCOAT COMPANY
The House of Featherweight Rainwear
Whitewater, Wisconsin

MAIL THIS COUPON ORDER BLANK

Whitewater Raincoat Company • Whitewater, Wisconsin
Please send me immediately new PRO-JAK Plastic Sports Rainsuit About $15.00.
Size..............Color..............
......Check enclosed. ....Send C.O.D. plus postage.
NAME..
Street..
City..........................Zone......State............
My dealer is..

Happiness Is a Hat

Continued from page 63

brassière. The trade can switch numbers on him but they never deceive him. He can call the name of each occupant of a brassière as though the names were on the devices in neon lights. I personally have known only one lady in all my years that I could identify in this respect and she was a rare specimen.

Once in a blue moon you can see a set of symmetrical knees. The reason the movie dolls in bathing suits always stand in a coy, cross-legged attitude—in case you don't know—is that they generally are either knock-kneed or bowlegged. When you see a lady with lovely formal structure of the knees and gams, that is a memorable sight.

And by the way, as you are appraising some lady who definitely is plump or more so, you might notice her legs, ankles and feet as possible subjects for flattering remarks. It is often the case that a lady spreads her posterior by placing it frequently and long at tables and on bar stools, but by thus easing the load on her lower members allows them to retain some graceful lines of youth. You may rather wince at first in getting this low to be the gracious gentleman. However, you can ease the strain on your conscience by noting that the billowy and squat ladies, in many instances, have far more attractively contoured gams, ankles and feet than the female teen-agers who are developing piano legs and fiddle feet from their wearing of moccasins and run-over saddle slippers.

The designers of women's shoes must have been smoking or sniffing the same stuff the hat designers are addicted to. So don't go off the deep end by trying to be technical. You can venture a polite remark about the lovely shoes that encase such exquisitely sculptured feet, or if her toes are showing—as they usually are—you might give her a variation of the line about her artistic hands or become somewhat rapturous and tell her that to see such adorable toes arouses in you an almost irresistible impulse to play "This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home," etc.

Now about the topic of dresses. You really should make a calculated effort to remember a woman's dress although the truth is that some women could change dresses every hour and still have the look of just having left a sinkful of breakfast dishes.

The only way I can tell you to get a line on whether or not a woman is wearing a new dress is to take a quick look at the dress ads in the newspapers and maga-

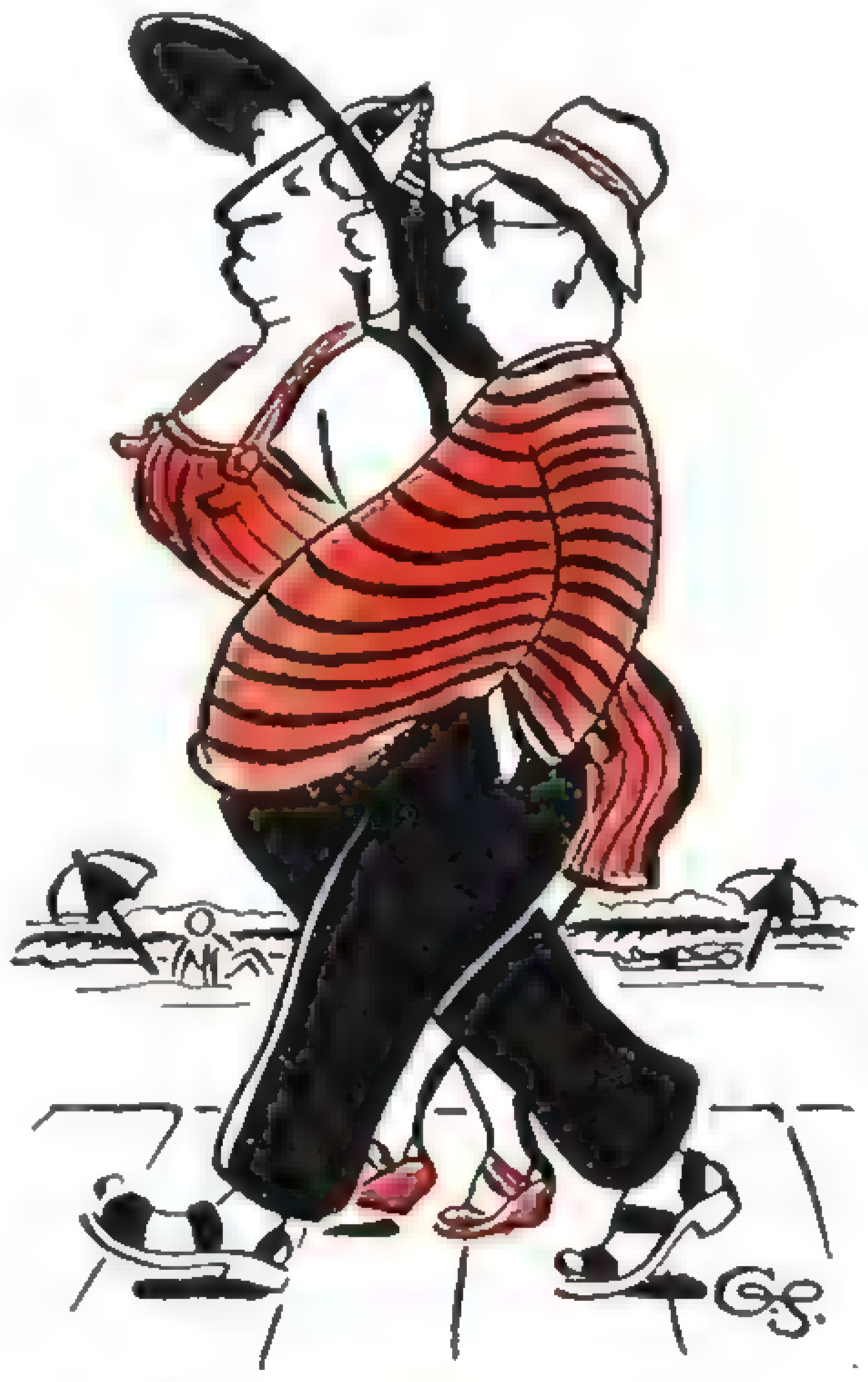
Crawford WATCHES

COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE
The ultimate achievement in superb timepieces
AT BETTER SHOPS EVERYWHERE

BEAUTY *Crawford* WATCH COMPANY ACCURACY
New York, N. Y. • Manufacturers and Importers

zines before you are going out on the social prowl. There usually is something nutty about women's dress design that even the untutored masculine eye can't miss.

In remembering women's dresses you will be helped by the unmistakable air of show-offness that a woman is bound to have when she is wearing a new garment. As near as I can tell you how to recognize this air is passing along the observation a G.I. on a forty-eight-hour pass made to me in Paris. The lad said, "These French gals have a peculiar way, which I am getting to like, of acting like they are sure they look good even when they don't." When you note such symptoms about any American woman, odds are about eighteen to one she has a new dress, so cue your lines accordingly.



There are some bright young men who even go so far as to notice and make favorable remarks about accessories of women's wear such as gloves and jewelry and who remember women by such spare parts. But I would not recommend going to this extreme as you might again be misunderstood by other men who would be downright coarse in misconstruing your refined taste.

However, by heeding the foregoing advice on how to remember your wife, romantic playmate or other women, your chances are quite good for improving your social standing with them.

I must warn the thoughtful student, though, not to improve with noticeable rapidity in observing details of women. If he does, and is married, his wife is going to leap to the conclusion that he has done something she hasn't caught him at. And if he is single and gets the reputation of being keenly observant about women, chances are the ladies will think him a jerk and they will feel just as uncomfortable in his presence as you feel in a dream when you are walking along a crowded street and discover your pants are off. #

No. 4 in a series of cartoons by Phil Rosa depicting incidents in the life of that great sentimentalist, Mr. I. M. Setinways and his wife, Perky.

"AFTER ALL, HONEY, SENTIMENT GOES JUST SO FAR"

TIME TO CHANGE TO MODERN..

DOWNS ARF & ARF

THE TRIPLE-AGED BLEND OF BEER AND ALE AVAILABLE FROM COAST TO COAST

Van Buren Products Co., Buffalo 4, N. Y.
PHIL ROSA
DOWNS ARF & ARF BEER - ALE

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "Finger Nail (F-N) Test?"

1 It's F-N, the test for men! Scratch your head and see if the famous F-N test reveals signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size for greater economy.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN! GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other hair tonics. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

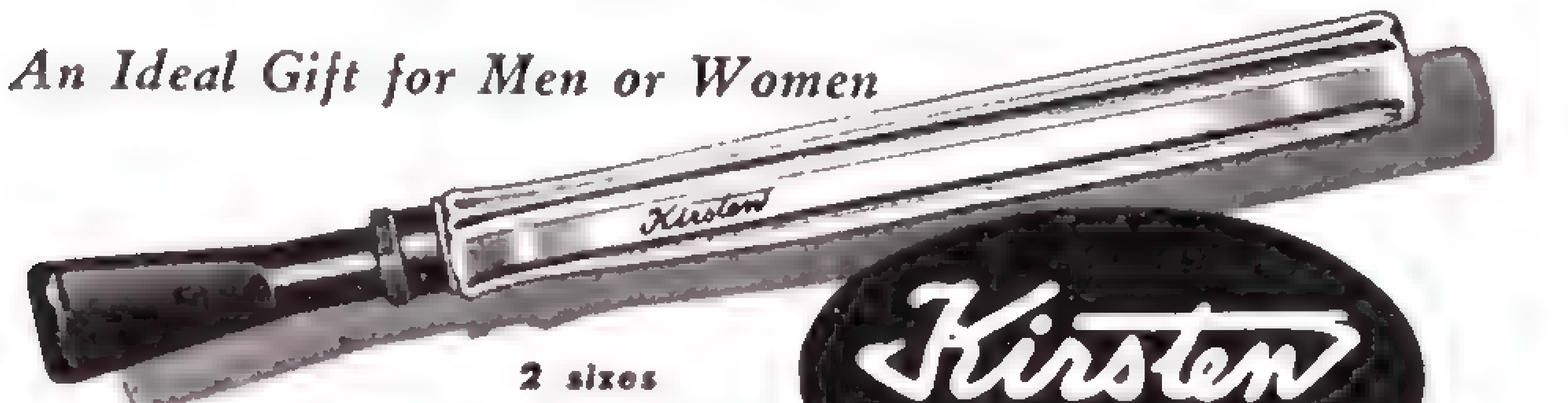
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

NICOTINE REMOVED

—Look through and see!

Throat-irritating nicotine and tars are removed from cigarette smoke by the scientific principle of condensation in the radiator of the Kirsten Cigarette Holder . . . no messy filters . . . no gadgets. Residues are quickly and thoroughly removed with the built-in ramrod. There's a handy ejector too . . . no need to handle cigarette stubs.

An Ideal Gift for Men or Women



2 sizes
long or short
$2.50

Kirsten
PATS. AND PATS. PENDING
K
KIRSTEN

Kirsten Pipe Co., Dept. 318, Seattle 9, Wash.
Kirsten Pipe Ltd., Vancouver, B.C., Canada

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED CIGARETTE HOLDER

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

one man's steel is another man's static

I believe I have the inalienable right to protest . . . and let you know that your unquestionably popular Esquire, is also read by, I would not say engineers or even technicians, but just plain people with the bug of accurate statements.

On the article *On Caring for Records*, June issue, page 119: Setting aside some points I will discuss at the end, I want to point out that *"by all means you should tinker around with the so-called tone controls"* because:

1. Records of different manufacturers have been cut originally with dissimilar response curves (frequency versus output).

2. It has been customary to manufacture records with constant amplitude above 150 or 200 cycles per second, and constant velocity below those frequencies to allow the safe recording of low notes and still save space on the surface of the blank. This means that low notes have to be boosted on the amplifier to compensate.

3. High frequencies wear faster with use.

4. Acoustic properties of different rooms or auditoriums vary.

5. Number of people present changes absorption and reverberation of said rooms and also changes with frequency.

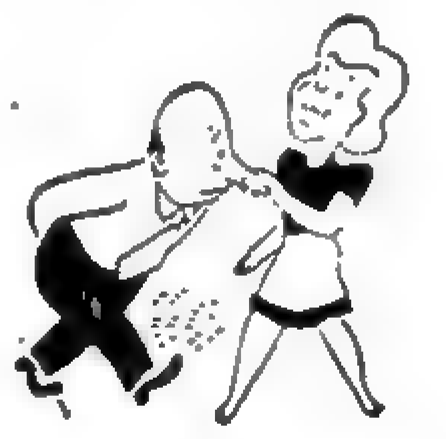
6. Due to human ear properties, different notes produce different sensations in relation to others, when heard at a different level or volume.

Also: Steel needles should not be used at all. Cactus, sapphire or diamonds only. One play-back with a steel needle makes more damage to the record than 4000 play-backs with a sapphire point (Telefünken data).

PEDRO R. POMEROY
Detroit, Michigan

Esky crashes les belles lettres

As I am a member of the female clan and supposedly one who would never glance at a men's magazine, I am afraid my counterparts are somewhat shocked to see that Esquire takes a position with Dostoevsky, Shakespeare, and Conrad in my library.



I have nothing but praise for your magazine. Your articles are superior, your departments wonderful, and your fiction excellent. While I may not always agree with your "articles and departments" sections, they certainly are the basis of a good number of solid arguments.

As I came too late to see and appreciate the "Golden Era of Sports" I enjoy your excellent reports of famous and not-so-famous sportsmen.

But best of all of your wonderful magazine I enjoy *Sound and Fury*. For awhile I was under the sad delusion that perhaps I might be able to understand the male species a bit better by reading and analyzing their letters. However, I find the best technique is to lead a man around by the nose and give him a push from behind.

JO ANNE FRITZ
Los Angeles, Calif.

P.S.—What happened to Esky? I miss him.

FOR A COOL DRY TOM COLLINS
Graves
SUPERIOR DISTILLED DRY
Gin
Quality since 1849
SINCE 1849
GRAVES
Superior
DISTILLED DRY GIN
100% GRAIN PRODUCTS NEUTRAL SPIRITS
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO.
Established 1849
BOSTON, MASS.

distilled and bottled by C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO., *Boston, Mass., 100% grain products neutral spirits, from finest American grain, 90 proof*

Hunters, Inc.

Continued from page 52

maneuver that fooled the Lees and their craftiest dogs. The hounds kept picking up the trail, running it into the trees and losing it.

It was Vince, coming down into the canyon where dogs and men were working futilely, who discovered the new stunt. He was bringing fresh dogs. While still some distance from the rest of the pack, not yet up to the scrubbiest tree, one of the dogs threw up his head and began barking treed. Vince stopped. A breeze was blowing from the distant trees, and the hound had caught the scent of a sleeping lion. The big cat was well-hidden and very high, and the other dogs had not spotted him or caught his scent. Maneuvering down wind, Vince soon located the animal and waited for the rest of the party to come up, called in by the barking of the fresh dogs.

The lion sprang at Vince. He sidestepped in time and then the dogs rushed in from all sides, routing the lion. He climbed another tree from which he was later shot.

A bear with an addiction to stock killing led the Lees to their record bag of game. One day the owner of the Ladder Ranch in New Mexico phoned Ernest Lee to report that a single bear had accounted for many steers in the vicinity. They called him Old Gotchie—old missing ear.

In twenty-nine days the Lees bagged more than a dozen lions and two bears, including the notorious Old Gotchie himself. Getting his scent one morning was easy, like picking up any black bear's trail. But he gave good account of himself when cornered among the rocks of a wild canyon. Like a grizzly, this old killer disdained a tree. He fought it out in the open. One dog was so badly mangled in the finish fight that he had to be carried back to camp. When they examined the dog they found he was still holding the greater part of Old Gotchie's last ear between his teeth.

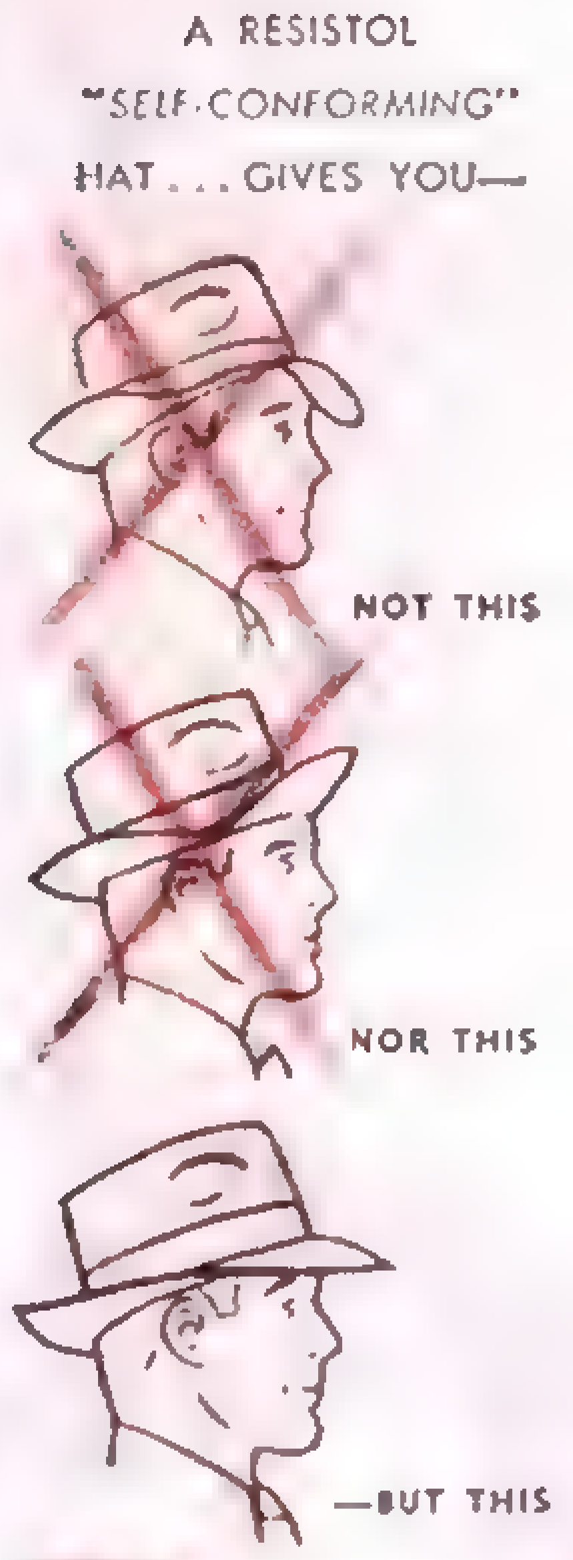
When not on a professional hunt the brothers are afield in lion country with pups, teaching them to stay on a scent. Usually a trained dog is along as coach. They watch the young hounds closely to learn the kind of game each likes best to run. Some prefer bear hunting while others are natural cat dogs. In an emergency the two types are interchangeable. The Lees sell dogs and pups, but always manage to keep on hand a pack of forty trained dogs for hunting. Over a period of time you lose dogs. Even the best trained sometimes get too close to deadly fangs and claws.

Early morning is the best time

Continued on page 154

sportsman HENRY HIRST says:
"I swear by ADLER SC*... the first all wool sock I've worn that never changes size!"
NO WONDER, HENRY—BECAUSE
ADLER SC*
ARE THE FIRST 100% VIRGIN WOOL SOCKS
THAT ARE
*Shrink-Controlled
TO RETAIN THEIR ORIGINAL SIZE
WASH THEM ANY WAY YOU LIKE . . . TUB 'EM RUB 'EM SCRUB 'EM
THE SIZE REMAINS THE SAME
ADLER
SC*
SHRINK CONTROLLED
RETAIN ORIGINAL SIZE
100% VIRGIN WOOL
FOR SPORT OR CASUAL WEAR
THE ADLER COMPANY · CINCINNATI 14, OHIO

THE MOST COMFORTABLE HAT MADE
BECAUSE IT'S
"Self-Conforming"!
TRADE MARK
Bob Hutton
STARRING IN WARNER BROS. PICTURE
"JANIE GETS MARRIED"
WEARS A RESISTOL
"CAVALIER"


A RESISTOL "SELF-CONFORMING" HAT . . . GIVES YOU—
NOT THIS
NOR THIS
—BUT THIS

No idle phrase, "Self-Conforming" describes the manner in which Resistol "Self-Conforming" Hats smartly, yet comfortably, fit themselves to your head without distorting the original style lines. There's luxurious comfort and style awaiting you in the new Spring Resistols being shown by Resistol Hatters everywhere.

RESISTOL
"SELF-CONFORMING" hats
TRADE MARK
BYER-ROLNICK CO. - - GARLAND, TEXAS

PROUDLY AMERICAN... BUT RICH IN AUTHENTIC
OLD-WORLD FLAVOR
ROYAL BANQUET
BLENDED SCOTCH-TYPE WHISKY

Yes, we're proud to say that Royal Banquet is made in America—yet* this fine blended Scotch-type whisky gives you the authentic aroma and genuine flavor of imported brands! That's because in distilling and blending this domestic product, American ingenuity has brilliantly succeeded in applying, step by step, the traditional methods of Scotland!

To begin with, the makers of Royal Banquet imported from Scotland and set up in Peoria a complete Scotch pot-still under the supervision of an expert Scotch distiller. Here are produced the equivalent of Scotch Lowland malts—from barley dried over peat fires in the traditional Scotch way.

With these basic malts, choice imported malts are then carefully blended in Royal Banquet to give distinctive character, flavor and bouquet. For aroma, we use the famous Highland malts. And for pungent, smoky flavor we add Islay malts—just as is done in many popular Scotch brands.

The Scotch method used in most fine brands is to blend the malt whiskys with grain whisky softened in casks. In Royal Banquet, the malt whiskeys are blended with grain neutral spirits—softened in casks—to give lightness and mellowness.

We think you'll like Royal Banquet as thousands accustomed to imported brands do—because it is authentic in its old-world flavor and unsurpassed in quality. Try it and see for yourself!

Specially Selected
Royal Banquet
Special
The Aristocrat of Blended Scotch Type Whisky
Limited

Royal Banquet
BLENDED SCOTCH-TYPE WHISKY

35% Malt Whisky: 17½% Imported, 17½% Domestic
65% Grain Neutral Spirits—86 Proof *

*Postwar bottle illustrated. Today, Royal Banquet is being packaged in the round Victory bottle.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Hunters, Inc.

Continued from page 153

to start dogs on either a bear or cat trail. Most of the big predators are night prowlers and their tracks are freshest at daylight. Only the best-trained hounds are released at first. After the strike is made and the older hounds are working a well-defined trail, the young dogs may be released with good results.

You must hear dog music to understand it. To achieve a true canine tone poem, it takes a large pack, deep bass to soprano, all barking at the same time on a hot trail. The brothers know the voice of each member of the pack. They can tell whether the dogs are on a cold or warm trail, or barking treed, or what kind of animal the hounds are running.

While hunting tigre on the west coast of Mexico for a Boston museum, Clell and Ernest Lee had one of their strangest experiences with a dog. The name of the dog was Old Goldie, a golden-brown female with a few dark patches on head and body, and keen, cold nose. Goldie had never been wrong regarding a trail.

One night they camped in a river bottom in Sinaloa where they called up a tigre on the horn. It was near camp and they discovered definite footprints in soft ground. Yet the dogs persisted in going in the opposite direction.

"They're backtracking," Clell said.

The hounds were called off. All except Goldie. She kept out of reach and finally Ernest gave up.

"Aw, hell, let her go. She's too bullheaded to bother with. Let's get on the fresh trail and let her run the backtrack until she learns better."

They set the rest of the pack on the trail and treed and killed another tigre. In the excitement they forgot about Old Goldie who had moved beyond hearing.

In the morning Ernest went to look for her. He came back in a few minutes, excited for a Lee. He had found a fresh tigre track.

All hands broke out with the dogs, and the pack was soon following a fresh trail. After a short time Ernest heard a feeble call from Old Goldie. He found her at the base of a high cliff near a pool of water. She had been mauled, one leg torn loose and another broken. Ernest read the story from the signs.

Goldie had run the big cat out on a point at the top of the cliff. The tigre had turned and seized her by one leg which he nearly tore from her body. She had fastened her teeth in the monster's shoulder only to be shaken loose and knocked over the cliff.

Ernest picked up her mangled

Kelbert WATERTIGHT CHRONOGRAPH

a triumph in precision as a
- timepiece
- stop-watch
- telemeter
- tachometer
- pulsometer

18 jewels, shockabsorber, antimagnetic, 12 hour, and 30 minute recorders.

14 kt. solid gold case, $284
Stainless steel case $142.50
Federal Tax Included

Other outstanding models more moderately priced.
At selected jewelers.
Catalog sent on request.

KELBERT WATCH COMPANY, INC. • 608 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y., Dept. 43D

body and carried her back to camp.

"I guess I was backtracking," he told his brother. "She was on the right trail this morning. We ran across another. There were two tigres."

Clell, surgeon for the dogs, looked over Goldie's wounds and shook his head. In desperation, they took her to the museum president who had surgical skill.

"I can save that dog," he said. "She may never lead a pack again, but she'll be a valuable breeder. You need more dogs like her."

While the splints were arranged another tigre was dragged in and skinning begun. Every time they moved the dead animal Goldie raised her head and growled.

"I love to hear the poundin' of the rain on the roof"

When they skinned the beast they found the imprints of Goldie's teeth in its shoulder. It was the same tigre she had brought to bay.

Expert and experienced in their trade, the Lee Brothers seldom make mistakes as tragic as the one they made in the case of Old Goldie. They have been working hunters for more than a generation, ever since they moved from the South (they are descendants of Fitzhugh and Robert E. Lee).

First Lee to make the trek west was Ernest Lee, who settled in Chiricahua in southern Arizona, thirty-eight years ago. He was then a rancher who hunted because he liked to, and to protect his stock. In 1910 his family joined him and he taught the younger brothers the secrets of local big game. Then, as their fame spread, they were persuaded to take out hunting parties.

Today many sections of the country have seen the Lees operate. Their technique has worked in Florida, Canada and South America. But they like their home grounds best. And there they have hung out their "shingle" and built up a roster of clients that reads like a Golden Book of outdoor enthusiasts. They have guided American and foreign hunters, even bow-and-arrow enthusiasts. And they have never had to backtrack on their "satisfaction guaranteed" method of doing business. ###

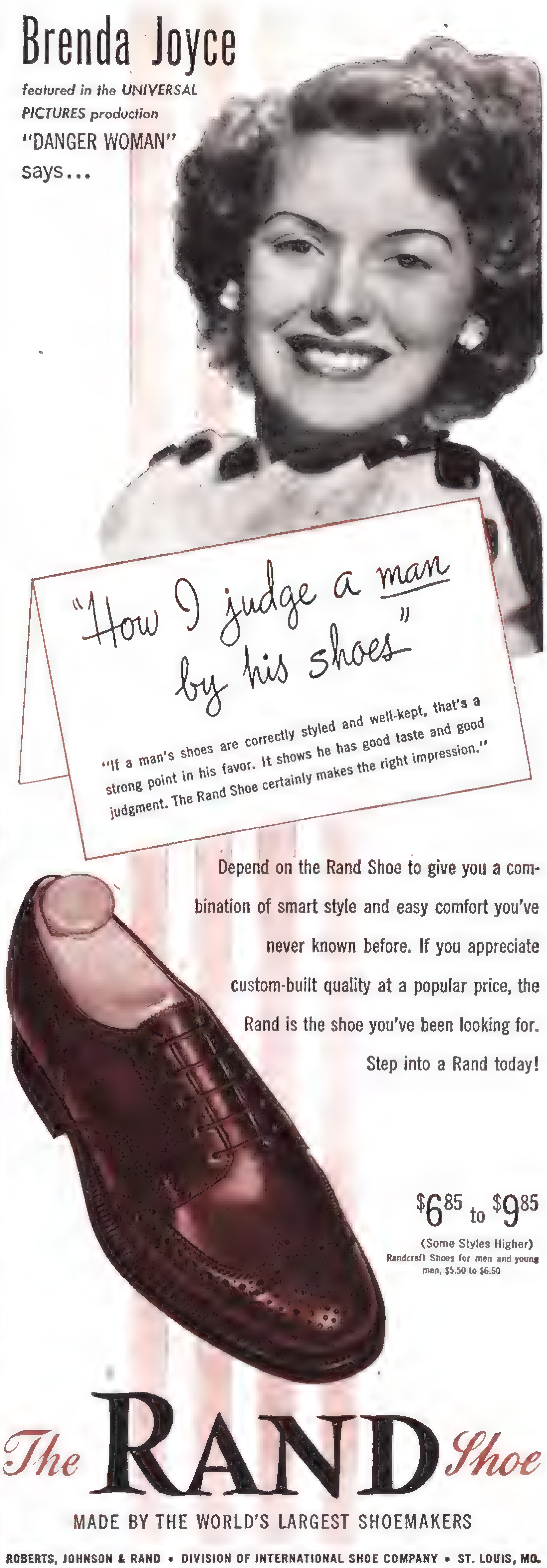
Continued from page 52

Robert Bruce Swimwear

IN THE SWIM
—IN STYLE
Robert Bruce
SWIMWEAR

Robert Bruce knitted trunks are made of 100% virgin wool. The ovalized leg cut gives you perfect fit and added comfort. No binding; no stretching; quick drying; full-lined, knitted built-in supporter.

ROBERT BRUCE KNITWEAR CO., PHILA., PA.


Brenda Joyce
featured in the UNIVERSAL PICTURES production
"DANGER WOMAN"
says...

"How I judge a man by his shoes"

"If a man's shoes are correctly styled and well-kept, that's a strong point in his favor. It shows he has good taste and good judgment. The Rand Shoe certainly makes the right impression."

Depend on the Rand Shoe to give you a combination of smart style and easy comfort you've never known before. If you appreciate custom-built quality at a popular price, the Rand is the shoe you've been looking for. Step into a Rand today!

\$6.85 to \$9.85
(Some Styles Higher)
Randcraft Shoes for men and young men, \$5.50 to \$6.50

The RAND Shoe
MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS
ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND • DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.

Certain
OF A
GOOD RECEPTION

There's new-born comfort for your feet in shoes with Rajah Soles. Smartly styled, light as a summer zephyr, Rajah Soles are featured on the country's finest footwear. Their restful, foot-wise comfort puts more pleasure in your leisure. Flexible, moisture resistant, outwearing even leather . . . for a future of lightfooted freedom . . . ask for shoes with *soles by Rajah!*

Rajah SOLES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Founded 1837
Fine Soles for Fine Shoes

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY • NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

Weary Gray Wolf

Continued from page 64

sat down again. Soon Mr. Munsey came in. I told him Mr. Wardman had sent me. Mr. Munsey grunted, reread the editorial and handed it to me. I folded it carefully and put it in my outside overcoat pocket.

"Don't do that," he commanded. "Put it inside where you won't lose it. Like this." He put it in an inside pocket. Then he asked me by what route I intended to return to the office; he approved of my plans. I started to leave, but he insisted that he wanted me to stay a few minutes. He asked me all about myself. He seemed glad that I had gone to college (he had never been, and had always regretted it). He asked many questions about my home state, Texas. He wanted to know whether, in my plans for the future, I contemplated owning and running a newspaper, and I confessed that the idea most certainly had crossed my mind.

"That's good," he said. "That's fine."

He asked me where I was living in New York, what the place was like, how much rent I paid, and so on. When I told him, he reflected:

"Yes, I used to live in just such a place."

Later he told someone that he liked me—I was alert enough, I carried no surplus flesh, and I didn't smoke cigarettes.

Munsey was a bundle of prejudices, and a nerve-shattering fussbudget. His news editors knew better than to print a picture of an aged woman, or a homely woman; such pictures gave the Chief a feeling of acute discomfort. He disliked fat men, and only his loyalty to the Republican Party enabled him to support the fabulously obese William Howard Taft in 1908. He fired several men for being too fat. He used to implore Don Marquis, the columnist, to do something about his figure, which was on the roundish side. However, he made a few exceptions, and one of these was Charles E. Still, an old *Sun* man, who was a mountainous blob. Still was assistant city editor and could do his work sitting down; moreover Munsey knew Still's intimate knowledge of New York was valuable, with or without the fatty tissue.

Sometimes Munsey seemed to go out of his way to surround himself with personable help. Ervin Wardman was a distinguished-looking gentleman; E. P. Mitchell, the brilliant editor of the paper when I was there (he was also a man from Maine), made a fine appearance; in those days Edwin C. Hill, later a radio commentator, was at his swaggering best, a noted dude, and Munsey liked him. Keats Speed was probably the

Prepare for Pleasure
Miller
HIGH LIFE
HIGH LIFE
BEER
OLD ORIGINAL
MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

handsomest managing editor in America. Munsey's eye for good looks extended pretty well throughout his organization; his own offices and the offices of his magazines were stocked with secretaries and receptionists who were competent and easy on the eyes.

One day Mr. Munsey was in the *Sun* city room when an unusually handsome, prematurely gray man came in to see Kenneth Lord, the city editor, about something or other. Munsey watched this stranger, so debonair and self-assured, until he had gone, and then he asked Lord:

"Who was that fellow—that fine-looking white-haired man who was in here?"

"That was Reggie Wilson, a reporter on the City News Association," said Lord.

"Hire him," said Munsey. "That's the type of man we want around here." Wilson was hired, and did well the rest of his life. He was a pretty able man, at that.

To me, the most fascinating aspect of Mr. Munsey's character was his yearning to be something which he never could be, no matter how he tried. He wanted to have that quality called "color." In a fashion he did have color, but it was by his own native caution. His Maine inhibitions were riveted to his soul. Rather pathetically he sometimes made an effort to be a "good fellow." He never quite made the grade, though God knows that the impulse was there.

His particular hero was James Gordon Bennett the younger, the quixotic Commodore who had owned the old *Herald*, the rake and spendthrift of whom it is sometimes said that he along with his father, "invented" news as we know news today. Munsey's "official" photograph was posed to make him look as nearly like Bennett as possible. Bennett was an eccentric who had the imagination to send Henry M. Stanley into Africa to find Livingstone; Munsey was an eccentric, but he lacked the brilliant, half-mad touch which made the Commodore a master of news. Bennett would get roaring drunk, and make the most disgraceful scenes; Munsey would take a drink, but his sense of propriety and decency held him always within safe bounds—which was probably just as well. Munsey liked clean things, orderly things. He would not allow smoking in his news rooms, and he saw no reason why newspaper offices should look like so many goats' nests. He went too far on his no-smoking orders, but his general idea made sense.

Munsey admired dashing individuals. He was one of the most powerful backers of the ebullient Theodore Roosevelt in the Bull Moose movement of 1912. His most trusted magazine editor over the years was the beloved Robert Hobart (Bob) Davis, a man of

Continued on page 158

No *Holiday* is complete without
PAKRAFT LUGGAGE

Airplane Type, from $10.90
Leather, from 25.00

BRIDGEPORT LUGGAGE • Bridgeport, Pa.
Pakraft
BRIDGEPORT LUGGAGE
Pakraft
BRIDGEPORT LUGGAGE

THERE...he sees it

A-O Polaroid* Day Glasses filter blinding, reflected glare . . . enable him to see details clearly, without strain. These *scientific* glasses also absorb ultra-violet (sunburn) rays, admitting only useful light.

GLARE...she doesn't

Why is she missing so much? It's because she's never discovered how A-O Polaroid Day Glasses cut reflected glare . . . Ask your dealer for a demonstration and begin to enjoy the world outdoors!

AO POLAROID DAY GLASSES

Only A•O Polaroid Sun Glasses
FILTER REFLECTED GLARE
A•O Polaroid Day Glasses . . . $1.95

American Optical
COMPANY
World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Materials

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

GREAT OUTDOOR MAN:

Loves his exercise but what a beating his poor hair takes from the wind and broiling sun. His hair always looks wild as pampas grass. And combing it with water simply doesn't keep it in place. Kreml is famous to groom dry, wild "sun-baked" hair. Keeps it neat as a pin all day.

Famous to groom Dry, Wild "SUN-BAKED" HAIR

Makes it easier to comb—keeps it so handsome looking

MAKES GRUESOME MISTAKE:

He realized his tousled, wind-tossed hair looked 'a mess' so he foolishly plastered it down with greasy goo. Girls laughed in his face. If only he were up-to-date and would try Kreml. It keeps hair looking so handsome—never greasy, oily or sticky.

THEN GETS SENSE:

What a difference Kreml makes in his hair! And how gals go for men with attractive, Kreml-groomed hair. Kreml makes hair so much easier to comb. Makes it stay in place looking so neat even on a scorching, windy summer's day. Try Kreml today!

- Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use Kreml daily for a *cleaner scalp*—for *better-groomed* hair.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

KREML *Hair Tonic*

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

**Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes**

Weary Gray Wolf

Continued from page 157

vast zip and warmth. One of his cronies was Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, the handsome and eloquent scholar. Other intimates were George W. Perkins, a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company; Charles M. Schwab, the high-flying steelmaster, and Louis Sherry, the restaurateur—all men of vigorous personality. His favorite reporter for years was Walter Davenport, now of *Collier's*, who not only was an able news writer but a man of endless enthusiasm and much charm.

Likewise Mr. Munsey took a fancy to Al Smith. When Smith began his rise in public life, Munsey's papers, working on the principle that all Democrats were evil, were critical of him. Smith arranged to meet Munsey, and from then on, all through Smith's stirring battles in New York State politics, the Happy Warrior could count on the friendship of the Republican publisher. Munsey sometimes had Smith to dinner in his apartment, and these were pleasant occasions for the gray and bony refugee from Maine. Munsey felt there was some sort of spiritual kinship between him and Smith; both had come up from nothing, were entirely self-made men, and both had achieved great power. In personality, of course, the men were very far apart.

In somewhat similar fashion, Munsey had a sort of "crush" on Jack Dempsey, though he knew nothing of prize fighting. Long before Dempsey became champion by beating Jess Willard in Toledo in 1919, Munsey had followed the career of this mauling, savage ex-hobo. After the fight between Dempsey and Fred Fulton, the tall Minnesota plasterer, at Harrison, New Jersey, Munsey telephoned the office to ask about the outcome. When told that it had been a very short fight, that Dempsey had come bobbing and weaving out of his corner and had knocked Fulton down and out in a few seconds of the first round, Munsey expressed delight, tinged with disbelief.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that one man can knock another unconscious with a blow from a gloved fist? It sounds impossible. What was the matter with that big Fulton? Why didn't he get up? Was he afraid?"

Later, when Dempsey was champion and fought Luis Angel Firpo in New York, Munsey obtained two ringside seats for himself and his friend Beveridge. It would have been his first experience as a fight spectator. Munsey and Beveridge dallied long over their dinner at the Ritz, discussing the old Bull Moose days and one thing and another, so that when they finally reached the ball park, they were too late. They had barely missed one of the great fights of history. A policeman at the edge of the hysterical crowd told Munsey what had happened,

Give the finest

EBEL
Swiss Watches
world famous for finest workmanship and perfect accuracy
Precision adjusted to 3 positions

EBEL
Swiss Watches

are available wherever fine Watches and Jewelry are sold. If unable to obtain your EBEL Watch in your locality write us and we will see that you are supplied.

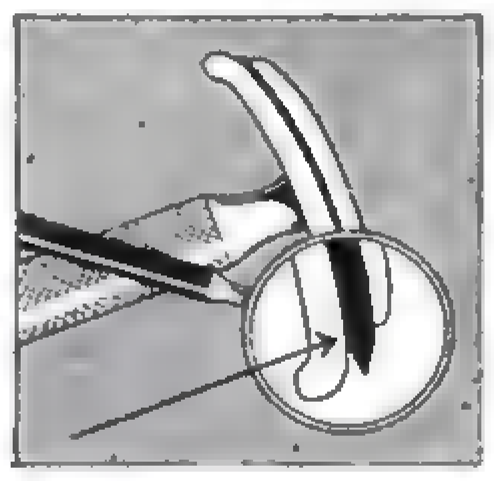
EBEL WATCHES
665 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

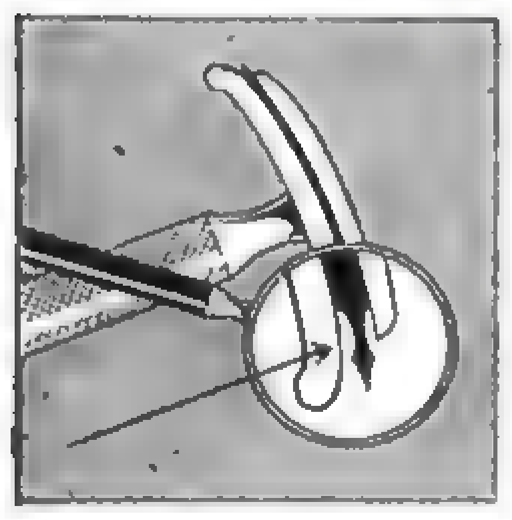
"She likes 'em as much as I do...

..those smooth-shaving PAL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES"

You'll pass her check-to-check test with flying colors when you use Pal. Nothing like it for a smooth, clean, velvety shave!

You see, other razor blades are ground like a pocket knife, and the edges are *rigid* in the razor ➤





➤ But Pal blades are different—*Leather Stropped* and *Hollow Ground* like a barber's razor, and edges are *flexible* in razor.

Result: Pal Hollow Ground Blades follow facial contours effortlessly. Your shave is cool, quick, no "bearing down." And delicate edges last longer, too. That's why millions call it the

Pal "Feather Touch" shave

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
PAL
HOLLOW

4 for 10c
10 for 25c

25 for 59c

®REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE EDGE
MONEY SAVING ECONOMY SIZE 50 BLADES $1

PAL
Now—RUST-RESISTANT
HOLLOW GROUND
RAZOR BLADES

and Munsey made this answer:

"Well! Remarkable! But it does seem they might have waited until Senator Beveridge and I were in our seats."

The main points of Munsey's spectacular career may be summed up briefly. He got ahead by his brash ambition, by hard work and by a lively ingenuity. He learned magazine publishing by trial and error. He thought he had a fortune in his first brain child, *The Golden Argosy*, a juvenile publication, but after a time he perceived he was on the wrong track. He saw the answer—low-priced magazines with large circulation. His real climb began about 1894. By 1906 his magazine output was: *Munsey's* 800,000, *Argosy* 500,000, *Scrap Book* 500,000, *All-Story* 300,000. His net profits were more than 1,000,000 dollars a year.

Munsey wrote several of the serials published in his early magazines, among them *The Boy Broker* and *Derringforth*, tales which, though devoid of any literary merit, were highly effective circulation pullers. These tales, which were published in book form, are rare items today; some readers may find them amusing for the naïveté and their clichés—but what of it? Don't laugh too soon, gentlemen. For all their gimcrack structure, they told a story and they had the heaven-sent quality of sincerity. While S. S. McClure crusaded, Munsey printed stories. In 1895 he wrote his formula for fiction:

"We want stories. That is what we mean—stories, not dialect sketches, not washed-out studies of effete human nature, not weak tales of sickly sentimentality, not 'pretty' writing. This sort of thing in all its varieties comes by the carload every mail. It is not what we want, but we do want fiction in which there is a story, force, a tale that means something—in short, a story. Good writing is as common as clam shells, while good stories are as rare as statesmanship."

With money pouring in, Munsey branched out. He founded the profitable Mohican Stores, a grocery chain which covered New England. He built a fine hotel at New London, Connecticut. He ventured into Wall Street. In the crash of 1907 he bought U. S. Steel and stuck with it as it went down and down; a little further decline and he would have been wiped out. When the rebound came he made a fortune. He was one of the original investors in the stock of International Harvester, which had a rapid rise. Later he got out of stock speculation entirely, though to the last he followed the market with a knowing eye.

The story of Munsey's depredations in the newspaper field is long and involved. He went here and there, in New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, buying, killing, merging, experimenting. He had some good ideas—notably the tabloid idea—but

Continued on page 160

BRUGAL RUM

IN GOLD LABEL
& WHITE LABEL
86 PROOF

Famous in the West Indies - Since 1888
BRUGAL
SINCE 1888
GOLD LABEL
BRUGAL
Brugal Rum
SUPERIOR
PUERTO RICAN RUM
BRUGAL & CO. C. POR A.
PARK & TILFORD

"The Rum with the Richer Flavor"

BACK of every drop of Brugal Rum is a proud family tradition, born over half a century ago. As a result, *quality* has always been foremost. That is why connoisseurs have paid it honor after honor. You, too, will acclaim the *richer* flavor that it imparts to any drink.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

in goes a lining... sleeves and all

ALWAYS IN SEASON WITH

Season Skipper
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TWO COMPLETE COATS IN ONE

Winter and overcoats seem a long way off. But how about those cool summer evenings? The not far-distant nippy fall days? Let *Season Skipper** solve your coat problems in *every* season. With its sensational "gadgetless" button-in lining, Season Skipper is a warm winter overcoat. In milder weather, just slip out the lining. In a jiffy you have a light, smart topcoat. Or you can have a heavier covert or fleece for winter—a light gabardine for fall and spring—*and one lining interchangeable for both!* Season Skipper coats are expertly tailored by master craftsmen. Buy the coat separately if you wish, but better buy both at one time. Be prepared for any weather and the smartest occasions.

$55 and up with the lining **$10** less without the lining

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
©1946, C. B. SHANE CORP.

FOR NEAREST SEASON SKIPPER DEALER, WRITE C. B. SHANE CORP., DEPT. E-86, 325 WEST MADISON ST., CHICAGO 6, ILL.; 200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.; 608 SOUTH HILL ST., LOS ANGELES 14, CALIF.

Weary Gray Wolf

Continued from page 159

he usually dropped them before they had been given a fair trial. He envisioned a nationwide chain of Munsey newspapers; at last he confessed sadly that one newspaper was about all one man could direct. With the morning *Herald* and the evening *Sun* in New York he felt that finally he had the right setup, but the *Herald* stubbornly refused to pay. In the Spring of 1924 Mr. Munsey, with great reluctance, sold the *Herald* to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and her son; Ogden Reid, who combined it with their *Tribune*, forming the property which today is the sound and respected New York *Herald Tribune*. Munsey, with only the *Sun* and the *Telegram* left, lived on for less than two years. The *Sun* was profitable, though of recent years, prior to 1946, it has lost ground.

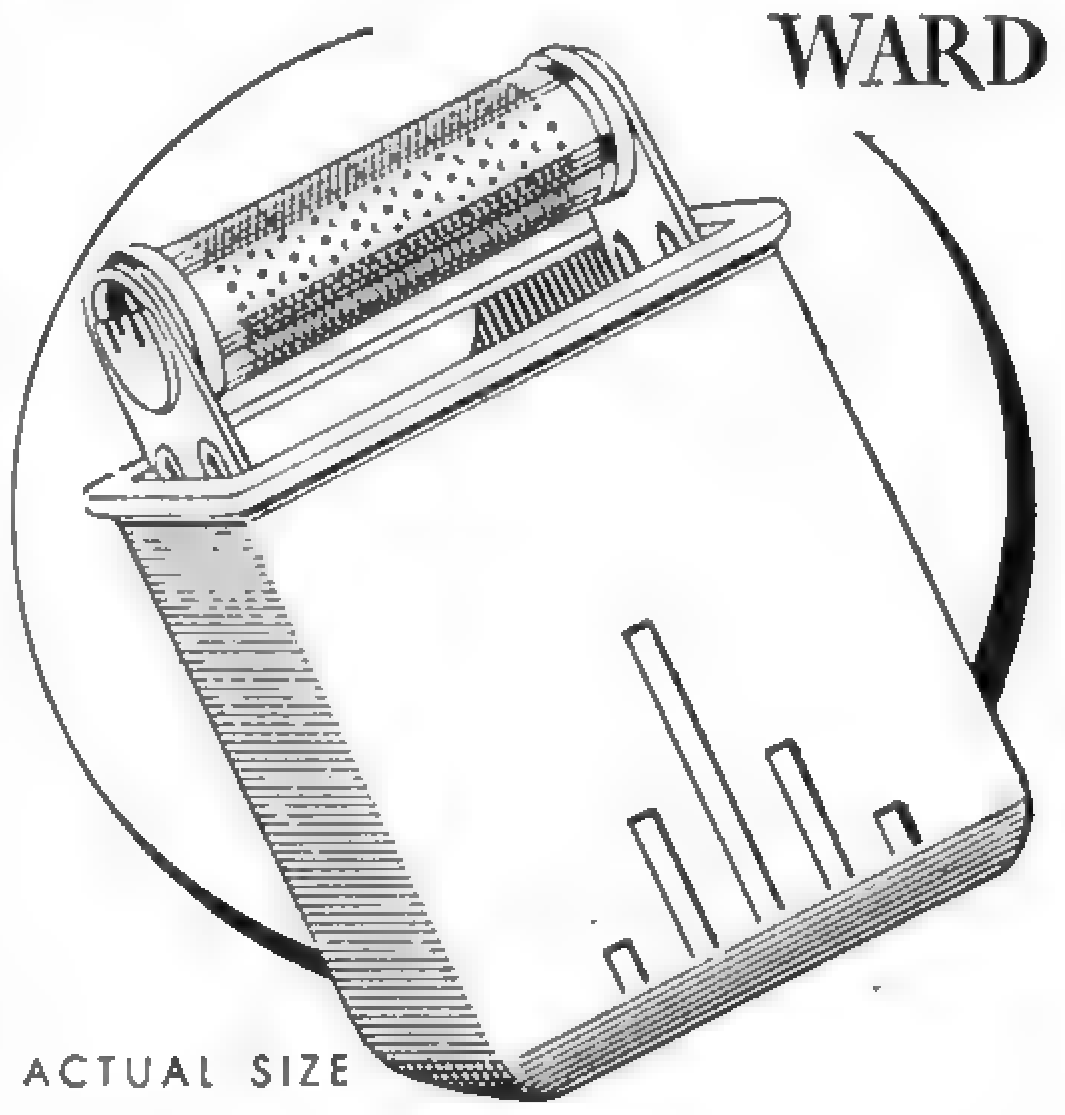
Munsey could never let well enough alone. He was forever redrawing plans for his buildings.He tinkered with everything. On his publications he was the despair of make-up men with his last-minute changes. He disliked a brook on his estate, Garondah, in the Adirondacks, so he had it filled in. He bought Louis Sherry's estate at Manhasset, Long Island, and was offended by the sight of a French "Temple of Love." He moved this marble adornment from one place to another, and finally solved his problem by blowing up the thing with dynamite. The house on this estate, patterned after the Petit Trianon, had a small tower; Munsey ordered hundreds of fine trees cut down so he could sit in the tower and have an unimpeded view of the lights of New York City.

Why did Munsey never marry? He was a figure in society, and many schemers tried to hook him. His own explanation of his lifelong bachelorhood was that when he was young the ladies would have none of him because they saw no hope in his future, and that later, when he was successful, he feared they would be marrying him only for his money. With women he was gallant and thoughtful. To one of his early flames he bequeathed an annuity. He kept a painting of another woman in his apartment at the Ritz, and sometimes would say to friends wistfully: "I have lived with that girl for twenty-five years." In his will he made provision for still other women. Not at any time was there the slightest touch of scandal in his relations with his lady friends; this chill romantic walked in complete rectitude.

Among the many things for which certain people hated Munsey was his fight against the League of Nations; certainly he had a strong hand in preventing the entry of the United States. Others hated him because they felt he was not only no friend of the underdog but that he was also a sort of self-made snob. Much could have been said against him,

WHEN YOU'VE A DATE DEADLINE AT 5:30 AND A SUDDEN RUSH OF WHISKERS TO THE CHIN...
AND THE "DEAREST LITTLE WOMAN IN THE WORLD" IS WAITING FOR YOU WITH IMPORTANT GUESTS...
DON'T BE AMONG THOSE ABSENT
BE SMOOTH-USE VESTPOK

VESTPOK* dry shaver by WARD


ACTUAL SIZE

Vestpok is the greatest invention since the face! A quick, efficient dry-shaver that's *actually* as small as a match folder! Carry it in your vest pocket; use it *any* time, *any* place. Vestpok can't nick, scrape or burn. Needs . . .

- **NO ELECTRICITY**
- **NO SOAP OR WATER**
- **NO MIRROR**

Vestpok is priced to retail at $3.00, including 10 blades of the finest razor steel. If you can't find Vestpok, write us direct. We are working day and night to meet the enormous demand. If stores in your town do not yet have Vestpok, *please be patient*...we expect to supply them soon. Vestpok Division, Ward Machine Co., Inc., Brockton 64, Massachusetts.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Patented & Patents Applied For.

FLIGHT
$6.50*
BRUNSWICK
$6.50*

Shipshape!

You couldn't pay more fitting tribute to a fine watch than to dress it with one of these superb watch bands by Hadley. Trim and chaste, they are excellent examples of a leading line of jewelry . . . crafted especially for leading men. As practical as they are beautiful. See them at your jeweler's.

*Federal and Excise Taxes not included

Hadley
For Leading Men
THE HADLEY COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

with justice, but even after death he was the butt of calumny. One journalist, to whom Munsey had loaned a considerable sum of money and then forgiven the debt, was one of the first to damn him as soon as the body was cold. And William Allen White, the Emporia (Kansas) editor, had this to say:

> "Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead.
>
> "Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat packer, the morals of a money-changer and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once-noble profession into an eight per cent security.
>
> "May he rest in trust."

Many a veteran newspaperman cheered at this. There was some truth in White's estimate. But if I may say so, I thought it an unnecessarily cruel overstatement at the time, and I still think so.

Munsey liked to think of himself as a "liberal-conservative," whatever that may mean. Possibly it was another way of saying "progressive middle-of-the-roader." At any rate he was not afraid to buck his own party when he thought the party wrong. He fought what he called the "profiteering" Republican tariff in the early 1920's. He was strong against the soldiers' bonus—a fight for principle which cost him money. As for his talent as a journalist, he has probably been much underrated; his own editorials were models of clarity and vigor.

He was foresighted enough, in the first World War, to see accurately the coming importance of aviation, and he hammered away for more research, more planes and still more planes. When Mayor John F. (Red Mike) Hylan's New York police raided a meeting which some perfectly respectable women were holding at Town Hall to discuss birth control (and discuss it wholly academically, at that), Munsey was the angriest man in town. For this once, at least, he and his papers were valiant on the side of civil liberties. He must have credit for that.

In his later years Munsey's mind often reverted to his beginnings on the bleak Maine farms where his ineffectual father had toiled, and he thought often of his mother, from whom, he suspected, he had derived the strength that had carried him to high places. He wondered about his ancestry, and hired a genealogist to trace it. The results were rewarding—and comforting. He came of a proud lot. One ancestor was a marshal under Napoleon; others had signed the Mayflower Compact. The list was long and shining with illustrious names.

In his youth he had a great craving. In his own words it was for "riches, power, position, the world, the great big world." He achieved much of this dream. At the end he was a lonely, washed-out old man. He had a marvelous equipment. Somewhere, somehow, a mysterious vital spark was missing. #

Continued from page 64

One of the World's Great Bridges...

Golden Gate Bridge

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT BEERS...
Van Merritt
ARTESIAN WELL WATER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES
Van Merritt BRAND BEER
THIS BEER IS BREWED OF GRITS, CHOICE HOPS AND MALT
"One of the world's great Beers"
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY BURLINGTON BREWING CO. BURLINGTON, WIS.
Est. 1865
THIS BEER IS BREWED WITH ARTESIAN WELL WATER · FULLY PASTEURIZED · INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID

An old, old secret formula is Van Merritt's beginning. Then choice hops, barley malt and grits are blended painstakingly with pure Wisconsin artesian well water. Far longer aging than usual follows—and bottling under stricter controls. Naturally, Van Merritt costs a bit more, but you can taste the difference.

Brewed and Bottled by
BURLINGTON BREWING COMPANY
Burlington, Wisconsin

© 1946, BBC

Casually yours

. . . for your casual wear. When relaxation is important, you'll want the added freedom of Sutton Shirt comfort. The double purpose collar makes leisure a pleasure. If you are paged for business, don a tie and you are correctly attired. For either situation, you'll find these superb shirts the smart answer to your call for casual comfort.

It's the McCoy
in Shirts and Sportswear

At Better Men's Shops
from Coast to Coast

Makers of the famous line of Palmer CASUALS
Sutton Shirt Corp. 1107 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.
Factory—PALMERTON, PA., Western Sales Office, 629 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Emperor's Smile

Continued from page 27

archy, as the Senators had intimated . . ."

So they went out to the coast, sitting up in a coach, the archduke, Ferdl and Poldi. She was a frail, kindly, grey-haired lady. She was always afraid that Ferdl would catch a cold. He too worried about her all the time. They had been married thirty-five years, but they still behaved like bride and bridegroom. They took a little house with red shutters in Hollywood's Laurel Canyon. The archduke had the two rooms on the second floor, and ate his meals with the two old people. After dinner he drove Ferdl to the Music Club where they worked. I used to drop in every evening for a drink before I went home. Sometimes I brought my violin along and we played together.

The Music Club wasn't a swank place. From the outside it looked like an overgrown hamburger stand. There were two battered pianos, a bar, a few tables, and very dim lights. I guess no Hollywood *Hocharistokrat* would ever be seen there. But Ferdl and the archduke had fun playing Viennese music and paraphrasing a popular melody the way Bach, Mozart, Wagner and Gershwin would have written it. After midnight they made *Stimmungsmusik*, dreaming on the piano. Everybody liked them—Steve the barman with the broken nose, and Timmy, the hat-check girl who sold cigarettes and was nuts about the archduke. Blackie "Label" Walker, the waiter, was their great friend. Blackie was a thin fellow with tired eyes who had more hair on his cheeks than on his head. He'd been practically everything before he became a waiter at the Music Club, and he said he hated every minute of it. He was the only one there who knew the true identity of the archduke. He suffered from varicose veins but he suffered even more about the way the archduke was "wasted," as he put it.

"Nobody ever gets here," Blackie said. "The smart set don't even know that the Music Club exists, with all those swank nighteries up there on Sunset. If you'd listen to me, Archie, you could make a fortune in the studios."

"I don't want to make a fortune," the archduke said, improvising around a theme from *Afternoon of a Faun*. Blackie had worked in the movies himself but he didn't like to remember this epoch in his life. "Someday I'm going to manage you right into a major studio," Blackie said: Once a Sunset Strip agent came in for a drink. He was with a sharp, sleek blonde. Blackie talked to him. The man laughed. "That fellow over there? He doesn't look like a prince to me."

"I didn't say he was a prince," Blackie said. "I said he's a relative of the Kaiser Franz Joseph,

OLD ANGUS BRAND
A NOBLE SCOTCH
"Gentle as a Lamb"

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
BRAND
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED 1845

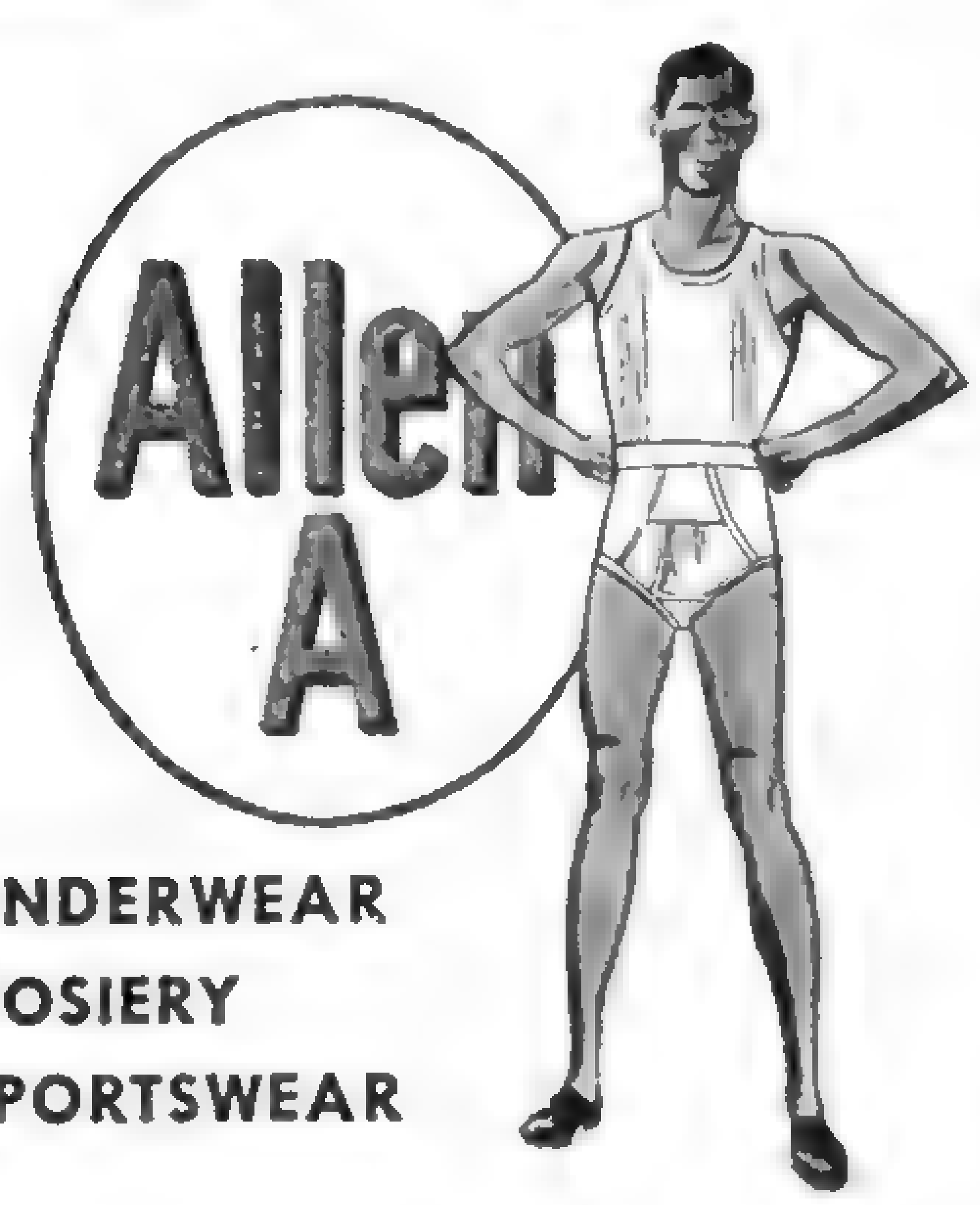
What do you know about-

A Robinson C...?

Crusoe. Started from scratch on a desert isle. So did his home-made underwear. Between squirms he kept scanning the horizon for relief . . . in the form of comfortable Allen-A's. That man had vision.

An Allen-A...?

First and last words in modern underwear comfort and quality. Knit to follow your every move . . . and to stay with you closer than Friday to Crusoe . . . without creeping up or binding. Look for the same quality label in hosiery and sportswear . . . Allen-A.



UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

the real one. They could use him any day. Knows more about Vienna and the Court than all your producers between Culver City and Burbank."

"I got no time for piano-playin' bums," the agent said, and put the imitation-ermine cape around the girl's shoulders. "Let's go, honey. Check, please."

Once in a while Mr. Goldman, the owner of the Music Club, came in for an evening. Mr. Goldman owned a chain of super markets. "The joint is losing money, but he keeps it on account of his income tax," Blackie said. The archduke didn't quite get this but he liked Mr. Goldman who was awed by the mysteries of music. "Beautiful, this waltz," he would say.

"This isn't a waltz, Mr. Goldman, but a Chopin mazurka," Ferdl said.

"I'm always getting my music mixed up," Mr. Goldman said unhappily. "Blackie, get the gentlemen something to drink."

One night Blackie came over to the corner where the pianos stood. The archduke was playing for his own amusement Ravel's *Valse* which was accepted by the customers as "Viennese Music," and Ferdl was telling me what they'd had for dinner. "*Backhendl* and new potatoes and green salad," he said. "Very tender, young chicken. Poldi would never use those bread crumbs they sell in the stores here. She puts fresh rolls into the oven and grinds her own crumbs."

"Look, fellers," Blackie said. "See that grey-haired feller with the horn-rimmed glasses over there? He's an executive producer. God knows what made him come here. Probably ran out of gas in front of the joint."

From the way the archduke looked at Blackie, I could see that he didn't know what an executive producer was, but he went on playing softly and didn't say anything. Blackie said, "He's making a two-million-dollar musical, *Tales from the Vienna Woods.* If he knew who you were, he'd hire you right away, Archie."

The archduke stopped playing and Ferdl came in with his late midnight version of the *Fiakerlied.* "The trouble with him is that he doesn't want to be hired," Ferdl said.

"You want a Steinway grand, do you?" Blackie said to the archduke. "Have you tried to figure how long it's gonna take you in this joint, at fifty-five a week? Approximately seventeen years. That guy over there will appreciate you. . He's one of the big boys. Makes a fortune every year and knows the business. He owns the smartest night club on the coast, up there in San Francisco. Keeps it on account of his income tax, I guess."

The archduke nodded absently, his right hand painting passages over Ferdl's *Fiakerlied.*

"Just let me handle this," Blackie said. "You sit tight."

The executive producer came over an hour later. He wasn't

Continued on page 164

STORMY
RAIN
CHANGE
FAIR
VERY DRY
DUTCH MASTERS CIGAR

FAIR ENOUGH

As the man who reads the barometer might say: "The weather always changes, but a Dutch Masters remains the same fine cigar I've always enjoyed." Fair enough!

DUTCH MASTERS

Schulz watches 304 EAST 45th STREET
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Schulz watches
timed & styled in our New York Factory

WHERE utility is the paramount consideration, and precision is necessary—where style is desirable but must be tempered by cost—for everyday use—we suggest this SCHULZ gold bracelet watch.

Available through your own jeweler

CAMPUS-WISE PIGSKIN PARADE

Imported saddle stitched pigskin in mellow sun-tan color. Sturdy craftsmanship, highly finished.

Brief Bag (No. 140-10). Sizes 16′ long by 13″ high. Expansion 7″. 3 commodious pockets. About $35.

Brief Case (No. 140-22) Disappearing handle. Size 16″ by 12″ Expansion 3″ Gussetted pockets. Full zipper. About $30.

Fitted Toilet Kit (No. 159-12). Complete with 9 toilet essentials. Size 9½″ by 6¼″ by 2″ Full zipper About $11.50

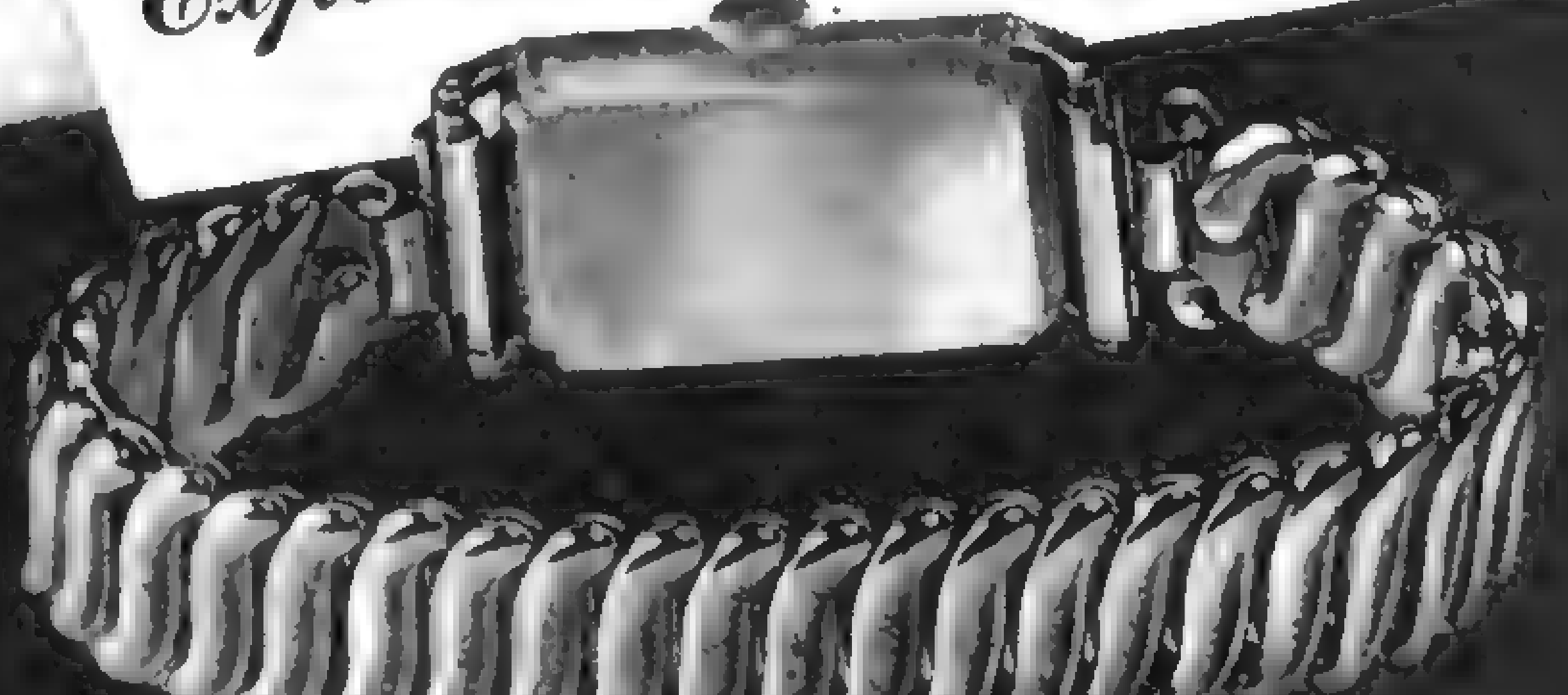
Cigarette Case (No. 112-62WS) 14-K Gold shield for initialing Holds full pack without crushing—patented, gussetted expansion pockets. Leather lined Extra slim. About $11.50.

All items, except cigarette case, subject to 20% Federal tax.

Loyal LEATHER PRODUCTS

Dept. E
Write for name of store in your city:
U. S. LUGGAGE & LEATHER PRODUCTS CO.
29 W. 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y

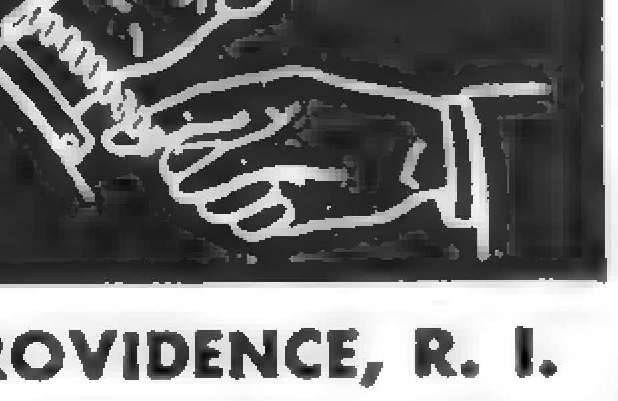
FLEX-LET
Expansion Watch Bands



• AMAZINGLY FLEXIBLE!
• ALMOST UNBREAKABLE!

Only Flex-Let Bands feature Tru-Rivet Construction*...which enables them to take the roughest, toughest treatment without breaking. Every Flex-Let guaranteed one year!

Handsome, too! At all reputable jewelers in 10 Kt. gold, gold filled or non-corrosive stainless steel, $8.95 up. Get one today.



Expands to slip on and off in a jiffy. Fits all wrists comfortably.

*Patent Pending

FLEX-LET EXPANSION PRODUCTS, EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Emperor's Smile

Continued from page 163

very steady on his feet and when he put his glass down on the archduke's upright, he spilled some Scotch. "You boys are certainly making swell music," he said, and let himself fall down on the bench beside the archduke. "I know. I am an expert." He took off his horn-rimmed glasses and put them into his breast pocket and let his hands fall down on the ivories. Strangely enough, he came up with an excellent rendition of the Rachmaninoff Prelude. After a while he stopped and said, "Let's all three play the Prelude the way Gershwin would have written it."

They played the Rachmaninoff Prelude the way Gershwin, Puccini and Stravinsky would have written it and we all had drinks. The executive producer slapped the archduke's shoulder and said, "Gosh, Mike, I haven't had so much fun in years."

Blackie brought more drinks. I saw that he stepped behind the grey-haired man. "You know by any chance who you play with, do you?" he asked.

"Sure," the executive producer said. "That's Mike, the best goddam piano player here and in the Western Hemisphere."

"And he's an archduke, too," Blackie said. "A real Austrian archduke. Knows more about life in Vienna and what went on at the Kaiser's court than anybody else in town."

The producer looked startled for a moment. He glanced at the archduke, the friendly, open face, the hair parted on the right side, the simple dark suit, the easy, unassuming gestures. Then the executive producer said, "Sure. He's been brought up in a castle overlooking the Blue Danube. Every Friday evening he went to the palace of his grandfather, the Kaiser, for gefuellte fish."

The executive producer began to laugh uproariously and finished off his drink. "Why don't you boys get wise?" he said. "You can't fool a guy who's discovered more talent than Cecil B. Why I've had so much business with dukes, I can tell a duke from a mile, when I see one, arch or no arch." He got up. "So long, Mike," he said. "Thanks for the dry Puccini."

We watched him totter out. Ferdl played again the *Fiakerlied* and Blackie polished a spot on the archduke's piano which wasn't there. "That stupid bastard!" Blackie said. "*He* knows a duke when he sees one." He gave the archduke an angry look. "Trouble with you is, Archie, that you don't look the part," he said. "I don't blame him for not believing me. No one would. You just don't look it."

"What's that?" the archduke said absently. He looked cheerful after the drinks. "Please get your violin," he said to me. "I

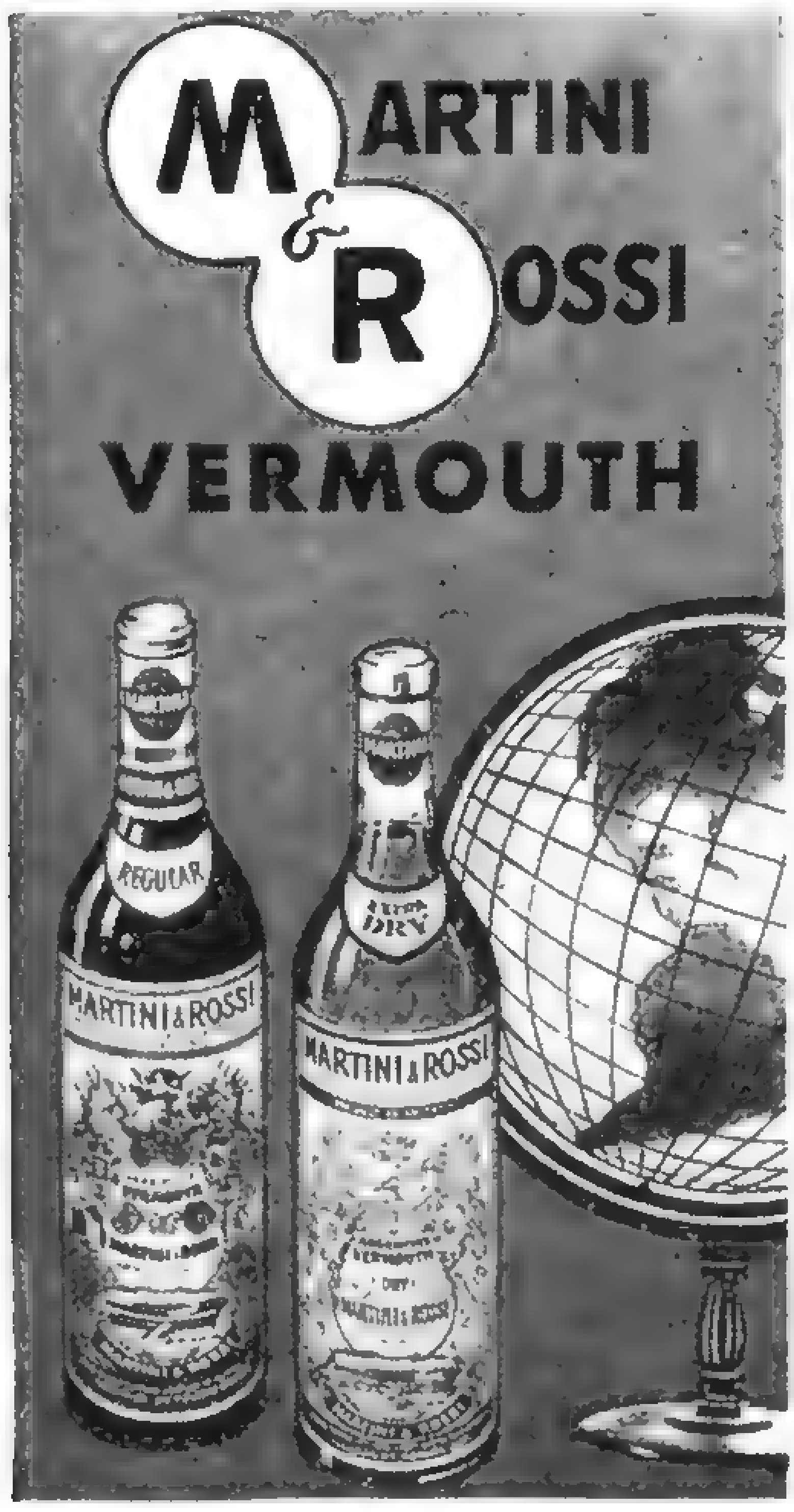
Some things look better COVERED!

TAKE ZIPPERS, for instance. They're fast, they're neat, they're secure—but they're too darn *visible*...Waldes Kover-Zip—invisible because it's fabric-covered—is the mark of better tailoring everywhere. Why glitter when you can be well-groomed? Waldes Kohinoor, Inc., Long Island City 1, N.Y.

WALDES KOVER-ZIP
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
the only fabric-covered zipper

Flavor Secret for a Manhattan

ASK THE MEN who mix 'em at fine bars . . . and time and again you will hear the same. "The flavor of a Manhattan cocktail depends as much on the Vermouth as on the whiskey . . . and for perfect flavor we use famous imported Martini & Rossi Vermouth."



MARTINI & ROSSI Vermouth has long been world famous. The subtle M & R flavor has never been successfully duplicated. Keep both kinds on hand. *Regular* for a Manhattan. *Extra Dry* for a Dry Martini. W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City. Sole Distributors for U. S. A.

PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

feel like playing Brahms. The *Meistersinger* sonata."

Blackie muttered something between his teeth and Ferdl played the beginning of the *Radetsky March*. All of a sudden there were tears in his old, tired eyes. "I'm glad that the *Erzherzog*, your father, didn't live to see this," he said. "Those crazy fools! If we would prop you up in a uniform of the Kaiserliche Dragoner against a picture of Kaiser Franz Joseph, they'd know right away who you are and—"

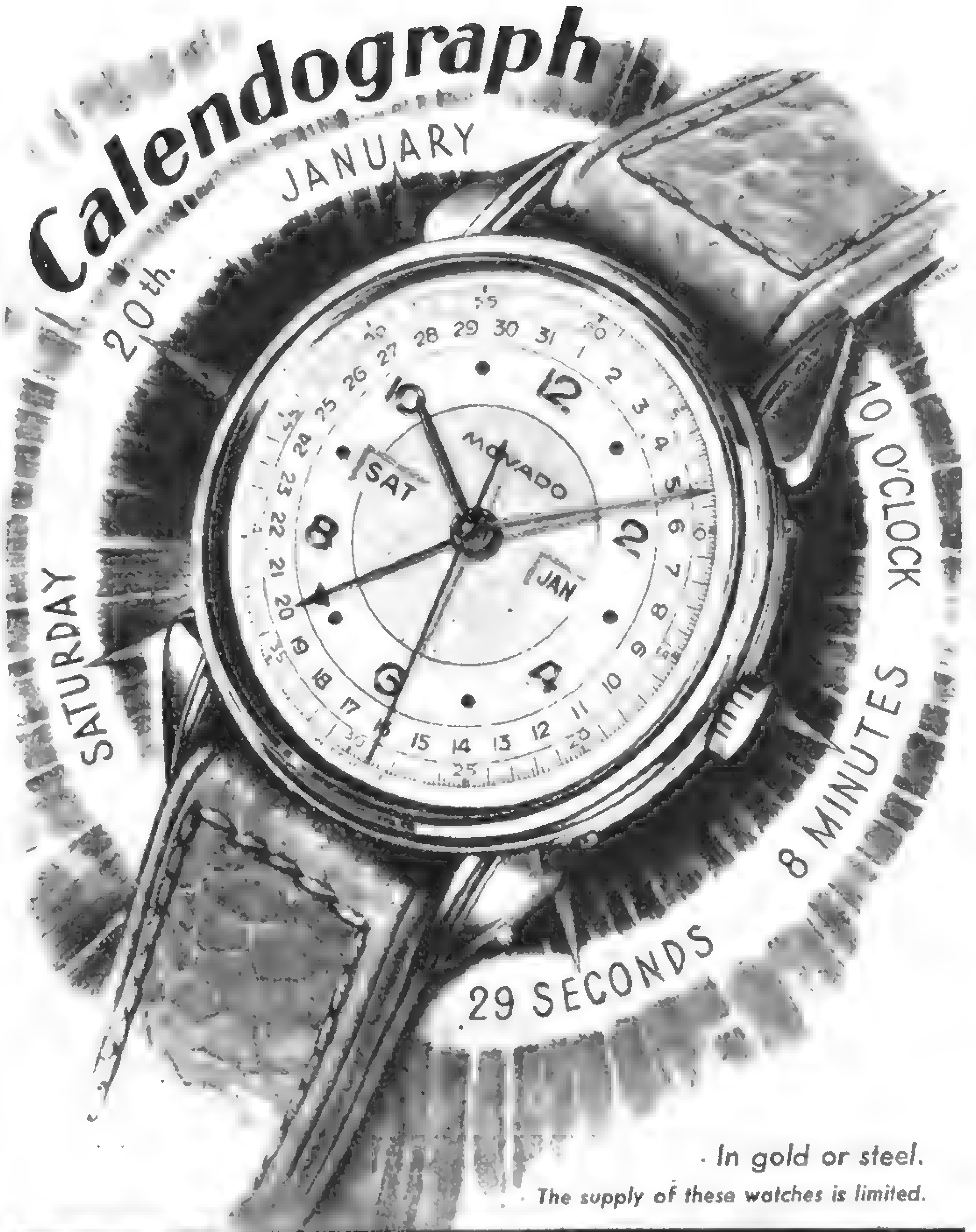
He stared at Blackie and Blackie stared back and I knew that right then the idea hit them both at the same time because they kept their mouths wide open. Blackie shut his first. "We *are* going to prove it, you and me," he said softly to Ferdl. "We ain't going to ask *him*. We'll go ahead on our own and tell him when we are ready." He collected the glasses and put them on his tray. "We'll show that s.o.b. who's discovered more people than Cecil B."

I didn't go to the Music Club for some time and forgot about the whole thing until one afternoon, two weeks later, when Blackie called me over the phone. He said they needed me for the rest of the afternoon and that they would be right over, Archie, Ferdl, and he, and that there was no time to ask questions. They came for me in Blackie's '31 cabriolet. Blackie looked mysterious and whispered that he'd tell me later what the pitch was. We stopped in front of a large house in the hills overlooking Sunset Boulevard. We got out and Blackie parked his '31 car around the corner where it couldn't be seen from the house. The house was a cross between early Egyptian and late Arabian styles with an unsymmetrical Colonial roof to top the whole thing off. The lawn was beautifully green up to where the sprinkling system went.

"Friend of mine lent me the place for the day," Blackie said. "Didn't cost me a penny. Come in, fellers. How's that for a set?"

There was a grey-and-silver grand piano in the middle of the large living room. On the cover stood a picture of an old gentleman with white whiskers and a patriarchal, benevolent smile. The caption said, *Kaiser Franz Joseph (1908) vor der Hofburg in Wien.* The Kaiser also figured prominently on a framed picture, *Die kaiserliche Familie*, where he was surrounded by ladies with wasp-like waistlines and stiff, uniformed gentlemen. The picture hung next to a birchwood mirror with Biedermeier flower designs. I saw a Louis Quinze armchair with an embroidery of rococo birds, an Empire chest of drawers and a mahogany side table with a gold ormolu clock. In the rear stood a comfortable Louis Seize sofa and a Chippendale mahogany cabinet, with a bust of Franz Schubert. A couple of modern chairs were thrown in for good measure. The wall next to the entrance door was dominated by Beethoven's

Continued on page 166



In gold or steel.
The supply of these watches is limited.

MOVADO

WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS . . . SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1946, Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

Don't buy your New Radio until you hear Sonora's "Clear as a Bell" tone

Sonora
Clear as a Bell

RADIOS • TELEVISION SETS • RECORDS
PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDERS

LIFE GUARD
Frank Beaven

"I'm Sure I Lost It Right About Here"

Tsh, mister! Don't lose that genuine ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER—it's still a scarce item. And losing it is the one thing we can't guarantee it against. We do guarantee that it will light any time, anywhere—that it has about the biggest, longest lasting fuel supply—no evaporation when closed—that the genuine asbestosized wick will last for years—that the exclusive hinge-lever means a tight closing, strong assembly—and that *No One Ever Paid a Cent to Repair a ZIPPO.*

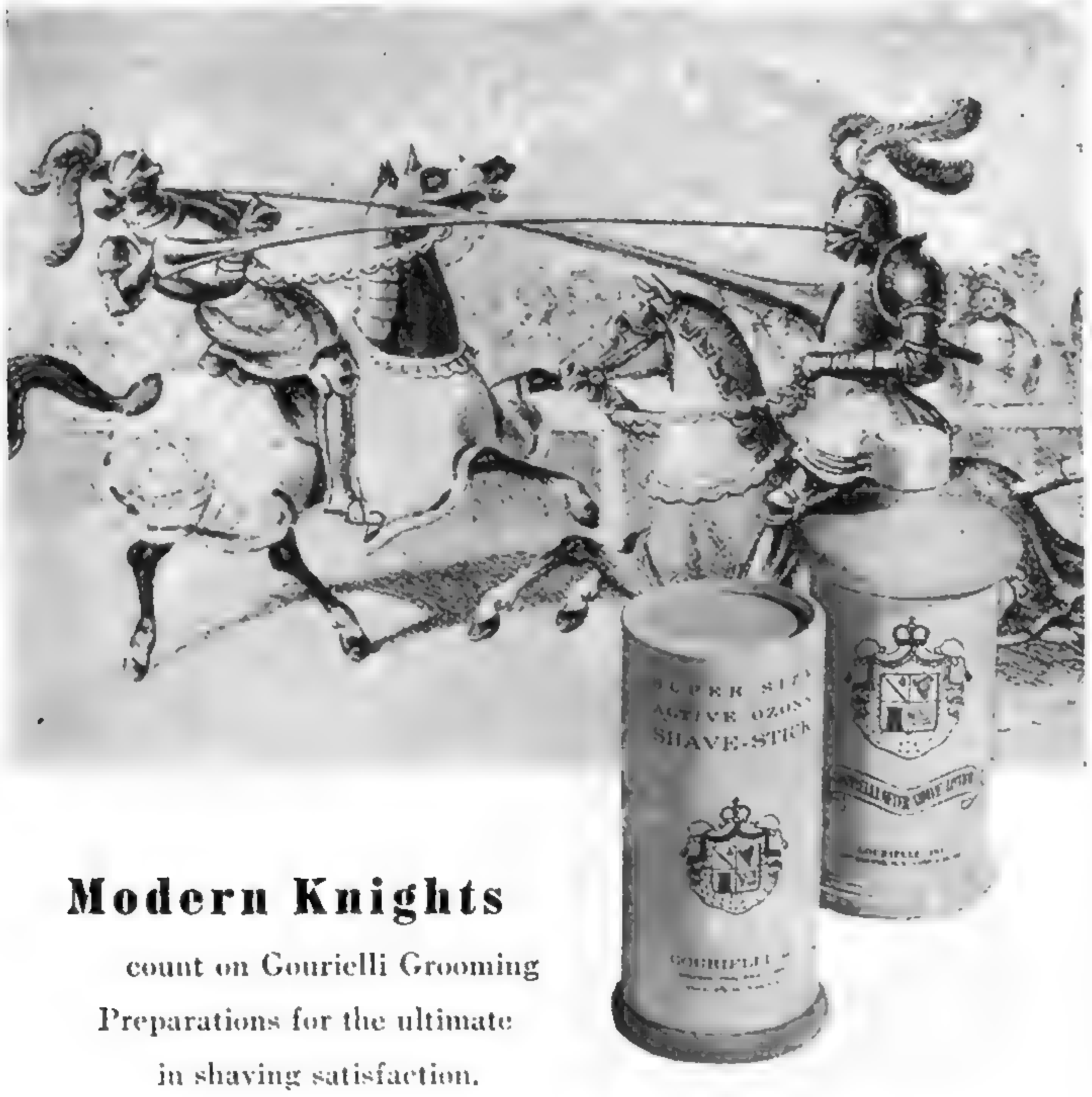
New silverlike case with a million dollar appearance, same pre-war price.

$2.50 with initial or signature $3.50

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 Barbour St., Bradford, Pa.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION: *This engraving* ZIPPO MFG CO BRADFORD PA ZIPPO PAT 2032695 MADE IN USA *is stamped on every genuine ZIPPO*

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER


SUPER SIZE ACTIVE OZONE SHAVE-STICK
GOURIELLI

Modern Knights

count on Gourielli Grooming Preparations for the ultimate in shaving satisfaction.

SUPER SIZE ACTIVE OZONE SHAVE-STICK works with cold, hard, or salt water . . . *without brush.* 2.00

GOURIELLI TALC "TANG" scent. 1.00*

**Plus 20% Fed. tax*

GOURIELLI AFTER SHAVE LOTION, the fresh-scented bracer leaves the skin feeling clean and smooth. 2.50, 1.50*

"TANG" COLOGNE FOR MEN. 3.50, 2.00*

THE HOUSE OF GOURIELLI

16 East 55th Street, New York 22 . . . and all smart stores

The Emperor's Smile

Continued from page 165

death mask which was hanging between a picture of Vienna's St. Stephen's Dome and a French drawing of a girl with black silk stockings.

Blackie proudly pointed at the French drawing. "Picked her myself. Good stuff, ain't she?"

The archduke blinked and shook his head four or five times in rapid succession. He said that this art dealer's nightmare reminded him of the day when the revolutionaries had sold his mother's furniture in Schoenbrunn.

Blackie said, "A friend of mine is with the Paramount art department." He sounded slightly peeved. "I *assure* you, Archie, it's all authentic." He went to the table and brought a stack of gold-engraved cards. They had a nine-pointed crown and read,

RECEPTION
in honor of
His Royal Highness
The Archduke of Greater Austria

His Royal Highness will
perform on the piano
formerly belonging to
H. M. the Empress
Maria Theresa.

The archduke covered his eyes with his hand. "The Archduke of Greater Austria," he murmured. "Good Lord, that's worse than The Count of Luxembourg."

"Ferdl and I wrote it," Blackie said proudly. "It's got real class, ain't it? You simply got to impress those people."

The archduke turned on his heels and went to the door.

"Where you think you're going?" Blackie said.

"Home," the archduke said. "This joke has gone far enough."

"You can't walk out on us now," Blackie said. "Look what Madame Poldi has done for you." He pulled a curtain aside that closed off the dining room. On a large table stood a *Sachertorte* and a *Linzertorte*; there were plates with *Apfelstrudel*, *Mohnstrudel* and small pieces of *Teegebaeck*. Ferdl's wife came out of the kitchen. She had on a white apron and her cheeks were red from the heat of the oven and she looked happy. She said she'd baked for three days and that the *Schlagobers* was all whipped in the icebox. "The *Linzertorte* isn't as good as at home," she said. "It must be the eggs. The yolks are not as yellow as they used to be in Vienna. But I've tried my best."

"She's worked three whole days for you, Archie," Blackie said. "You can't walk out on us." Then they talked all at the same time, Blackie, Ferdl and his wife. The invitations were sent out to the elite of the film aristocracy, and there was a large supply of *Nussbeugerln* in the kitchen and the coffee was almost ready, and the guests would be here in a while. The archduke sighed and said, all right, he wasn't going to be a bad

The Way You Like to Look . . . in the Coat You'll Want to Wear

"Gleneagles" Pitch-Shoulder COATS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

for the all-weather casual comfort you like

Neatest trick of the year is the way "Gleneagles" has combined Topcoat "looks" with shower-proofed protection of the raincoat. The big point, of course, is the patented Pitch-Shoulder that stands up square, broad and flattering. "Gleneagles" assures you a smart appearance in any weather . . . with lightweight comfort.

(*Illustrated*) THE LANSWEEP—cotton gabardine in oyster white or natural tan. Notice, too, the smart, full bottom flare and the new three-quarter length. . . . Prices start at $16.75.

Featured at Leading Stores

Write for Name of
Your Nearest Dealer

STYLED AND TAILORED BY
LAMM BROS., INC.
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND

"Royale" Pleasure

Pungent Mint

of Creme de Menthe ... supreme!

Satisfying after-dinner pleasure! The silky-smooth flavor of Croix Royale California Liqueurs . . . made to old-world formulas . . . with old-world skill! Serve a Croix Royale Liqueur for "Royale" after-dinner pleasure tonight!

Creme de Menthe, 60 proof, Creme de Cacao, 60 proof.

Kummel, 60 proof. Bernadotte 80 proof Anisette, 56 proof. Produced in California.

CROIX ROYALE *Liqueurs*

Free—*Colorful, illustrated booklet on wines and wine recipes. Write Dept. E8*

CAMEO VINEYARDS CO., FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

sport, but he didn't like it. Blackie went into the bedroom which bordered on the other side of the living room and came out carrying a pair of red trousers with gold stripes running down lengthwise, a light-blue uniform jacket with gold rigging and a shako with white feathers on top.

"What's that?" the archduke asked, in utter bewilderment.

"Don't you recognize it?" Blackie said. "It's the Austrian Court uniform. They had it made especially for Maurice Chevalier, I think. You put it on and stay in the bedroom until I call you. All you got to do is to look like a real archduke and play a few waltzes on the piano. And don't talk to anyone. You are not supposed to understand English. Just give the men a continental bow, you know, from the waist, and kiss the hands of the more important women."

The archduke asked, "Who are the more important women?" but Blackie pushed him into the bedroom and told Poldi to get back into the kitchen. The archduke put on his costume, too groggy to talk. There was a special outfit prepared for Ferdl, so he got dressed too. He wore very narrow black trousers, a black velvet jacket and a black bow tie, and black patent leather shoes. He said he wasn't going to put on the black hat with the broad rim which was lying on the bed. I asked Blackie who Ferdl was supposed to be.

"He's the archduke's piano teacher," Blackie said. "Don't you know that an archduke has to have a piano teacher?"

The archduke stepped in front of the mirror. He stared at himself in blank despair and sighed.

"You look exactly the way an archduke should look," Blackie said. "Put on your saber."

"Which side do I put on my saber, Ferdl?" the archduke asked. "You were in the Austrian army and should know. I was too young for that."

Ferdl helped him with the saber. There was a commotion at the door and Blackie told me to usher in the people and watch that everyone had an invitation card. "We don't want no party crashers here," he said.

I stood outside the door while the people kept coming in. Blackie welcomed the guests just inside the door. He introduced himself as the manager of His Royal Highness and presented me as His Highness' aide-de-camp. I said, "You should have got me a special uniform too," but he shrugged. "Please don't address His Royal Highness directly," he said to the people. "His Highness don't talk good English. His aide and I will answer all questions for His Royal Highness."

The room was already crowded but more people kept coming. "Someone must have monkeyed around with those invitations," Blackie muttered. Then I saw the executive producer who had been at the Music Club that night. He came in with a tall, cold, beautiful

Continued on page 168

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

GALEY & LORD'S
Fieldclub*
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
FAST VAT COLORS • SANFORIZED
PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS
CRAMERTON MILLS INC

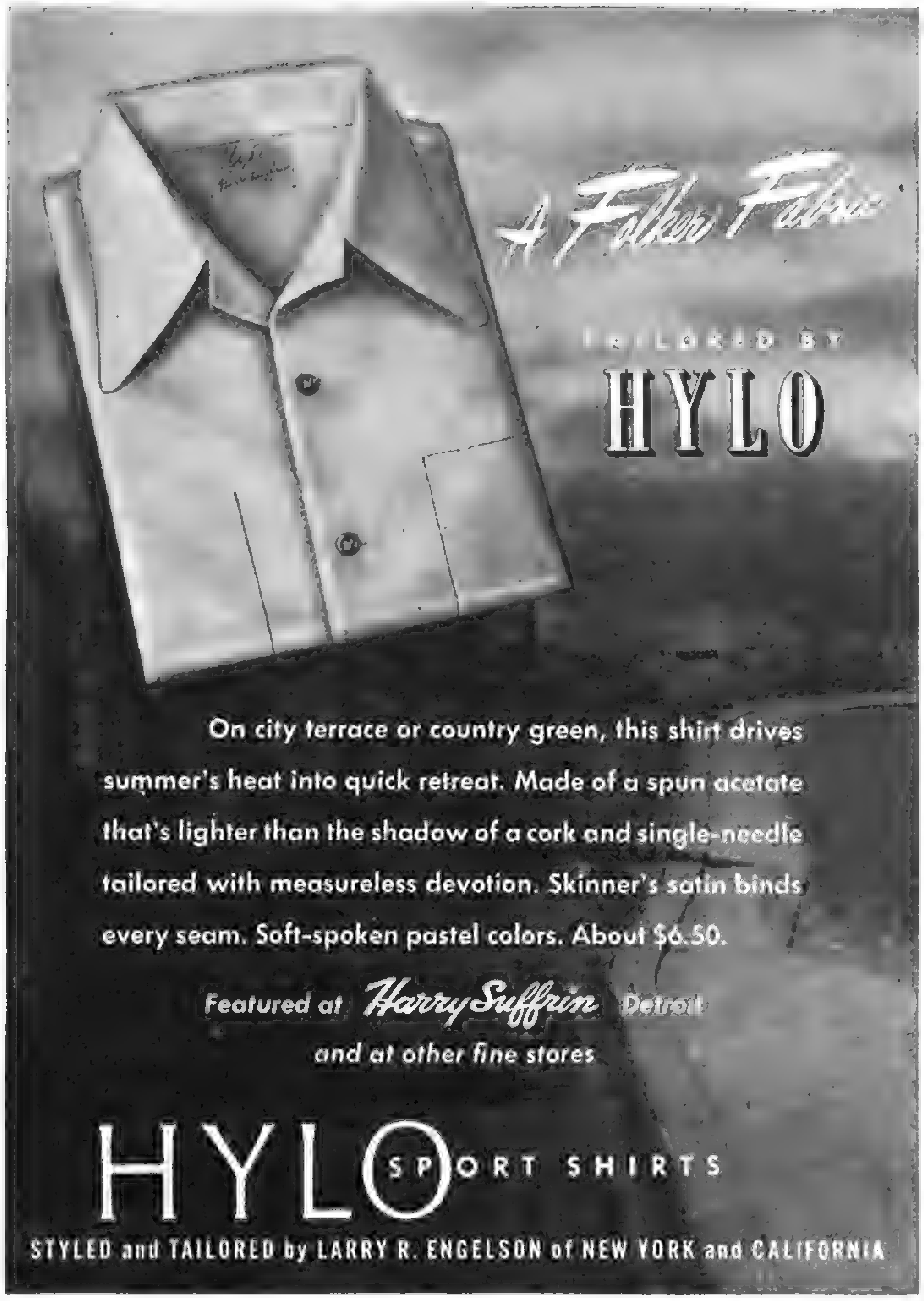
Galey & Lord, inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.

As fine thy watch as thy purse can buy

$45 to $500

Grana
Kurth Frères

GRANA WATCH COMPANY
NEW YORK



On city terrace or country green, this shirt drives summer's heat into quick retreat. Made of a spun acetate that's lighter than the shadow of a cork and single-needle tailored with measureless devotion. Skinner's satin binds every seam. Soft-spoken pastel colors. About $6.50.

Featured at Harry Suffrin Detroit
and at other fine stores

HYLO SPORT SHIRTS
STYLED and TAILORED by LARRY R. ENGELSON of NEW YORK and CALIFORNIA

FOR THE WORLD'S FINEST MOVIES
BOLEX H-16 MOVIE CAMERA
BOLEX G-816 PROJECTOR

The Bolex H-16 movie camera gives you professional results and is simple to operate. It has automatic threading. Camera comes with frame-counter, view-finder, and these lenses:
Schneider Xenon 16 mm..f 1.9
Schneider Xenon 25 mm..f 1.5
Carl Zeiss Sonnar 75 mm...f 4
and a handsome camera carrying case.

The Bolex G-816 projector with the newly developed double optical system enables you to show both 8 mm and 16 mm films. The only projector that accommodates both film sizes. Projector comes with 1" f 1.8 and 2" f 1.6 Kern Projector Lenses and a handsome carrying case.

CAMERA, PROJECTOR and ACCESSORIES all for $999.95
All taxes included

We have for immediate delivery a large stock of domestic and foreign made cameras and accessories. Write us for full particulars.

AREMAC Camera 1 EAST 43 ST. NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
...WHEN IN HEMPSTEAD, L. I., IT'S AREMAC, 249 FULTON AVE.

The Emperor's Smile

Continued from page 167

woman who wore three rows of pearls on her expensive black dress. At the producer's elbow was a little, bald-headed man with the face of an anemic cherub. Everybody stood around in uncomfortable silence. A lady asked me, "What are we supposed to do when he comes in?"

I looked stumped but Blackie said, "Just curtsy. Ladies curtsy and gentlemen bow." I could but marvel at this thorough knowledge of court protocol. I saw Blackie go to the bedroom door. He opened it and after a moment Ferdl came out and ceremoniously walked over to the piano. The silence was tense now. "What am I going to play?" Ferdl whispered to Blackie.

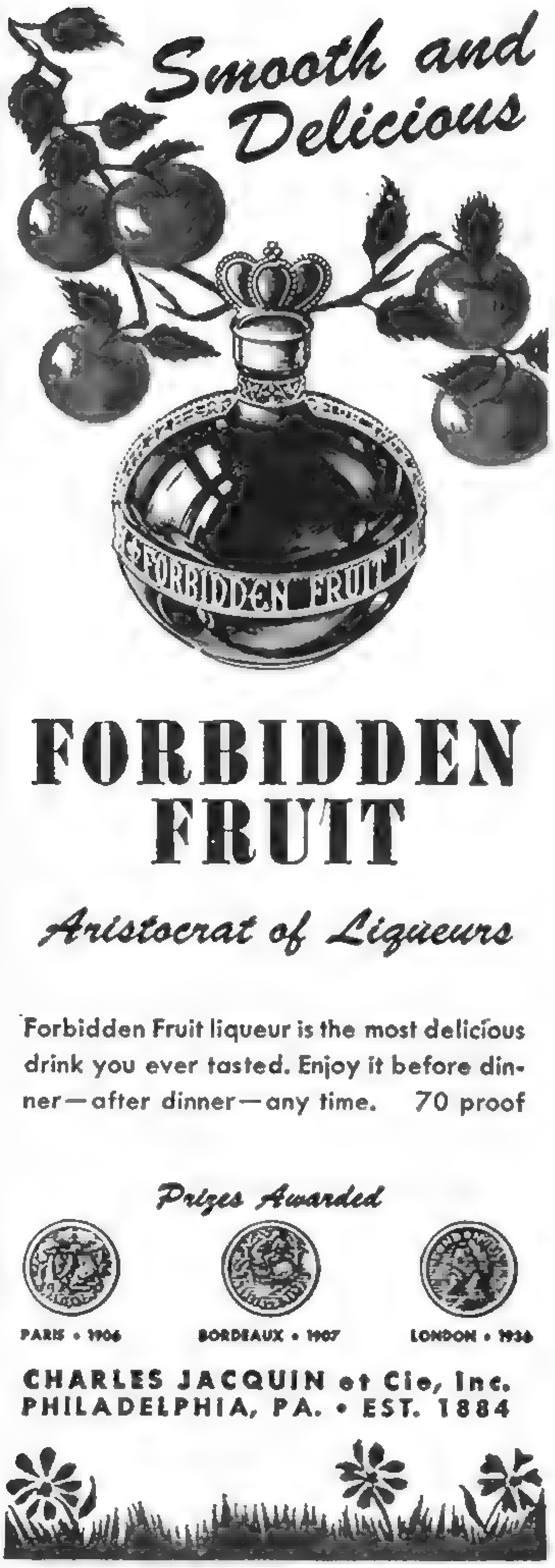
"Hell, those Austrians got to have a national anthem!" Blackie whispered back.

"I know only the hymn they played when the Kaiser lived," Ferdl said. "Austria is a republic now."

"That's the one we want," Blackie said. "The Kaiser's hymn. Go ahead, don't stand here."

Ferdl sat down and played *Gott erhalte, Gott beschuetze*, which has the same melody as *Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles*. Everybody looked blank but Blackie came to attention and stood up stiffly, so the guests stood stiffly too. At the end of the ex-anthem, Blackie walked over to the bedroom and opened the door. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, his voice betraying dignified emotion, "His Royal Highness, the Grand Archduke of Greater Austria."

I had been worried about the archduke but he didn't spoil the game. He made a stunning entrance. He balanced the saber over his left wrist, holding the feather-topped shako in his elbow, and as he walked through the room, he slightly dragged his left leg around the saber, which reminded me of the senile Austrian generals on the *Kurpromenade* in Ischl. If there was any doubt about His Royal Highness in the skeptical minds of some guests, it was that sloppy elegance that convinced them. The gentlemen bowed so deeply that they saw nothing but the archduke's pumps, and an experienced courtier from a Culver City lot actually bent his right knee. The ladies did individual, confused versions of a curtsy. It all looked like a scene from *Queen Christina*. A high dignitary from a Valley studio almost tipped over, and a woman columnist got down on both knees and had to be helped up. They were all here, the leaders of the country's fourth-largest industry, important producers and their wives and brothers-in-law, three bankers, a judge, great stars and little agents, directors and supervisors and a screen writer who probably snatched the in-



FORBIDDEN FRUIT
Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Forbidden Fruit liqueur is the most delicious drink you ever tasted. Enjoy it before dinner—after dinner—any time. 70 proof

Prizes Awarded
PARIS • 1906 BORDEAUX • 1907 LONDON • 1936

CHARLES JACQUIN et Cie, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. • EST. 1884

FOR YOUR Home or Office

Galter
SEMI-AUTOMATIC
GIANT Lighter
TABLE
$5

NEEDS ONLY 4 FILLINGS A YEAR!
Streamlined beauty in table lighters . . . practical, handy, always dependable. For the desk . . . serving table . . . bar . . . end table. Covered in simulated Lizard, Alligator and Morocco, in black and tan. Heavily chrome plated. At better stores everywhere.

Engineered with the Famous Galter Precision-Milled Ignition Wheel

By The Makers of Zephyr Windproof Lighters

Galter PRODUCTS COMPANY CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

ADVENTURE IS CALLING YOU!
RIDE A HARLEY-DAVIDSON

The present tremendous demand for Harley-Davidsons confirms motorcycling as the "world's greatest sport!" And its popularity is hitting new peaks! Enthusiastic motorcycling "fans" are buying Harley-Davidsons faster than we can ship them to our dealers. We're doing our best to keep up with the demand. But we urge you to see your Harley-Davidson dealer EARLY, if you want the adventure — the fun and thrills — that come with owning a Harley-Davidson! Newest models pack so much power, speed and stamina they're well worth waiting for until your dealer can deliver YOUR Harley-Davidson!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycling pictures and stories.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

Don't be a "CURLY COLLAR"

Keep Collar Points Down

Wear this *comfortable featherweight* SPIFFY COLLAR "STAY-DOWN" under your *collar. Slips on in a jiffy*—insert pin points under tips of collar points. *Entirely invisible.* Starched collar neatness with soft collar comfort. Saves shirts. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct —4 for $1, postpaid.

Automatically adjustable — one size fits all collars
BEFORE
AFTER

25¢

At Drug, Tobacco, Variety, Men's and Dep't Stores

wear a Spiffy INVISIBLE

COLLAR "STAY-DOWN"

CREST SPECIALTY, 679 West Washington Blvd., Chicago 6

vitation from the table of his boss, an associate producer.

The grey-haired executive producer stood behind me. He looked better than most of the people. He kept staring at the archduke and finally he said to his wife, "That's funny—he looks like someone I must have met before." She shrugged and said, "He looks a lot better than that innocent moron who plays the lead in *Vienna Woods*. Why didn't you let *him* play the prince?" The producer said, "But honey, he doesn't talk English." "Well," she said, "who does—on your lot?"

The lady columnist said, "Sh-sh," and the archduke sat down at the piano. The people relaxed and a pretty red-headed girl said, "Do you think he'd been in Mayerling that night when it happened?" and a lady in a white silk gown with a white silk hood, who looked like a glamorous nun, said, "I'm sure he's had affairs with the whole Viennese ballet. They always have."

Blackie stepped in front of the piano and ceremoniously introduced "Professor Ferdl of the Vienna Court Orchestra," and Ferdl, dead-pan, announced that his pupil would play selections by Johann Strauss, senior, Johann Strauss, junior, Joseph Strauss, Richard Strauss, Oscar Strauss, and Eduard Strauss.

The musical performance was a great success, although two black ivory covers began to peel from the keys of the Empress Maria Theresa's piano. Two well-known agents standing in the rear became bored altogether and started to fight over a client they both wanted to steal from a third agent, and a movie director designed a set on the back of his invitation card. The archduke played the *Fruehlingsstimmen-waltz* by Gruenfeld, a potpourri from Lehár's *Paganini*, two Lanner waltzes, and *Wien, Wien, nur du allein*. There was a terrific applause and he played three encores, none of them by any Strauss. People clapped their hands and the archduke stood up, smiled, bowed slightly from the waist and said, "*Merci*," whereupon he was introduced by Blackie to the "more important" guests. The glamorous nun said, "He's a darling," and a husky fellow in a plaid suit said, "I'm gonna sign him up first thing in the morning."

Later Blackie pulled aside the curtain to the dining room. They all jumped at the *Linzertorte* and the other delicacies on the table as though they hadn't eaten for weeks. The lady columnist put heaps of *Schlagobers* on top of her coffee and told everybody that she was going to diet it off the next week. "What's that called?" the glamorous nun asked, holding up a *Nussbeugerln*. I told her and she said, "How do you spell it?"

Ferdl was saying, "His Highness is a great artist at the piano *and* in the kitchen. You wouldn't believe it, but he made this *Strudel* himself." The ladies looked deeply impressed and Ferdl said,

Continued on page 170

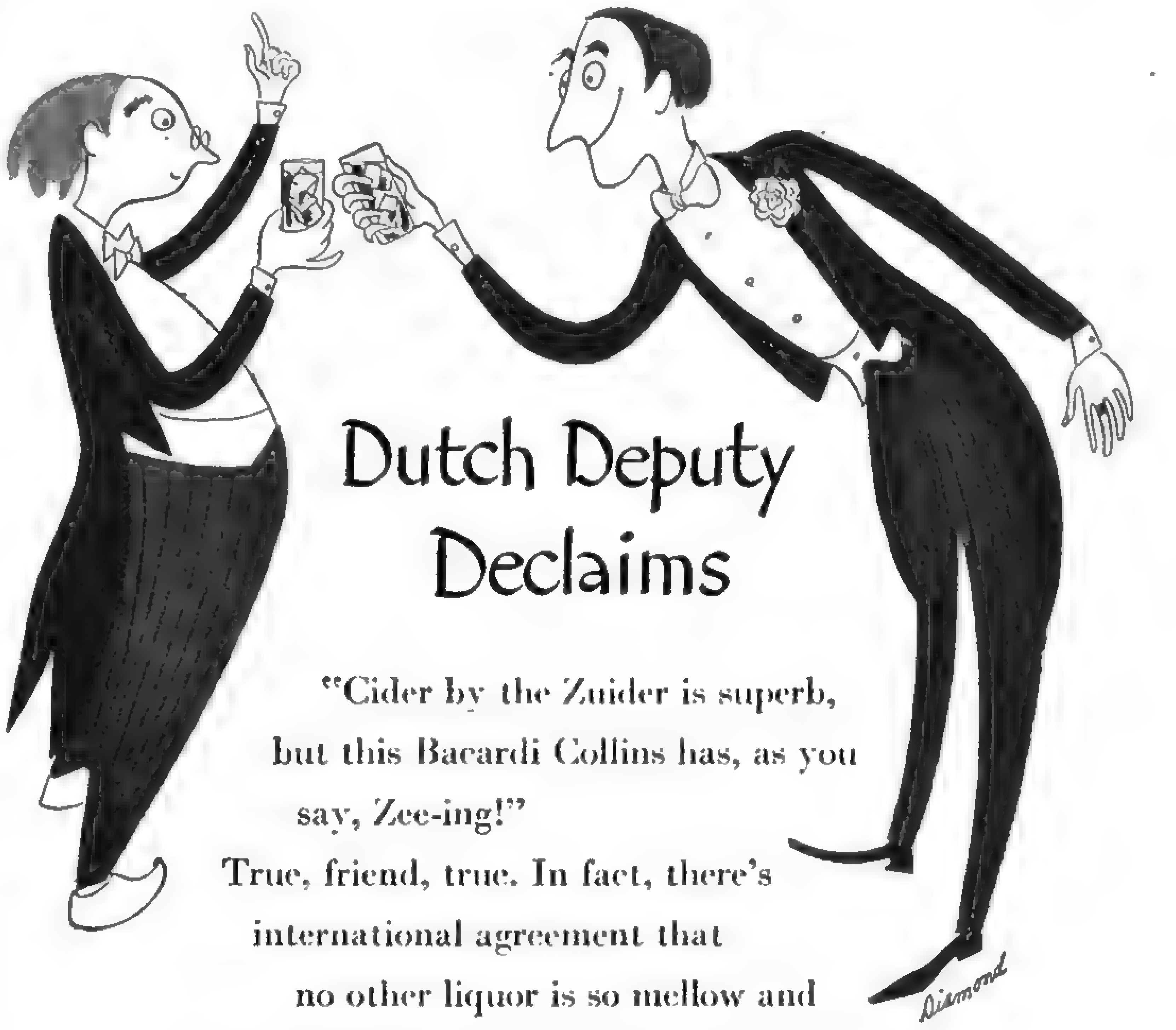
ETERNA
Famous since 1856
THE WATCH OF PROTECTED ACCURACY

PROTECTED AGAINST DUST
PROTECTED AGAINST SHOCK
PROTECTED AGAINST MAGNETISM

For men who demand complete efficiency—this waterproof ETERNA is the watch. Sweep-second hand, luminous dial, unbreakable crystal—14 kt. gold case and buckle, 17 jewels.

Sold and serviced at leading jewelers
Write for your nearest.

ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19



Dutch Deputy Declaims

"Cider by the Zuider is superb, but this Bacardi Collins has, as you say, Zee-ing!"

True, friend, true. In fact, there's international agreement that no other liquor is so mellow and smooth, so subtly rich and flavorful. You, Sir, like Bacardi in a Collins. Others find it superb in a Cuba Libre. Some prefer it neat. But on Bacardi itself—the world is united!

all nations agree—BACARDI

Anyone who suggests a substitute for Bacardi deserves to be in dutch!

RUM . . . 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

PLEETWAY
World's Most Comfortable
PAJAMAS
for Men

Portrait of a good night's sleep
PLEETWAY *for chest comfort*
SIDE TABS *for waist comfort*
BALLOON SEAT *for crotch comfort*

Only PLEETWAY PAJAMAS offer this patent-protected comfort system
Stadium Manufacturing Co., Inc. ★ Empire State Bldg. ★ New York 1, N. Y.

man this IS a pipe
SPIRAL-KOOL
A NEW TWIST IN PIPES
So new—so revolutionary—so distinctive, and so downright good looking that it has to be seen and smoked to be appreciated.
CLEANED AUTOMATICALLY . . .

Check these exclusive features for cooler, cleaner smoking . . .
★ Automatic cleanout piston plunger
★ 20% cooler because of thermo-insulating air space under bowl
★ Imported Mediterranean briar bowl
★ Manufacturer's unconditional guarantee
★ Large size—featherweight, only 1¼ oz.

Patented . . . Pats . . . Pending
$8.50 At Leading Pipe Shops
AERO-KOOL PIPE CO.
1008 Western Ave. — Seattle 4, Washington

The Emperor's Smile

Continued from page 169

"His favorite dish is *Kaiseraufiauf*. Always prepared it for His Majesty, the Kaiser, when other Majesties dropped in for dinner." There was no doubt that Ferdl had gone completely Hollywood.

"How interesting," said the lady columnist. "Have you a recipe?"

I wanted to slip away because I knew that Ferdl was sunk but to my amazement he said, "Sure. It's easy. Blend two pints of heavy cream with five ounces of butter, five ounces of flour and five ounces of sugar. Put the mixture on fire and stir. It gets thick. Let it cook and add eight eggs. Put in the yolks first and then the beaten whites. Divide the mixture into two parts. Into one you put half a teaspoon of vanilla. The other gets mixed with chocolate powder. Put the black mixture below, and the yellow on top, and bake for one hour in steam." He said, "Black-yellow were the Kaiser's colors—"

At the door the wife of the executive producer was saying to the archduke, "You were wonderful, Your Highness. *Merveilleux*." The archduke smiled and said, "*Merci*" and gallantly kissed the tips of her fingers. She sighed softly and for a moment there was a tender light in her eyes, but then she glanced at her husband and her stare became again cool and detached.

I went out on the terrace. Blackie was in a garden chair and beside him sat the cherub.

"I think J. C. could use him as technical adviser for *Tales from the Vienna Woods*," the cherub was saying.

Blackie shook his head. "An archduke, a real archduke can't be a technical adviser," he said.

"We'll find something for him," said the cherub. "We can always make him a writer."

Blackie shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

"Hell, what do you want him to be—a producer?" the cherub said.

"Why not?" Blackie said. There was pleased surprise on his face. He liked the idea.

The cherub shifted uneasily in his chair. "Well, it's up to J. C. to decide about that," he said. "I'll check and let you know."

"Better make it snappy before the mob starts rushing in," Blackie said. "Tomorrow all producers in town will stand in line, trying to sign him up. And about the salary—"

"I don't know," the cherub said. He mopped his brow. "Maybe three-fifty a week—"

"You're nuts," said Blackie. "You can't hire a real archduke for that. Not under four figures a week, anyway." I couldn't help admiring his bold courage.

The door was opened and the executive producer's wife came out, followed by the archduke and her husband. The executive pro-

Stroke Savers!

"PUNCHIRON"
Burke
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Your Pro! He gives you that club-champ swing! Burke clubs! They put that trophy-bait z-z-i-i-p-p into your shots! Ask your pro!
Ask to see the NEW Burke clubs—Products of master craftsmen, in a plant devoted exclusively to building fine golf clubs.

Burke

Burke Golf, Inc.
Newark, Ohio

CHATEAU LEJON

Guardian

Yes, guardian of the superb flavor of Chateau Lejon White Wine. Here is a wine you will enjoy the first time you taste it and one which connoisseurs rejoice at. Order a bottle from your neighborhood wine merchant.

Chateau Lejon
BRAND
CALIFORNIA
WHITE WINE
Distributed by National Distillers Products Corp.
New York, N. Y.

Wyler
Incaflex
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT WATCHES

Waterproof stainless steel 17 Jewels 65.00
*Federal Tax Included

The Only Watch in the World with the F·L·E·X·I·B·L·E Balance Wheel
—that counter-acts shock!

Famous in 52 Countries

Beautiful
as befits the most beautiful moment of your life . . .
"Gems for Lady America"

Columbia
DIAMOND RINGS
Product of
AXEL BROS.
64 W. 48th St.
New York

1104: Center and 4 side diamonds . . . $460*
1104W: 5 diamond wedding band . $115*
* INCLUDING 20% FEDERAL TAX
Available at Fine Jewelers Everywhere

ducer held his arm around the archduke's shoulder. "I told you, my dear, that I met him before," he said to his wife. "We had wonderful fun that night. Remember the Gershwin version of the Rachmaninoff Prelude?" The executive producer and the archduke smiled at each other as though they were sharing a very wonderful secret.

Blackie got up. "Now look," he said to the executive producer. "I told you not to bother His Royal Highness. He don't speak English."

The little cherub seized the producer's sleeve. "It's all fixed up, J. C.," he said, snapping for air. "We can get him for *Tales*. Put him on the pay roll as writer or something."

The executive producer shook off the little man's hand. "We've discussed the matter, His Highness and I," he said. "After all, we are practically old friends, aren't we? I thought of *Tales* but he doesn't like the idea of working in the movies."

"He *doesn't?*" Blackie said. "Now look—" but the archduke said, "I'm sorry, Blackie. I really don't care for that sort of thing."

"His Highness is going to work as pianist in my night club up north in San Francisco," the executive producer said. He sounded as if he were announcing a new three-million-dollar picture. "He's going to enjoy himself up there. He'll play all the things he likes and the hell with the customers."

Blackie took the archduke by the shoulders. "You can't do that, Archie. There's no money in that—"

"Oh, yes, there is," the executive producer said. "Plenty of it. We'll discuss that later."

"And a Steinway grand," the archduke said.

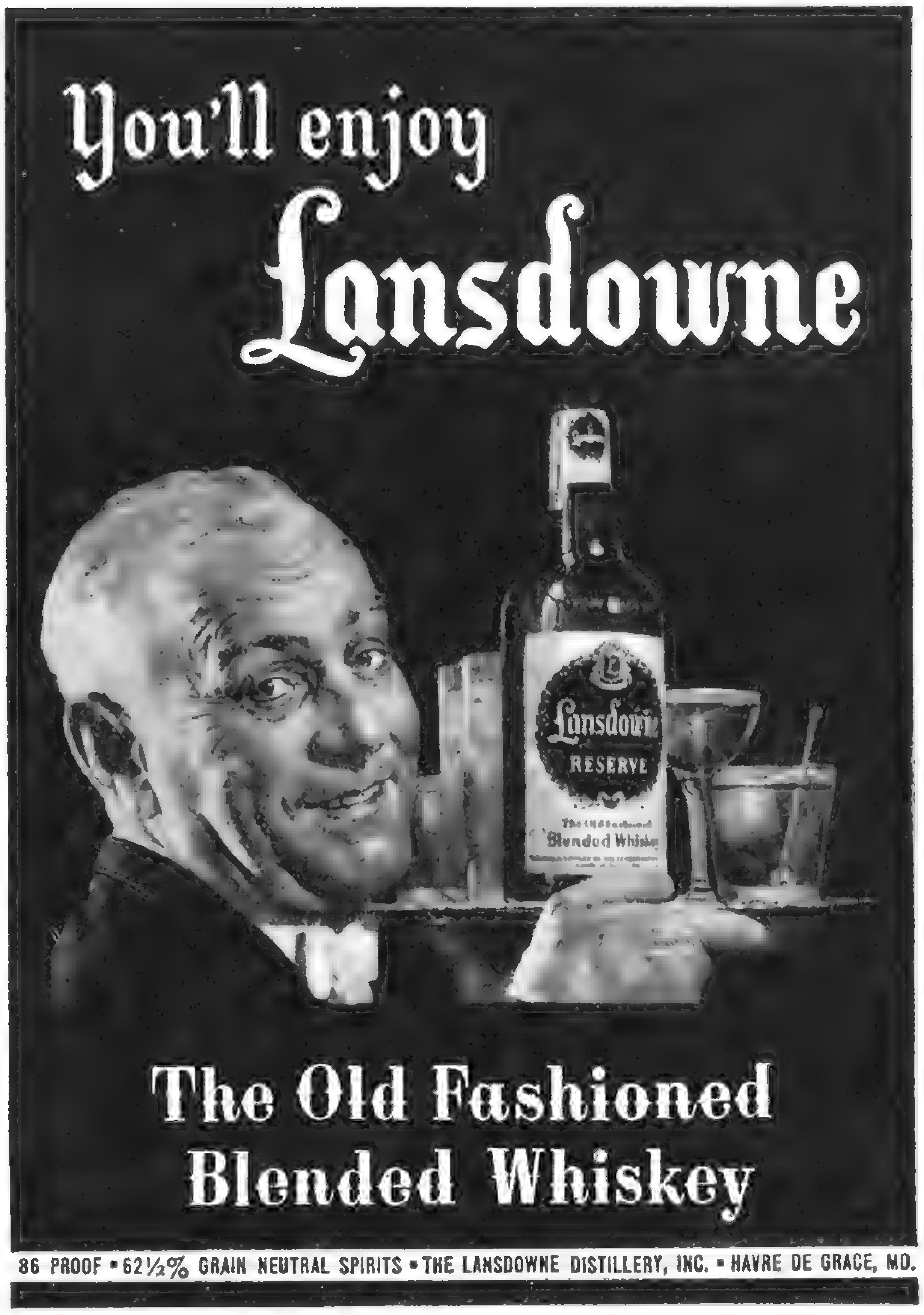
"Sure," said the executive producer. "A Steinway grand."

The archduke stroked his forehead, absently. "We may need two Steinways," he said, offhand. "There is Ferdl. And there's Blackie, too."

The executive producer seemed stumped, but his wife nodded vigorously and took the archduke's arm. "Of course," she said. "They'll all stay with you, *mon cher*. And we'll be up every week, listening to you . . ."

When the last guests had left, we started to carry out the Biedermeier mirror, the mahogany side table and the Louis Quinze armchair, Beethoven's death mask and the Louis Seize sofa, the bust of Franz Schubert, and the Kaiser Franz Joseph pictures. Blackie said his friend from the Paramount art department would be here at eight with a truck, to take the stuff back. The archduke ripped his beautiful red trousers when he helped me to carry out the heavy Empire chest of drawers, but Blackie said, "Never mind, Paramount can afford a new pair of trousers." We went back into the dining room and ate up all the *Nussbeugerln* and *Mohnstrudel* which the guests had left over. #

Continued from page 27



You'll enjoy Lansdowne
Lansdowne
RESERVE
The Old Fashioned Blended Whiskey
The Old Fashioned Blended Whiskey
86 PROOF • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • THE LANSDOWNE DISTILLERY, INC. • HAVRE DE GRACE, MD.

HANDCRAFTED...AMERICA'S LUXURY LEATHERWEAR

Rugby "MYSTERY PURSE"

Surprise Inner Pocket

Lady Rugby New 3-in-1
Actually two billfolds in one! 4-pocket inner fold, can be carried separately — has ingeniously concealed Surprise Inner Compartment! Removable extension coin pocket! Vivid gleaming colors with smart black trim . . . $7.50

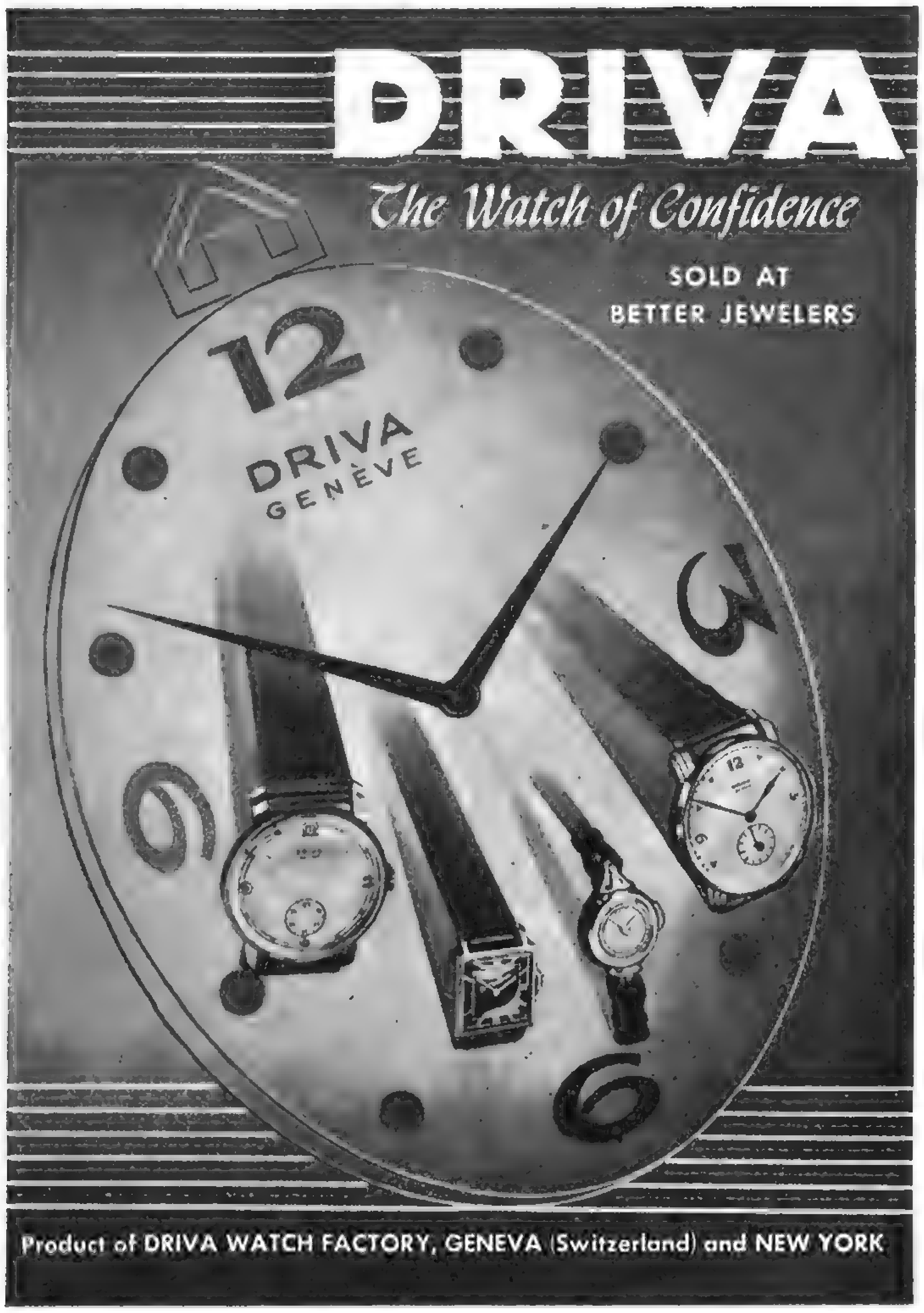
New 3-in-1 Carry All
Built-in concealed album and passcase. Large bill and check compartment, plus extra pocket for confidentials. Built-in extension pocket for cards, coins, etc., yet thin and compact. In Imported British Morocco . $7.50
Others in Genuine Ostrich, Lizard, Seal or Cowhide, $5 to $20

Alligator Brigadier
Famous "Rugby Classic" in best Genuine Alligator trimmed with finest Calfskin. Soft, pliable, extra roomy . . . $20.00
Other styles from $3.50

All prices plus tax

The Mark of Original Leather Creations
INTEGRITY

At better stores everywhere. Or write Rugby Products Corp., 11 W. 32nd Street, New York 1


DRIVA
The Watch of Confidence
SOLD AT BETTER JEWELERS
12
DRIVA GENÈVE
3
9
6
Product of DRIVA WATCH FACTORY, GENEVA (Switzerland) and NEW YORK

WE DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE SINCE HE GAVE HER LEAF GUM!
LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
LEAF LEAFMINT CHEWING GUM
Listen to LEAF'S "Tin Pan Alley of the Air" Every Saturday—Coast to Coast.
THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER...
LEAF

Single Shots and Consequences

Continued from page 75

ing the situation over I realized that my nerves were shaken and I couldn't decide whether to play a one-iron or a left-to-right spoon. I needed advice and asked my caddy what he thought about it. He looked the position over very carefully, and then in a very knowing manner suggested a No. 6 iron. This ridiculous reply, of course, didn't add to my equanimity. I immediately insulted him and decided to play the one-iron. And believe me, I really hit the shot well. The ball landed seven feet from the hole. Here was my chance. If I holed it I would get a 3 on the hole on which players are usually delighted to get a 4. I looked the putt over very carefully, and I struck it right at the back of the hole. The Oakmont greens are dead true, and as I saw my ball creeping to the hole I was sure it was in.

About six inches short it seemed to break to the right. It hit the edge of the cup. Without exaggeration (for which I'm known) I can say it circled the hole completely twice and hung on the lip—and I can assure you that in that instant I nearly collapsed. I walked to the 16th tee, a beaten man, and played a very bad shot which landed in the bunker on the left of the green. I was through—I had quit.

As I walked up to my ball, William C. Fownes, the creator of Oakmont, stopped me and said, "Tommy, I never did think you had much fight in you, but I never thought you'd quit like this! You never even tried to hit that shot!"

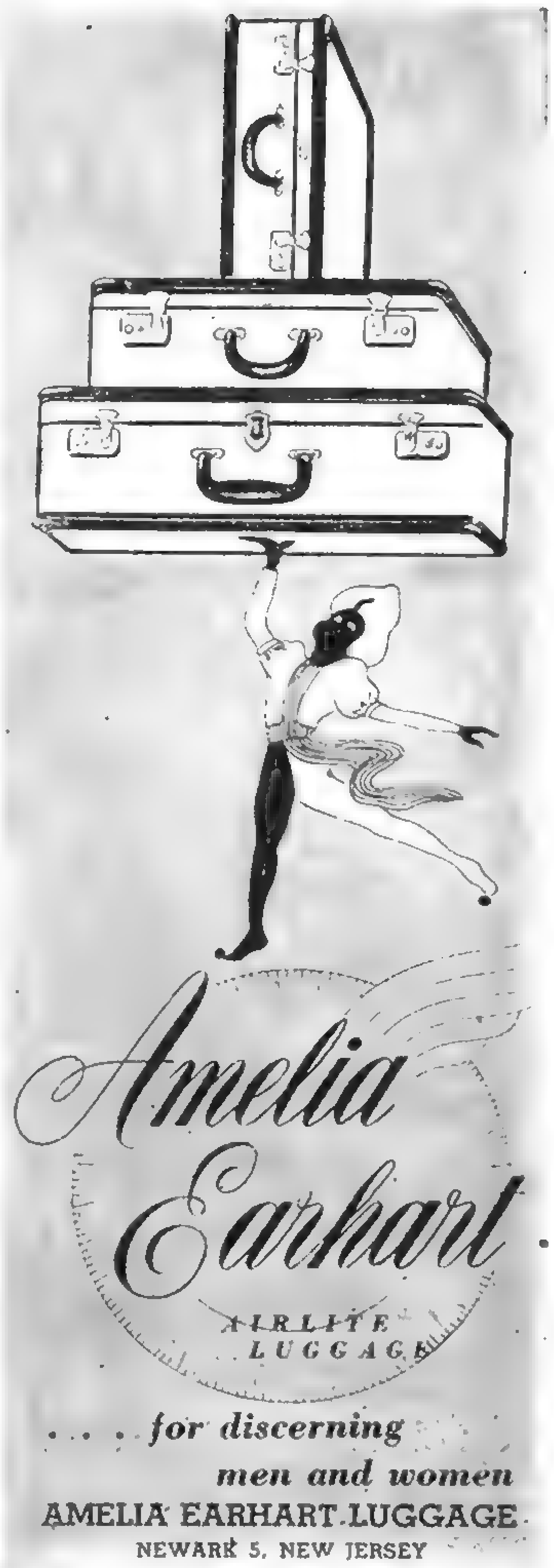
I walked to my ball on the extreme left edge of the bunker. The ribs in the bunkers at Oakmont are famous, and this was before good sand clubs. Recoveries were practically impossible. However, I just slugged at the ball and it came out near the cup, and I holed the putt for a 3.

At the 17th I nearly drove the green, chipped it up, and again missed the short putt. So I was left with a practically impossible 3 at the 18th to tie. I was a desperate man. The 18th is 440 yards slightly downhill off the tee, slightly uphill to the green. I hit a good drive, which left me about 180 yards from the pin. I knew that my chances of getting a 3 were extremely small.

I had to wait about ten minutes before they cleared the crowd from the fairway, and just before I was about to hit the ball a fan said, "I've been reading about your iron shots—let me see you hit one now!"

It neither riled me nor spurred me on. I was a completely dejected egotist. But that was one thing in my favor—my state of mind made me absolutely relaxed. I didn't give a damn!

I took the same type of swing that I would have on a practice tee, and the ball left the club


Amelia Earhart
AIRLITE LUGGAGE
. . . for discerning men and women
AMELIA EARHART LUGGAGE
NEWARK 5, NEW JERSEY

SPEAS Apple BRANDY
STRAIGHT BRANDY
86.5 PROOF
Enjoy its tangy, fruity flavor straight, in Hi-balls, or any mixed drink.
SPEAS Apple BRANDY
SPEAS COMPANY · SEBASTOPOL, CALIF.

ADD NEW DASH TO A RUM COLLINS

Snatch a few laurels as a host—by serving your Rum Collins with the subtle, *different* touch of Angostura aromatic bitters. You see, Angostura has the unique quality of diffusing its incomparable flavor and aroma through a drink, bringing out the full zest and tang of *all* the ingredients.

RUM COLLINS ANGOSTURA: 5 dashes Angostura Bitters, juice of 1 Lemon, 2 teaspoonfuls fine granulated Sugar, 2 oz. Rum (Gold Label). Shake with plenty of cracked ice and pour unstrained into 12-oz. Collins glass. Fill with carbonated water, stir slightly and serve with straws. (If you like, dress with sprig of Mint.)

FREE. Professional Mixing Guide. Containing a list of standard recipes for mixed drinks. Accurate—authentic—complete. Write to: Angostura-Wuppermann Corp., 304 East 45th Street., New York 17, New York.

ANGOSTURA
TRADE MARK
REG U S PAT OFF
AROMATIC BITTERS
32 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS FOR MERIT

For distinctive country squire-ing
...PICK UP THE FRIENDLY STANCE OF A "MOC" THAT'S HANDSOME IN A RUGGED WAY
about $6
Oldtown TRAMPEZE
REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
For store nearest you write to
PENOBSCOT SHOE CO.
OLDTOWN, MAINE

straight as a bullet and flew right on the pin. In that second there was a transition from the abyss of despondency to the pinnacle of elation. The ball hit the green and bounced straight at the hole, and by the terrific cheer that came up from the gallery I was certain that it was very close to the hole. As I trudged that long, weary 180 yards, the cheering continued, and with every step forward, the ball, in my mind, was drawing nearer and nearer to the cup, and as the cheers continued all the way up to the green I was absolutely convinced the ball was stone dead.

When, with the aid of the marshalls, I ultimately got onto the green, I saw the ball resting about ten feet from the hole. I thought it was my partner's. It is the custom to mark the position of a ball when it's near the cup so as to allow your partner to hole out. I thought my ball had been marked and picked up.

When I was informed that the ball ten feet from the hole was mine, I had the fastest return to the abyss that any man ever had.

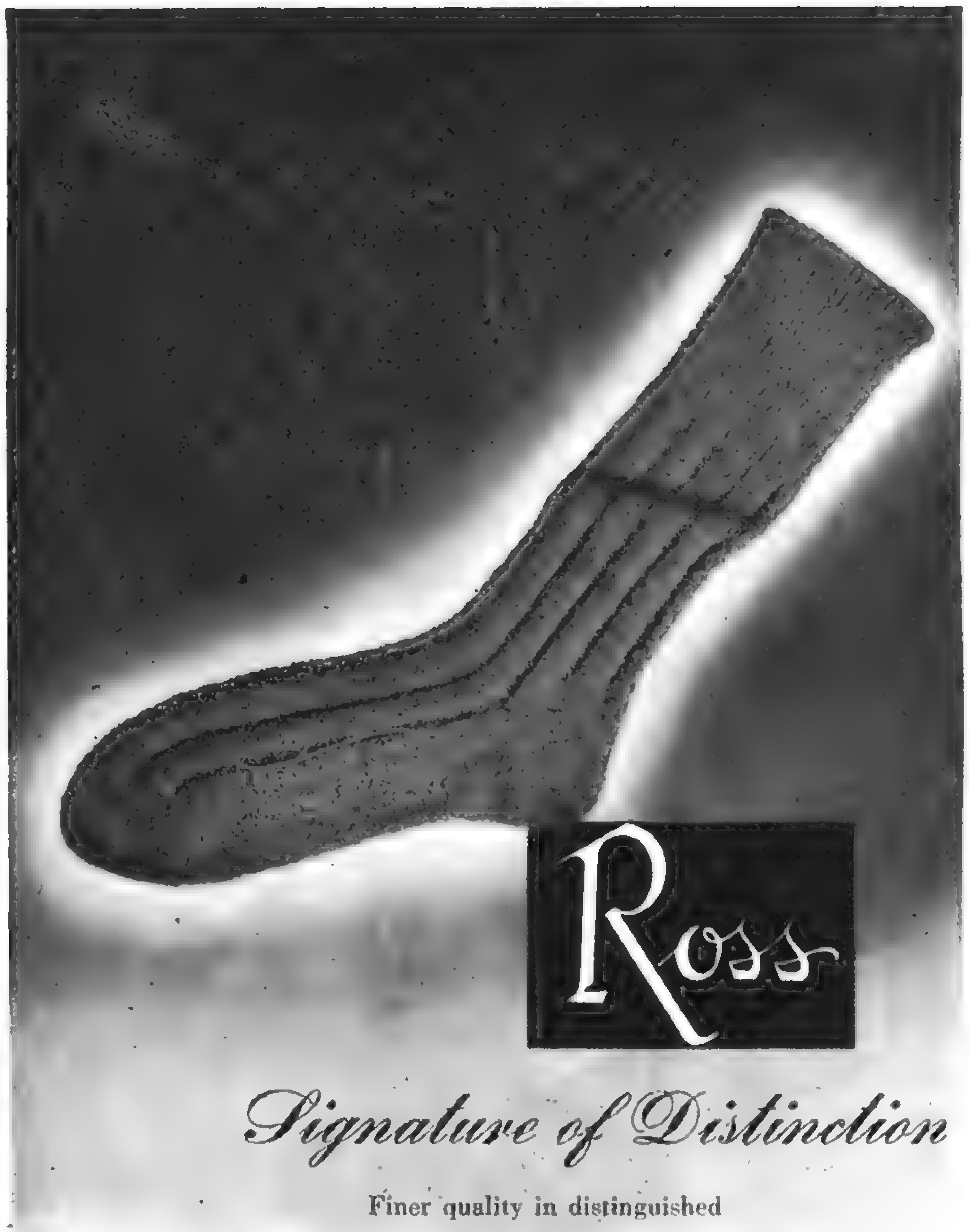
It really was a bitter disappointment. Here I was, after having thrown away the championship, making a partial comeback. Hitting a very fine iron shot "with my reputation," listening to the plaudits of the multitude, convincing myself I had nothing to do but just touch the ball into the hole for a tie—and I wake up faced with a ten-footer for the biggest goal in golf.

Slowly I got to my feet and circled the green completely. The spectators probably wondered what I was doing, but what I was trying to do was to get the one spark of fire into my already exhausted being that I needed to hole the putt. When I arrived at my ball, I wasted more time looking the putt over minutely in an endeavor to create that "urge."

I kept repeating to myself that after all it was just a putt, and when I looked it over it really wasn't difficult—it was dead straight. But the fact that the greens are extremely fast gives you very little chance for correcting a miss-hit. On a slow green you may feel that you've miss-hit a putt, then give it a sudden twist with the putter and sort of navigate it into the hole, but on Oakmont you've got to strike it true.

Finally I decided that I had reached the coma necessary to perform such a shot as holing a ten-footer on Oakmont greens to tie the Open, and then a peculiar thing happened. On taking my stance to make the putt, the greatest feeling of calmness came over me that I had ever experienced in any athletic event—golf or anything else. That was extremely fortunate. In the few minutes preparatory to striking the ball, I was sure that I would jerk it, but in that split second everything changed and I felt cool and capable. I struck the putt true and it went straight into the hole.

The consequence? Yes, I won next day in the play-off. ⌗

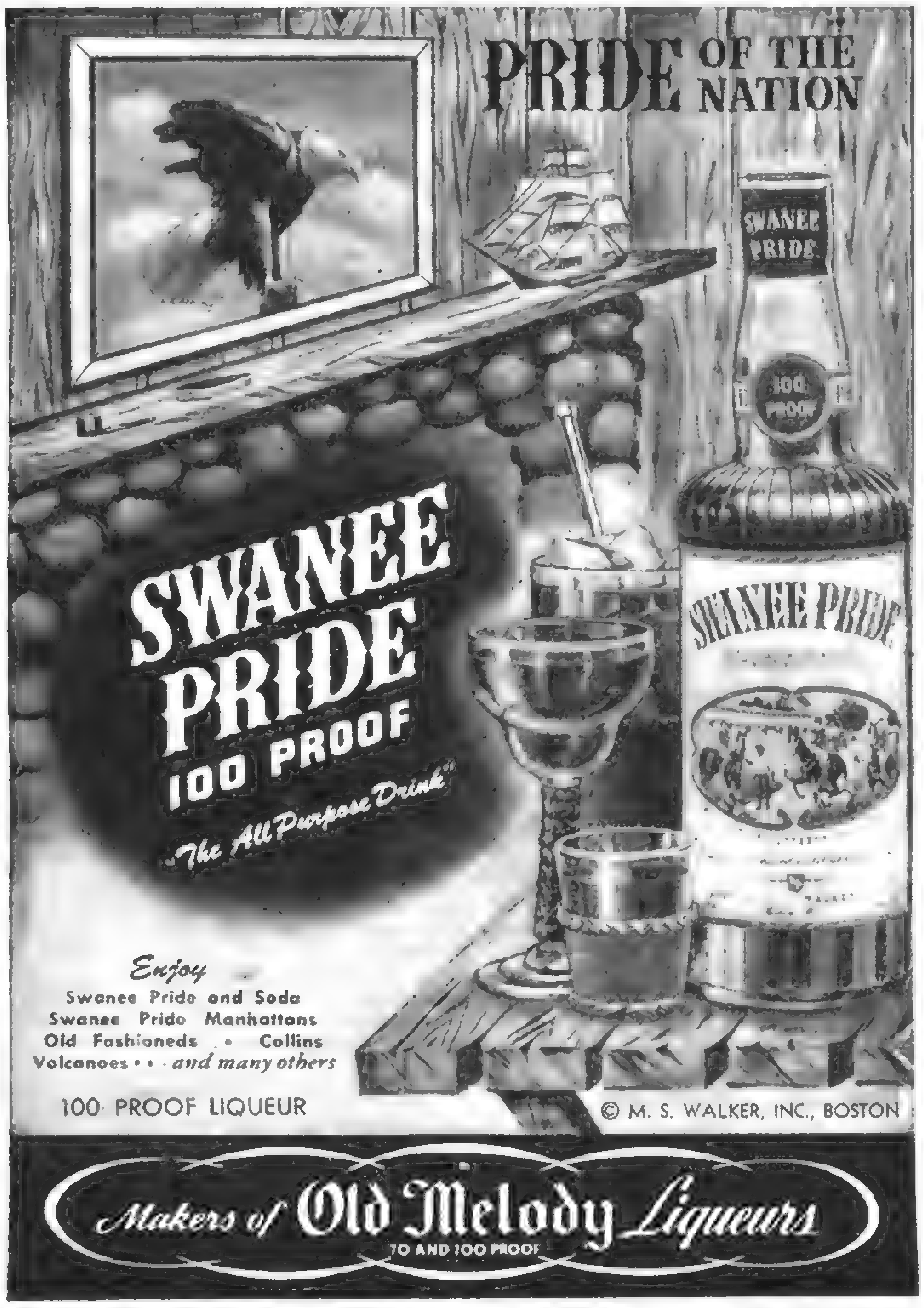


Signature of Distinction

Finer quality in distinguished imports and superior American-made hosiery and knitwear

At finer stores from Coast to Coast.

THE ROSS CO., INC. • 353 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 16



Enjoy
Swanee Pride and Soda
Swanee Pride Manhattans
Old Fashioneds • Collins
Volcanoes • • • *and many others*

100 PROOF LIQUEUR

© M. S. WALKER, INC., BOSTON

Makers of **Old Melody** *Liqueurs*
70 AND 100 PROOF

happy holidays!

WITH THE MENDEL Travelure

An Improved
WARDROBE CASE
for Women

Mendel adds a touch of luxury to modern, carefree travel, with the new TRAVELURE. Its improved, exclusive hanging arrangement permits the draping of dresses to full length before folding... assures them a wrinkle-free journey. The Mendel TRAVELURE is built with famous improved Shock-Pruf Edge. Sold at better luggage departments and exclusive shops. Mendel-Drucker, Inc., Cincinnati 12, Ohio.

CASES FOR ALL OCCASIONS
IN MATCHED ENSEMBLES

SHOCK-PRUF

MENDEL Luggage

NOW—
DELICIOUS!
TEMPTING!

FORST'S
CATSKILL MOUNTAIN
Smoked Turkey

VACUUM-PACKED
For Your Enjoyment
Any Time—All the Time!

At long last, delicious, "different" Forst's Smoked Turkey has been vacuum-packed in convenient sized cans that will keep without refrigeration until opened. All the tempting, mouth-watering flavor of Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey is yours to enjoy in three savory new treats—Forst's Handi-Cut Smoked Turkey, cubed for salads, sandwiches, à la king and casserole dishes; Forst's Smoked Turkey Paté for canapes, hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches, etc; Forst's Sliced Smoked Turkey—generous, thick slices of delicate white meat and full-flavored dark meat.

Two Delicious Delicacy Assortments available—New Amsterdam Selection—12 full ½ lb. cans—4 each of all three Forst Smoked Turkey treats—only $16.00. Hendrik Hudson Assortment—$8.50 for six ½ lb. cans. Shipped prepaid continental U. S. or Canada. Satisfaction guaranteed. FREE 24 pg. Recipe Book. Order TODAY!

FORST'S CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEY Paté

FORST'S CATSKILL MOUNTAIN Handi-Cut SMOKED TURKEY

FORST'S CATSKILL MOUNTAIN Sliced SMOKED TURKEY

FOR FAMILY FEASTS AND SPECIAL ENTERTAINING

Order choice, young, full-breasted Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey—cured in rare, zesty herbs and spices, smoke-cooked in air-conditioned smoke-houses to golden-brown perfection over fragrant applewood. Whole birds from 8 to 18 lbs. smoked weight—$1.50 lb. Express prepaid U. S. or Canada. Recipe Book FREE! Satisfaction guaranteed. Order Now! *Look for the Department of Agriculture Inspection tag on all Forst products.*

THE FORST'S CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKEHOUSE
Route 80, Kingston, N. Y.

I enclose check for $______ Please ship the Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey Products checked below, charges prepaid.

☐ New Amsterdam Selection (12 half-pound cans) at $16.00...$____
☐ Hendrik Hudson Selection (6 half-pound cans) at $8.50...$____
☐ Whole Birds, weight______lbs......at $1.50 lb...$____
(Approximate Date Required______)

Your name______
Address______
City______ Zone____ State______

NOTE: We attempt to fill your order as closely as possible, but turkeys may be slightly under or over the weight specified.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

AUGUST, 1946

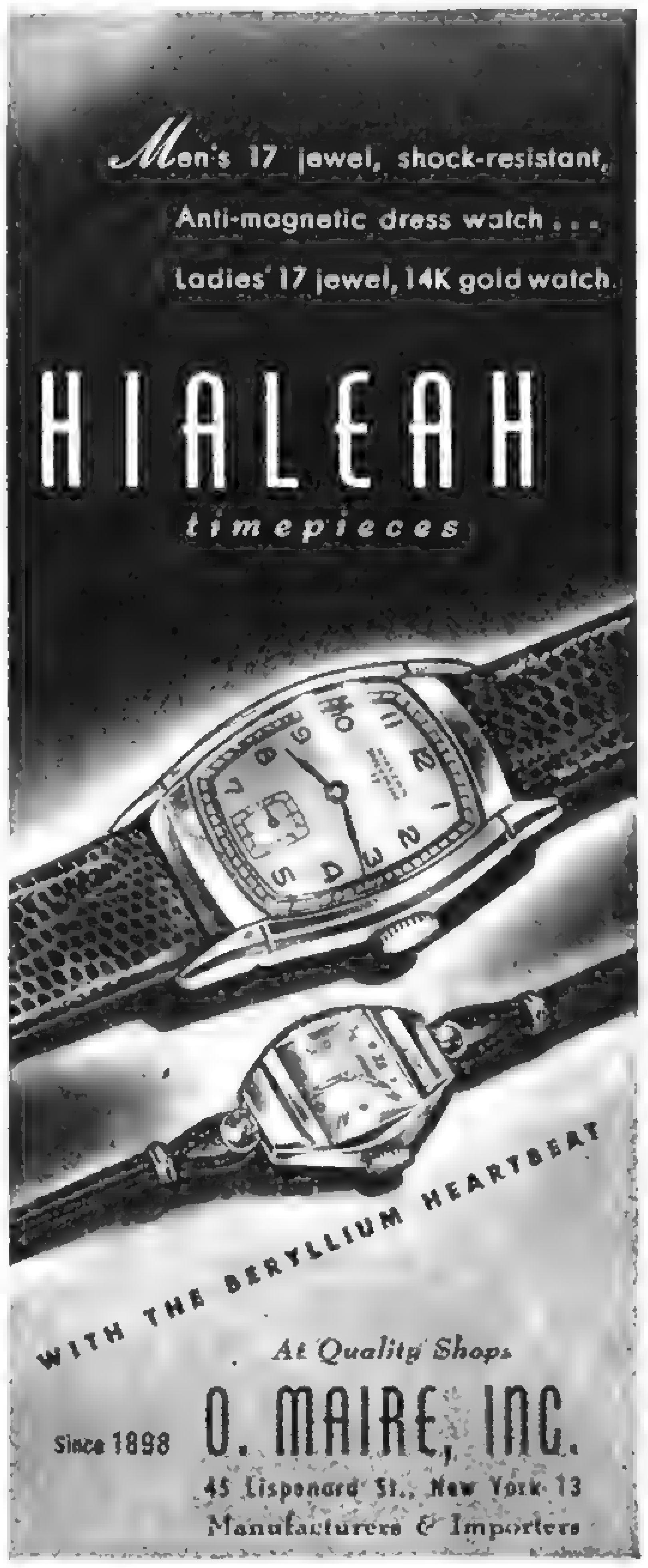
Abels, Robert.................. 21
Adler, Allan.................. 21
Adler Sons Shoe Corp.......... 13
Adler Company, The............ 153
Aero-Kool Pipe Co............. 170
Allen-A....................... 163
Allen Edmonds (The Skos)...... 175
Alligator Company, The........ 106
Alta Vineyards Co. (St. Charles). 174
American Optical Co. (Polaroid). 157
Andover Clothes, Inc.......... 175
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp..... 173
Apollo Shirt Company.......... 127
Aremac Camera (Bolex)......... 168
Arf & Arf (Van Buren Products Co.)..................... 151
Arrow (Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc.)................... 97
Axel Bros. (Columbia)......... 171

B. V. D. Corp., The (Ruggers).. 143
Bacardi Imports, Inc.......... 169
Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association...... 24
Beau Brummell Ties............ 19
Black & White (The Fleischmann Distilling Corp.)........... 138
Blue Blades (Gillette Safety Razor Co.)................ 108
Bolex (Aremac Camera)......... 168
Book-of-the-Month Club........ 3
Bridgeport Luggage (Pakraft)... 157
Bristol-Myers (Vitalis)....... 25
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., (King)................... 121
Bruce Knitwear Co., Robert..... 155
Brugal (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)................... 159
Bunte Brothers (Mi Choice)..... 22
Burgess Battery Company....... 13
Burke Golf, Inc............... 170
Burlington Brewing Company (Van Merritt)............. 161
Byer-Rolnick Co. (Resistol)..... 153

Cadie Chemical Products Inc.... 13
Calendograph (Movado Watch Agency, Inc.)............. 165
Camel (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.)..................IV Cover
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale)................. 167
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. (Water & Ginger Ale)....III Cover
Cantor Greenspan Co., Inc. (Labtex)................ 135
Carnival...................... 24
Cash's........................ 8
Chase & Park Plaza, The....... 23
Chateau Lejon (National Distillers Products Corp.)........... 170
Chronograph (Kelbert Watch Company, Inc.)............ 154
Claristine (Leroux & Co., Inc.).. 176
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow).................. 97
Cointreau Ltd................. 140
Columbia (Axel Bros.)......... 171
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 24, 120
Copacabana.................... 24
Crawford Watch Company........ 150
Crest Specialty (Spiffy)....... 169
Croix Royale (Cameo Vineyards Co.)..................... 167

Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's)................ 175
Dermetics Inc................. 22
Detective Book Club........... 15
Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) 146
Dobbs......................... 116
Don Q (Schieffelin & Co.)...... 126
Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc.. 115
Doxa Watch Agency, Inc........ 8
Driva Watch Factory........... 172
Dutch Masters................. 163

Earhart Luggage, Amelia....... 172
Eastman Kodak Company......... 109
Ebel Watches.................. 158
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo)...... 168
Eterna Watch Co. of America, Inc..................... 169
Eunice Novelties.............. 8
Eversharp Schick Injector (Magazine Repeating Razor Co.)... 119
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 101



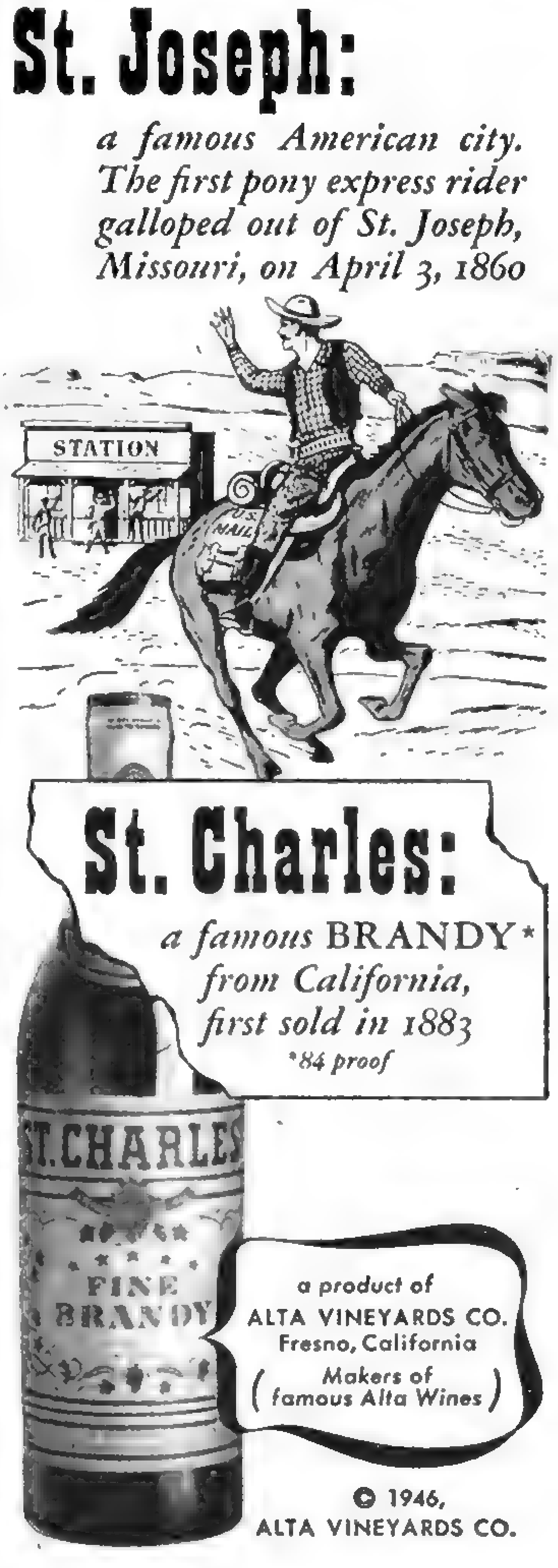
Men's 17 jewel, shock-resistant,
Anti-magnetic dress watch...
Ladies' 17 jewel, 14K gold watch.

HIALEAH
timepieces

WITH THE BERYLLIUM HEARTBEAT

At Quality Shops

Since 1898 O. MAIRE, INC.
45 Lispenard St., New York 13
Manufacturers & Importers



St. Joseph:
a famous American city. The first pony express rider galloped out of St. Joseph, Missouri, on April 3, 1860

STATION

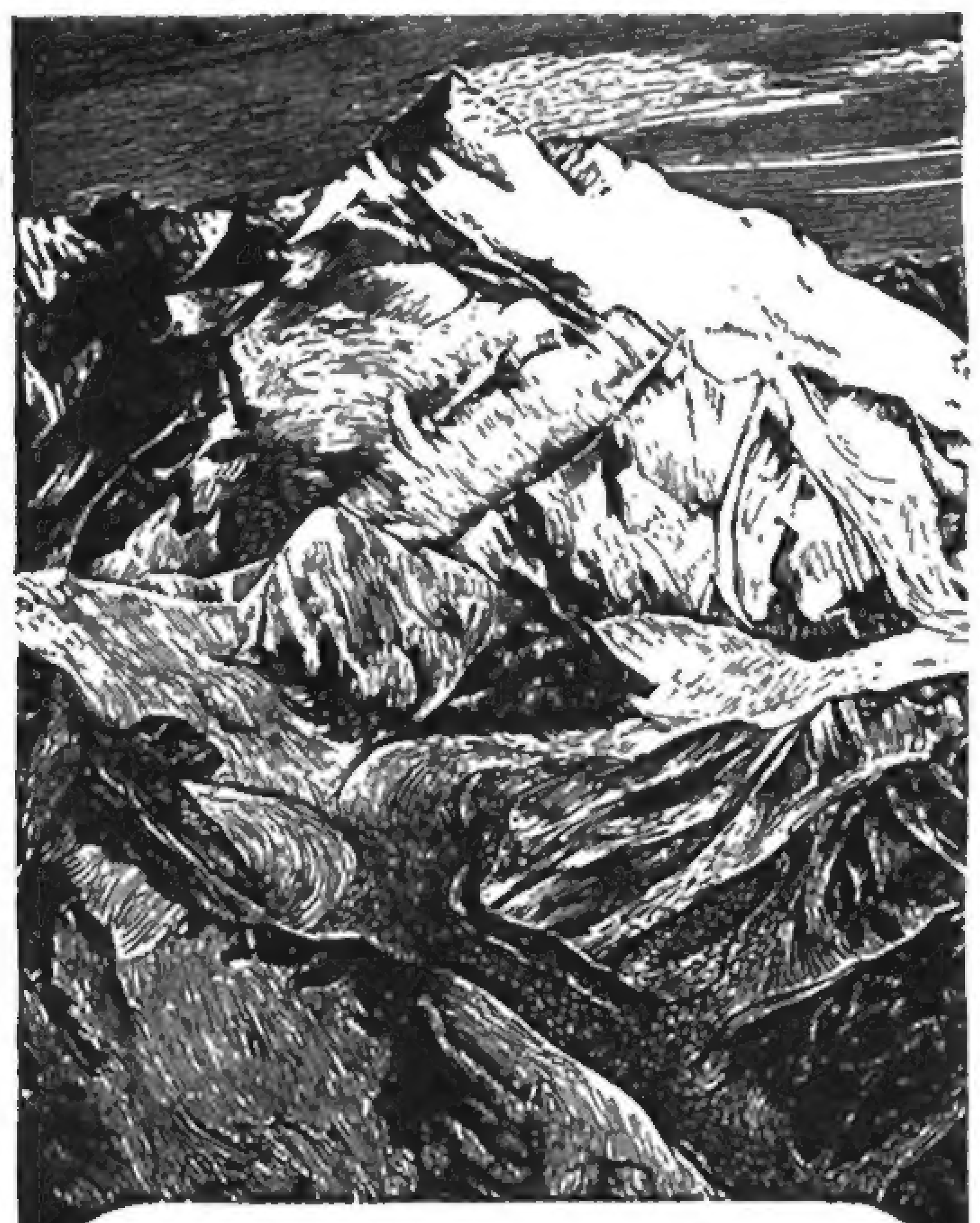
St. Charles:
a famous BRANDY*
from California, first sold in 1883
*84 proof

ST. CHARLES FINE BRANDY

a product of
ALTA VINEYARDS CO.
Fresno, California
(Makers of famous Alta Wines)

© 1946,
ALTA VINEYARDS CO.

Mt. Everest, World's tallest: Elevation 29,141 feet!



Incomparable

Noble Mount Everest tops all of the world's spectacular mountains, with an altitude of 29,141 feet!

In rums, too, one is beyond comparison:

MYERS'S RUM!

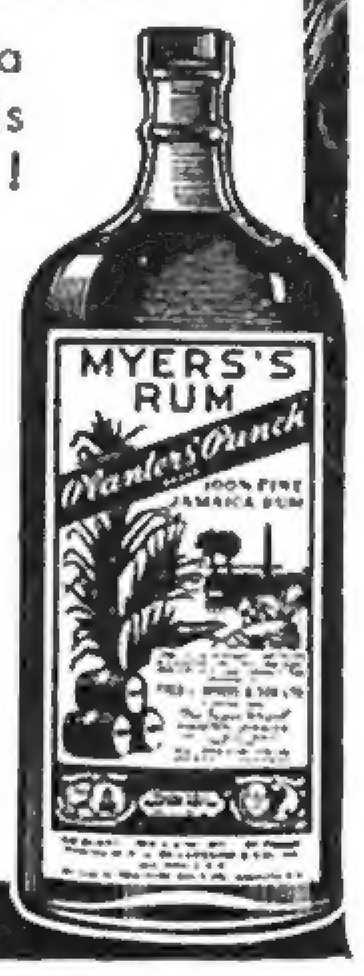
The world's best is Jamaica Rum! Jamaica's best is MYERS'S RUM!

100% Fine Jamaica
97 Proof

•

A supply of free recipe books is now available. For your copy, write to...

R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc.
Sole Distributor in U.S.A.
57 LAIGHT STREET, DEPT. F-8
NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



Andover
CLOTHES

ALWAYS A STEP
AHEAD IN THE STYLE PARADE

Andover Clothes. Inc.
841 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO 7, ILL.
Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Fellman, Ltd. (Fel-Mocs)....... 13
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.).. 167
Finch & Co., Joseph S. (Golden Wedding).................... 20
Flagg Bros.................... 14
Fleischmann Distilling Corp., The (Black & White)............ 138
Flex-Let Expansion Products.... 164
Forbidden Fruit (Charles Jacquin et Cie, Inc.)................ 168
Forst's Catskill Mountain Smoke-house, The. 174
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses)...................... 11
Friedman-Shelby (International Shoe Co.)................. 147

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub).. 167
Galter Products Company...... 168
Gantner & Mattern Co. (Wikies). 9
Gemex Co..................... 111
George, Ltd., Prince (Rex)...... 13
Gerity-Michigan Die Casting Co. 23
Gillette Safety Razor Co. (Blue Blades)..................... 108
Gleneagles (Lamm Bros., Inc.)... 166
Glenmore Distilleries Company, Inc.:
  Kentucky Tavern............ 100
  Old Thompson.............. 136
Globe Novelty House (Royal London)..................... 14
Golden Wedding (Joseph S. Finch & Co.)..................... 20
Gooderham & Worts Limited (Royal Banquet)........... 154
Grana Watch Company......... 167
Graves & Sons Co., C. H........ 152
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe)........... 8

Hadley Company, The......... 161
Hale Rubber Co., Alfred (Rajah) 156
Halliburton, Inc., Erle P....... 99
Hanson Metalcraft (Firelite).... 21
Harley-Davidson Motor Co..... 169
Hialeah (O. Maire, Inc.)........ 174
High Life (Miller Brewing Co.).. 156
Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co. (White Stag)..................... 148
Hollis Co. (Klipette)........... 14
Hollywood Polish Co. (Sani-White) 13
House of Gourielli, The......... 166
House of Murphy.............. 24
Hull Mfg. Co.................. 13
Hylo (Larry R. Engelson)....... 168

Incaflex (Wyler Watch Agency, Inc.)....................... 171
International Shoe Company:
  Friedman-Shelby............ 147
  Roberts, Johnson & Rand..... 155

Jacquin et Cie, Inc., Charles (Forbidden Fruit)........... 168

Kelbert Watch Company, Inc. (Chronograph).............. 154
Kelly's, Jimmy................ 24
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.)............ 100
King (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.)...................... 121
Kingsbury Breweries Company.. 23
Kirsten Pipe Co............... 152
Klikit (Rau Fastener Company). 123
Knapp-Monarch Co. (Sparklet Devices, Inc.).............. 124
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 101
Kover-Zip (Waldes Kohinoor, Inc.) 164
Kreml (R. B. Semler, Inc.)...... 158

L. B. Laboratories, Inc......... 142
Labtex (Cantor Greenspan Co., Inc.)...................... 135
Laird & Co.................... 22
Lamm Bros., Inc. (Gleneagles)... 166
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc....................... 14
Lansdowne Distillery, Inc., The.. 171
Leaf Gum.................... 172
Lee Co., The Frank H. (Vent-O-Lite)...................... 141
Leon & Eddie's................ 24
Leroux & Co., Inc. (Claristine).. 176
Linguaphone Institute.......... 8
Literary Guild of America, Inc... 7
Loyal (U. S. Luggage & Leather Products Co.)............... 164
Lyon, Inc. (Whitewalls)........ 112

Continued on page 176

THE SHOE OF TOMORROW

Allen Edmonds

"U-TURN"
FLEXIBILITY
Perfect Support
Without Confinement

Slip your feet into a pair of Allen Edmonds and feel the extra comfort, the extra ease. Exclusive Osteo-path-ik Nailess Construction does it—eliminates foot-torturing "breaking-in." And don't overlook the front-and-center styling by America's leading designers!

Shown: "The Skos" at $10.00 ($10.50 West of the Rockies). See Classified Telephone Directory under Allen Edmonds for dealer or order direct. *Send for booklet, "The Shoe of Tomorrow," Dept. EA.*

ALLEN EDMONDS • BELGIUM, WISCONSIN

The Best of OLD TIME PIPE CRAFT
STRATO-STYLED for Your Smoking Pleasure

THE PIPE THAT SMOKES MELLOW, YET NEVER SMOKES OLD!

Imperial
SMOKE·KOOLER
With Extra INTERCHANGEABLE IMPORTED BRIAR BOWL to give you.
$5
2-PIPE Pleasure for 1-PIPE Cost

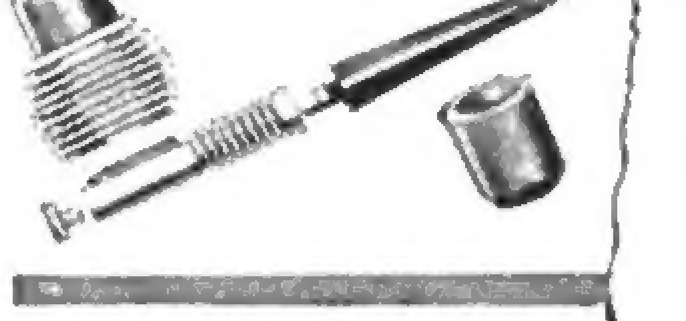
We wanted a pipe that had everything. So we dipped into old pipe tradition for, not one, but *two* richly-grained genuine briar bowls—one to smoke, while the alternate dries and freshens. From modern aviation we took a finned, Duraluminum sheath that cools the briar like an airplane radiator cools its engine. And we turned to precision engineering for a demountable stem that traps all tar and sludge—a trap that feeds nothing through the bit but the clear, rich tobacco flavor that gives you smoking pleasure. That gave us *and you*—the Imperial SMOKE-KOOLER!

Yes, it's a pipe young men of *any* age will "wear" at a jaunty angle—a pipe that will give you the cleanest, sweetest, strato-cooled smoke you've ever known. Hurry to your dealer for *your* Imperial SMOKE-KOOLER today. Remember an extra inner bowl of genuine imported briar and "The Pipe Smoker's Manual" are included in every set. And after all, isn't our price unusually low for the *one* pipe that has everything? Everything good...*for you!*

GIVE YOURSELF A LIFT!... GIVE ONE AS A GIFT!

SO EASY TO CLEAN!

Imperial SMOKE-KOOLER is the *easiest* pipe to take apart and clean because each part is precision engineered.



Available at most dealers.

If your dealer cannot supply you with an Imperial SMOKE-KOOLER, he can get one for you, or write direct to

THE MARCH CORPORATION • 608 S. DEARBORN ST. • CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

Smart
SHOES
for
Smart Men!

THE BRIARWOOD
Model 131
Hand Sewn Vamp

In buying Portage Shoes year after year, millions of men show appreciation of distinctive quality. For long, satisfactory wear — and more-for-your-money values in selected leathers, craftsmanship, styling and comfort-fit — see your Portage Shoe dealer, or write us for his name. $6.50 to $10.00. Portage Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee 1, Wis. Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.

Portage *Shoes*

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Magazine Repeating Razor Co. (Eversharp Schick Injector)... 119
Maire, Inc., O. (Hialeah)....... 174
Manchester Knitted Fashions... 125
March Corporation, The (Smoke-Kooler).................. 175
Marlboro (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.)................ 118
Martini & Rossi (W. A. Taylor & Company)................ 165
Marxman Pipes................ 12
Mendel-Drucker, Inc. (Travelure) 174
Merit Clothing Company, Inc. (Style-Mart)............... 105
Mid City Uniform Cap Co...... 128
Miller Brewing Company (High Life)..................... 156
Miracle Manufacturing Company 14
Moody, W. R. (Travl-Tag)...... 21
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor............ 22
  Marlboro.................. 118
Movado Watch Agency, Inc. (Calendograph).............. 165
Myers's (R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.).................... 175

National Brewing Co., The (National Premium)........ 22
National Distillers Products Corp.:
  Chateau Lejon.............. 170
  Old Angus.................. 162
  Old Crow................... 117
  PM......................... 26
  Ron Merito................. 133
National Magic Company....... 23
New Ocean House............. 24

Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.)............. 162
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.)............. 117
Old Thompson (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.)............ 136

PM (National Distillers Products Corp.)..................... 26
Page-Barker Dist. of America... 21
Pakraft (Bridgeport Luggage)... 157
Pal Hollow Ground Blades...... 159
Paris (A. Stein & Company)..... 131
Park & Tilford Import Corp.:
  Booth's House of Lords....... 23
  Brugal..................... 159
  Private Stock.............. 144
  Reserve.................... 149
  Vat 69..................... 113
Pauker Bros. (Welgrume)....... 137
Peerless ("P38")............... 14
Penobscot Shoe Co. (Trampeze). 173
Peper, Christian (London Dock). 23
Pepsi-Cola Company........... 115
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 103
Pleetway (Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc.) 170
Polaroid (American Optical Co.). 157
Portage Shoe Mfg. Co. (Weyenberg).................... 176
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Import Corp.).............. 144
Pro-Jak (Whitewater Raincoat Company)................ 150
Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs.......... 9
Puritan Knitting Mills Inc., The. 114

Rabsons...................... 24
Rajah (Alfred Hale Rubber Co.). 156
Rau Fastener Company (Klikit). 123
Red Raven Co................. 24
Reinfeld, Inc., Joseph H. (Remy Martin).................. 104
Resistol (Byer-Rolnick Co.)..... 153
Republic Aviation Corp. (Seabee) 4
Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J. (Camel)................IV Cover
Riondo (Somerset Importers, Ltd.) 17
Roberts, Johnson & Rand (International Shoe Company)...... 155
Robbins & Co., D............. 21
Rock Flint Co. (Rumin)........ 24
Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.)............. 133
Ronrico Corporation........... 23
Ross Co., Inc., The........... 173
Royal Banquet (Gooderham & Worts Limited).............. 154
Royal Coat Mfg. Co........... 13
Rugby Products Corp........... 171
Rugged Luggage & Trunk Co., Inc. 9
Ruggers (The B.V.D. Corp.).... 143

St. Charles (Alta Vineyards Co.) 174
Sanford's (Penit).............. 14
Schieffelin & Co. (Don Q)....... 126
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (La Cross).. 21
Schulz Watches............... 163
Scovill Mfg. Co............... 132
Seabee (Republic Aviation Corp.) 4
Semler, Inc., R. B. (Kreml)..... 158
Shane Corp., C. B. (Season Skipper).................. 160
Singapore.................... 24
Skos, The (Allen Edmonds)..... 175
Smoke-Kooler (The March Corporation)............... 175
Somerset Importers, Ltd. (Riondo) 17
Sonora...................... 165
Sparklet Devices, Inc. (Knapp-Monarch Co.).............. 124
Speas Company............... 172
Spiffy (Crest Specialty)......... 169
Stadium Manufacturing Co., Inc. (Pleetway)................ 170
Stein & Company, A. (Paris).... 131
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald)............ 22
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators) 9
Streit Co., Fred H. (Ti-D-Tie)... 9
Studebaker Corporation, The....................II Cover
Style-Mart (Merit Clothing Co., Inc.)...................... 105
Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of Jamaica), Ltd., The....... 22
Sutton Shirt Corp............. 162
Swanee Pride (M. S. Walker, Inc.)173

Taylor & Company, W. A. (Martini & Rossi)................... 165
Timely Clothes, Inc........... 139
Trampeze (Penobscot Shoe Co.). 173
Traub Mfg. Co................ 8
Travelure (Mendel-Drucker, Inc.) 174

U. S. Luggage & Leather Products Co. (Loyal)................ 164

Van Buren Products Co. (Arf & Arf)....................... 151
Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.)103
Van Merritt (Burlington Brewing Co.)...................... 161
Vaseline Hair Tonic........... 102
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)..................... 113
Vent-O-Lite (The Frank H. Lee Co.)...................... 141
Versailles.................... 24
Vestpok (Ward Machine Co., Inc.) 160
Vitalis (Bristol-Myers Co.)...... 25
Vogue Knit of Phila., Inc. (Bancroft)................. 8

Wagner Co., Paul G............ 9
Waldes Kohinoor, Inc. (Kover-Zip)164
Walker, Inc., M. S. (Swanee Pride)..................... 173
Waltham..................... 18
Ward Machine Co., Inc. (Vestpok) 160
Weber & Co., C. B............ 8
Welgrume (Pauker Bros.)....... 137
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (Portage Shoes)............ 176
White Stag (Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co.)...................... 148
White Turkey Inn, The......... 24
Whitewalls (Lyon, Inc.)........ 112
Whitewater Raincoat Company (Pro-Jak).................. 150
Wildroot Co., Inc............. 151
Wilson Brothers.............. 21
Wilson Sporting Goods Co....... 107
Wimbledon Shirt Co........... 130
World's Products Co. (Laymon's) 13
Wyler Watch Agency, Inc. (Incaflex)..................... 171

Yale, George.................. 9

Zanzibar..................... 24
Zippo Mfg. Co................ 166

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

From an Ancient treasured formula

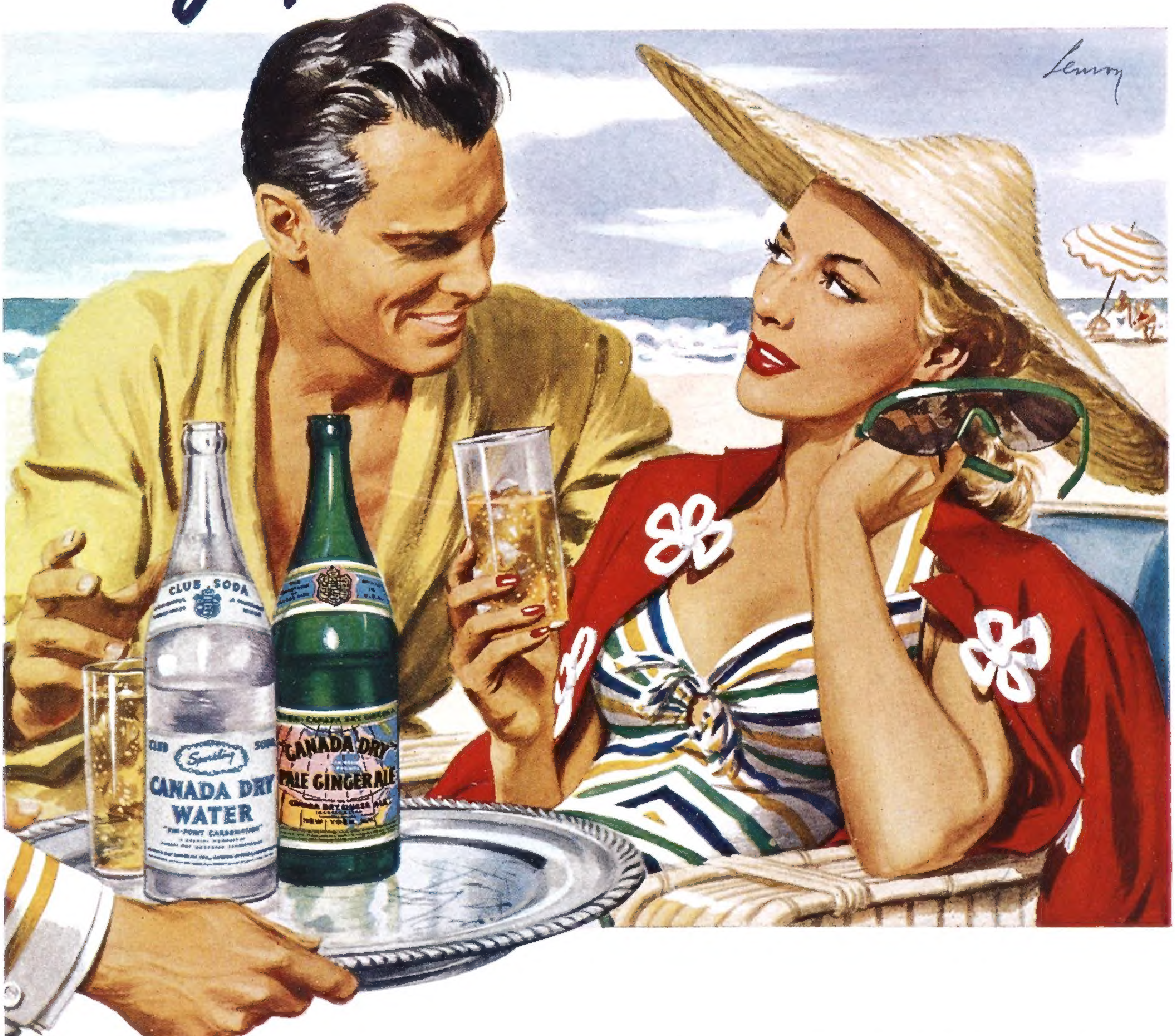
LEROUX
From an Ancient treasured formula
Claristine
LIQUEUR
LEROUX & CO.

Claristine

SIP WITH YOUR COFFEE
FOR THE B & C COCKTAIL

LEROUX & CO., Inc.
Philadelphia • New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937. 86 proof

Enjoy Life!



Drinks have *more life* with PIN-POINT CARBONATION

From first sip . . . to the last . . . drinks made with Canada Dry Ginger Ale and sparkling Water are tops for taste and sparkle. Here are four reasons why they're so superior to ordinary mixers:

PIN-POINT CARBONATION—millions of tinier bubbles that keep tall drinks sparkling and lively to the last sip.

EXCLUSIVE FORMULA—scientifically developed and laboratory-controlled to improve the taste of your drink . . . not distort or dilute it. Canada Dry Water *points up* flavor. Canada Dry Ginger Ale *adds* the delicate flavor of pure Jamaica ginger.

SPECIAL PROCESSING—every drop of water used in Canada Dry beverages is specially treated and multi-filtered to assure purity, balance and clarity.

UNIFORM QUALITY—Canada Dry's superior quality is rigidly maintained from bottle to bottle, from day to day, the world over.

FOUR OTHER FINE MIXERS

Tom Collins Mixer . . . for full flavor and sparkle.

Hi-Spot . . . fresh tasting and zippy—a new high in refreshment.

Quinine Water . . . for delicious Gin and Tonics.

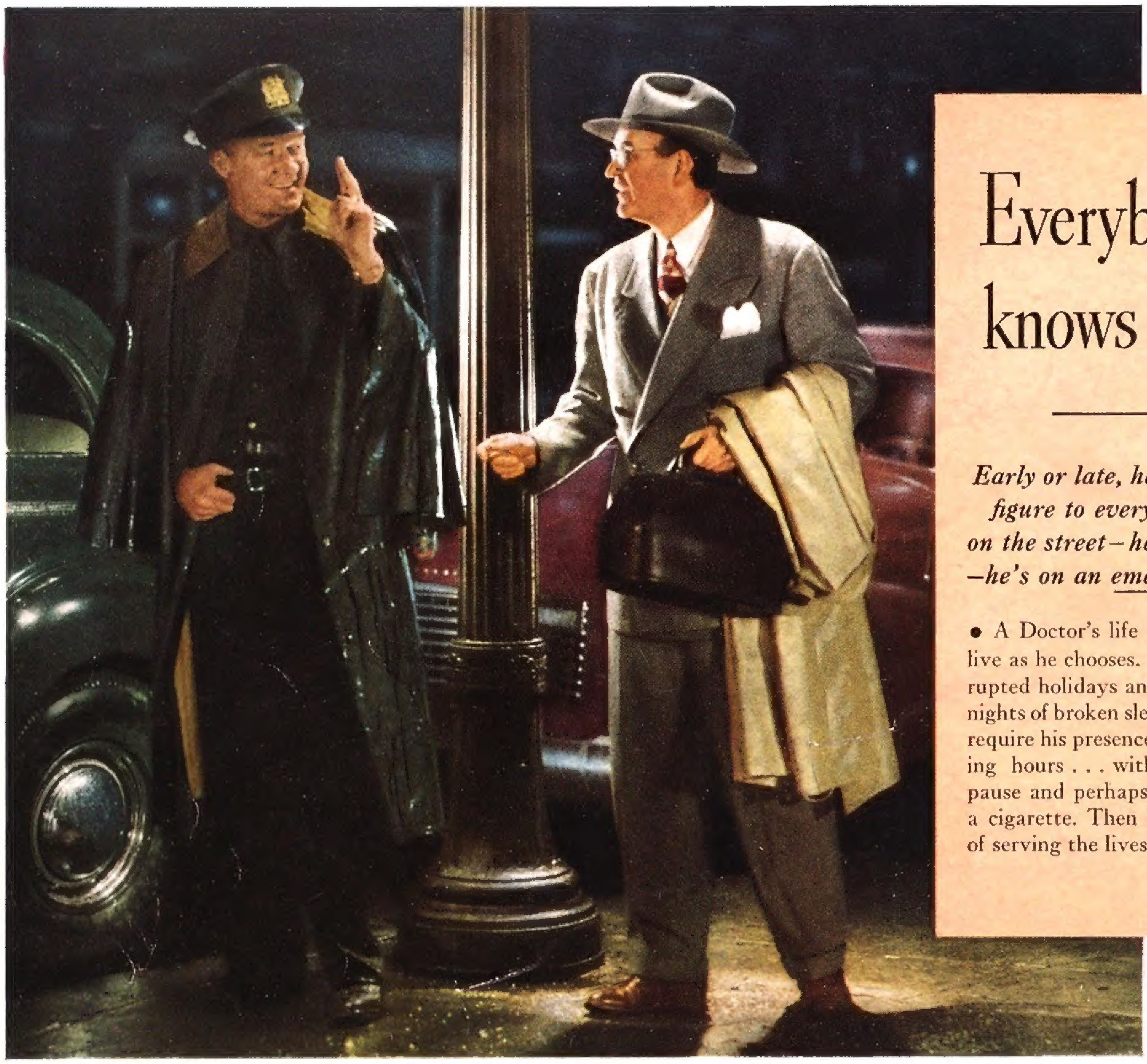
Spur . . . the Quality Cola for a perfect Cuba Libre.

Where there's Life there's—

CANADA *WORLD FAMOUS* **DRY**

GINGER ALE—WATER

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Everybody knows him...

Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor—he's on an emergency call!

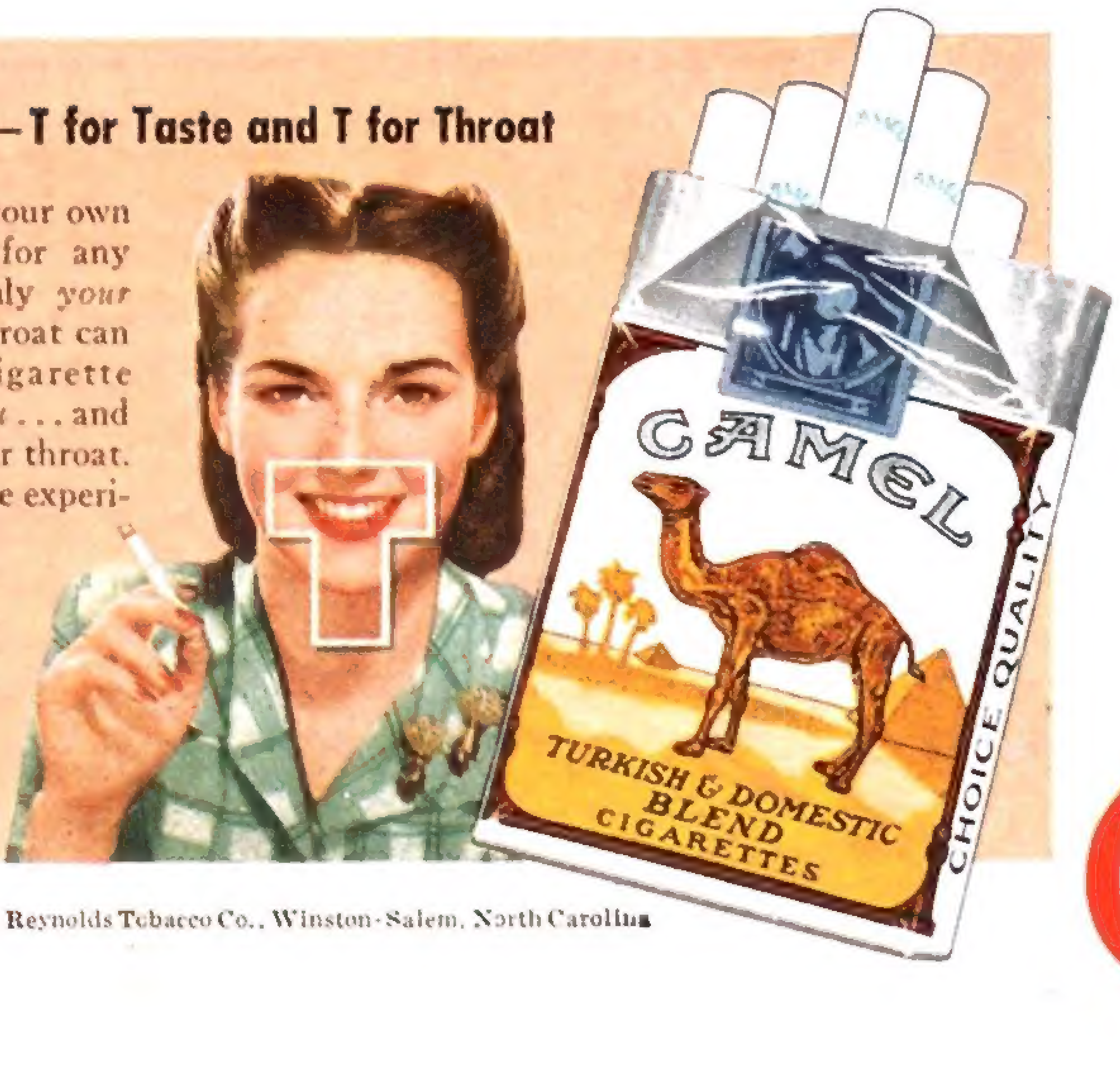
- A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours . . . with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat

The "T-Zone" is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE MAKERS of Camels are naturally proud of the fact that, out of 113,597 doctors who were asked recently to name the cigarette they preferred to smoke, more doctors named Camel than any other brand. This survey was nationwide, covered every state in the Union—doctors in every branch of medicine—nose and throat specialists too. Three independent research agencies made and vouch for the findings.

Try Camels. See how *your* taste responds to Camel's full, well-balanced flavor. See how your throat likes Camel's cool mildness. That's the "T-Zone" test (*see left*).

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*